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Gift of
Frederick H. Fowler, Esq.









Henry Mackenzie Esq.

THE
N OF FEELING:

THE
OF THE WORLD,
IN TWO PARTS:

THE STORIES OF
OCHE, LOUISA VENONI,
AND
NANCY COLLINS:

G THE WHOLE OF THE POPULAR WORKS
OF THE LATE
RY MACKENZIE, ESQ.

LONDON:
SEPH SMITH, 193, HIGH HOLBORN.

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BRIEF MEMOIR

OF

HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.

H. MACKENZIE, Esq. an eminent novelist and essayist, was the son of a physician at Edinburgh, in which city he was born, in August, 1745. After having previously followed the profession of a solicitor, he published, anonymously, in 1771, his celebrated "Man of Feeling," and some years afterwards a continuation of it, entitled "The Man of the World." As editor of a periodical work, called "The Lounger," he has the merit of having first brought to public notice the poems of Burns,

and of thus preventing that original poet from leaving his country for the West Indies. In the latter part of his life Mr. Mackenzie obtained the post of comptroller of the taxes for Scotland. In private life he was much esteemed, particularly by Sir Walter Scott, who termed him the "Scotch Addison," and bestowed great commendation on his papers in the "Mirror" and "Lounger." Mr. Mackenzie made some attempts at dramatic authorship; but his plays, though two of them were acted, were not very successful. All his works of any note are included in this volume. Mr. Mackenzie died January 14, 1831.

J. B. 1837.

THE MAN OF FEELING

CHAP. XI.*

Of Bashfulness—A Character.—His Opinion on that Subject.

THERE is some rust about every man at the beginning; though in some nations (among the French for instance) the ideas of the inhabitants, from climate, or what other cause you will, are so vivacious, so eternally on the wing, that they must, even in small societies, have a frequent collision; the rust therefore will wear off sooner: but in Britain it often goes with a man to the grave; nay, he dares not even pen a *hic jacet* to speak out for him after his death.

“Let them rub it off by travel,” said the baronet’s brother, who was a striking instance

* The reader will remember, that the Editor is accountable only for scattered chapters, and fragments of chapters; the curate must answer for the rest. The number at the top, when the chapter was entire, he has given as it originally stood, with the title which its author had affixed to it.

of excellent metal, shat
drawn my chair near his
honest old man: it is but
to preserve his image in

He sat in his usual atti
rested on his knee, and h
his cheek. His face w
hand; yet it was a face th
been well accounted hand
were manly and striking,
nity resided on his eyebrow
largest I remember to have
was tall and well made; but
his nature had now inclined

His remarks were few, an
his familiar friends; but the
the world might have heard w
and his heart, uncorrupted by
ever warm in the cause of virtue.

He is now forgotten and go
time I was at Silton-hall, I saw h
in its corner by the fire-side; t
additional cushion in it, and it
by my young lady's favourite
drew near unperceived, and pinc
in the bitterness of my soul; th
howled, and ran to its mistress.
suspect the author of its misfortun
bewailed it in the most pathetic te
kissing its lips, laid it gently on her
covered it with a cambric handker
sat in my old friend's seat; I heard
of mirth and gaiety around me: p
Silton! I gave thee a tear then: a
one cordial drop that falls to thy memo
"Let them rub it off by travel."—

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it is true," said I, "that will go far; but then it will often happen, that in the velocity of a modern tour, and amidst the materials through which it is commonly made, the friction is so violent, that not only the rust, but the metal too, will be lost in the progress."

"Give me leave to correct the expression of your metaphor," said Mr. Silton, "that is not always rust which is acquired by the inactivity of the body on which it preys; such, perhaps, is the case with me, though indeed I was never cleared from my youth; but (taking it in its first stage) it is rather an encrustation, which nature has given for purposes of the greatest wisdom."

"You are right," I returned, "and sometimes, like certain precious fossils, there may be hid under it gems of the purest brilliancy."

"Nay, further," continued Mr. Silton, "there are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness; this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove."

From the incidents I have already related, I imagine that it will be concluded that Harley was of the latter species of bashful animals; at least, if Mr. Silton's principle be just, it may be argued on this side: for the gradation of the first mentioned sort, it is certain, he never attained. Some part of his external appearance was modelled from the company of those gentlemen, whom the antiquity of a family, now possessed of bare two

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hundred and fifty pounds a year, entitled its representative to approach; these indeed were not many; great part of the property in his neighbourhood being in the hands of merchants, who had got rich by their lawful calling abroad, and the sons of stewards, who had got rich by their lawful calling at home: persons so perfectly versed in the ceremonial of thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, (whose degrees of precedency are plainly demonstrable from the first page of the Complete Accomptant, or Young Man's best Pocket Companion), that a bow at church from them to such a man as Harley, would have made the parson look back into his sermon for some precept of Christian humility.

CHAP. XII.

Of Worldly Interests.

THERE are certain interests which the world supposes every man to have, and which therefore are properly enough termed worldly; but the world is apt to make an erroneous estimate; ignorant of the dispositions which constitute our happiness or misery, it brings to an undistinguished scale the means of the one, as connected with power, wealth, or grandeur, and of the other with their contraries. Philosophers and poets have often protested against this decision; but their arguments have been despised as declamatory, or ridiculed as romantic.

There are never wanting to a young man some grave and prudent friends to set him right in this particular, if he needs it: to watch

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his ideas as they arise, and point them to those objects which a wise man should never forget.

Harley did not want for some monitors of this sort. He was frequently told of men, whose fortunes enabled them to command all the luxuries of life, whose fortunes were of their own acquirement; his envy was invited by a description of their happiness, and his emulation by a recital of the means which had procured it.

Harley was apt to hear those lectures with indifference; nay, sometimes they got the better of his temper; and as the instances were not always amiable, provoked, on his part, some reflections, which I am persuaded his good nature would else have avoided.

Indeed, I have observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire; a certain respect for the follies of mankind: for there are so many fools whom accident has placed in titles to regard, whom they are unworthy, that heights of which they are contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself. I do not mean, however, to insinuate this to have been the case with Harley; on the contrary, if we rely on his own testimony, the conception he had of pomp and grandeur served dear the state which Providence has assigned him.

He lost his father, the last surviving of his family, as I have already related, when he

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was a boy. The good man, from a fear of offending, as well as a regard to his son, had named him a variety of guardians; one consequence of which was, that they seldom met at all to consider the affairs of their ward; and when they did meet, their opinions were so opposite, that the only possible method of conciliation, was the mediatory power of a dimer and a bottle, which commonly interrupted, not ended, the dispute; and after that interruption ceased, left the consulting parties in a condition not very proper for adjusting it. His education therefore had been but indifferently attended to: and after being taken from a country school, at which he had been boarded, the young gentleman was suffered to be his own master in the subsequent branches of literature, with some assistance from the parson of the parish in languages and philosophy, and from the exciseman in arithmetic and book-keeping. One of his guardians, indeed, who, in his youth had been an inhabitant of the Temple, set him to read Coke upon Lyttleton: a book which is very properly put into the hands of beginners in that science, as its simplicity is accommodated to their understandings, and its size to their inclinations. He profited but little by the perusal: but it was not without its use in the family: for his maiden aunt applied it commonly to the laudable purpose of pressing her rebellious linens to the fold she had allotted them.

There were particularly two ways of increasing his fortune, which might have occurred to people of less foresight than the coun-

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ors we have mentioned? One of these, the prospect of his succeeding to an old y, a distant relation, who was known to possessed of a very large sum in the cks: but in this their hopes were disappointed; for the young was so untoward in disposition, that notwithstanding the instructions he daily received, his visits rather tended to alienate than gain the good-will of his kinswoman. He sometimes looked grave when the old lady told the jokes of her youth; often refused to eat when she pressed him, and was seldom or never provided with sugar-boddy or liquorice when she was seized with fits of coughing: nay, he had once the rudeness to fall asleep, while she was describing the composition and virtues of her favourite colic-water. In short, he accommodated himself so ill to her humour, that she died, and did not leave him a farthing.

The other method pointed out to him was to endeavour to get a lease of some crown-lands, which lay contiguous to his little paternal estate. This, it was imagined, might be easily procured, as the crown did not draw so much rent as Harley could afford to give, and with very considerable profit to himself, and the then lessee had rendered himself so obnoxious to the ministry, by the disposal of his estate at an election, that he could not expect renewal. This, however, needed some interest with the great, which Harley or his father never possessed.

His neighbour, Mr. Walton, having heard of this affair, generously offered his assistance to accomplish it. He told him, that though

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he had long been a stranger to courtiers, yet he believed there were some of them who might pay regard to his recommendation; and that, if he thought it worth the while to take a London journey upon the business, he would furnish him with a letter of introduction to a baronet of his acquaintance, who had a great deal to say with the first lord of the treasury.

When his friends heard of this offer, they pressed him with the utmost earnestness to accept of it. They did not fail to enumerate the many advantages which a certain degree of spirit and assurance gives a man who would make a figure in the world: they repeated their instances of good fortune in others, ascribed them all to a happy forwardness of disposition; and made so copious a recital of the disadvantages which attend the opposite weakness, that a stranger, who had heard them, would have been led to imagine, that in the British code there was some disqualifying statute against any citizen who should be convicted of—modesty.

Harley, though he had no great relish for the attempt, yet could not resist the torrent of motives that assaulted him; and as he needed but little preparation for his journey, a day, not very distant, was fixed for his departure.

CHAP. XIII.

The Man of Feeling in Love.

THE day before that on which he set out, he went to take leave of Mr. Walton.—We would conceal nothing:—there was another person of the family to whom also the visit

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was intended, on whose account, perhaps, there were some tenderer feelings in the bosom of Harley, than his gratitude for the friendly notice of that gentleman (though he was seldom deficient in that virtue) could inspire. Mr. Walton had a daughter; and such a daughter! we will attempt some description of her by-and-by.

Harley's notions of the *καλόν*, or beautiful, were not always to be defined, nor indeed such as the world would always assent to, though we could define them. A blush, a phrase of affability to an inferior, a tear at a moving tale, were to him like the Cestus of Cytherea, unequalled in conferring beauty. For all these Miss Walton was remarkable; but as these, like the above-mentioned Cestus, are perhaps still more powerful, when the wearer is possessed of some degree of beauty, commonly so called; it happened, that, from this cause, they had more that usual power in the person of that young lady.

She was now arrived at that period of life which takes, or is supposed to take, from the flippancy of girlhood those sprightlinesses with which some good-natured old maids oblige the world at threescore. She had been ushered into life (as that word is used in the dialect at St. James's) at seventeen, her father being then in parliament, and living in London: at seventeen, therefore, she had been a universal toast; her health, now she was four-and-twenty, was only drank by those who knew her face at least. Her complexion was mellowed into a paleness, which certainly took from her beauty; but agreed, at least

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and Harley used to say so, with the pensive softness of her mind. Her eyes were of gentle hazel colour which is rather mild than piercing; and, except when they were lighted up by good humour, which was frequently the case, were supposed by the fine gentlemen to want fire. Her air and manner were elegant in the highest degree, and were as sure of commanding respect, as their mistress was far from demanding it. Her voice was inexpressibly soft; it was, according to that incomparable simile of Otway's,

—“like the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock's at feed before him.”

The effect it had upon Harley, himself used to paint ridiculously enough; and ascribed to it powers which few believed, and nobody cared for.

Her conversation was always cheerful, but rarely witty: and without the smallest affectation of learning, had as much sentiment in it as would have puzzled a Turk, upon his principles of female materialism, to account for. Her beneficence was unbounded; indeed the natural tenderness of her heart might have been argued, by the frigidity of a casuist, as detracting from her virtue in this respect, for her humanity was a feeling, not a principle: but minds like Harley's are not very apt to make this distinction, and generally give our virtue credit for all that benevolence which is instinctive in our nature.

As her father had for some years retired to the country, Harley had frequent opportunities of seeing her. He looked on her

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for some time merely with that respect and admiration which her appearance seemed to demand, and the opinion of others conferred upon her: from this cause perhaps, and from that extreme sensibility of which we have taken frequent notice, Harley was remarkably silent in her presence. He heard her sentiments with peculiar attention, sometimes with looks very expressive of approbation; but seldom declared his opinion on the subject, much less made compliments to the lady on the justness of her remarks.

From this very reason it was, that Miss Walton frequently took more particular notice of him than of other visitors, who by the laws of precedency, were better entitled to it: it was a mode of politeness she had peculiarly studied, to bring to the line of that equality, which is ever necessary for the ease of our guests, those whose sensibility had placed them below it.

Harley saw this; for though he was a child in the drama of the world, yet was it not altogether owing to a want of knowledge on his part; on the contrary, the most delicate consciousness of propriety often kindled that blush which marred the performance of it: this raised his esteem something above what the most sanguine descriptions of her goodness had been able to do; for certain it is, that notwithstanding the laboured definitions which very wise men have given us of the inherent beauty of virtue, we are always inclined to think her handsomest when she condescends to smile upon ourselves.

It would be trite to observe the easy grad-

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tion from esteem to love: in the bosom of Harley there scarce needed a transition; for there were certain seasons when his ideas were flushed to a degree much above their common complexion. In times not credulous of inspiration, we should account for this from some natural cause; but we do not mean to account for it at all; it were sufficient to describe its effects: but they were sometimes so ludicrous, as might derogate from the dignity of the sensations which produced them to describe. They were treated indeed as such by most of Harley's sober friends, who often laughed very heartily at the awkward blunders of the real Harley, when the different faculties which should have prevented them were entirely occupied by the ideal. In some of these paroxysms of fancy Miss Walton did not fail to be introduced; and the picture which had been drawn amidst the surrounding objects of unnoticed levity, was now singled out to be viewed through the medium of romantic imagination: it was improved of course, and esteem was a word inexpressive of the feelings which it excited.

CHAP. XIV.

He sets out on his Journey.—The Beggar and his Dog.

HE had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was next morning when Harley came down stairs to set out, he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek.

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her candle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of morning with an empty stomach. She gave a blessing with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in idea, was so replete with temptations, it needed the whole armour of her friendships to repel their attacks.

Her friend stood at the door. We have mentioned his faithful fellow formerly: Harley's had taken him up an orphan, and him from being cast on the parish; and ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand, he passed, smiling, as if he had said, "not weep." He sprung hastily into the room that waited for him: Peter folded up the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, "I have been told as how a sad place." — He was choked with thought, and his benediction could not be heard: — but it shall be heard, honest Peter, ere these tears will add to its energy. A few hours Harley reached the inn, he proposed breakfasting; but the full heart would not suffer him to eat. He walked out on the road, and at a little height, stood gazing on the distant left. He looked for his wonted fields, his woods, and his hills: but in the distant clouds! He sighed on the clouds, and bade them

on a large stone to take out

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a little pebble from his shoe, when he some distance, a beggar approached. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different coloured rags, amongst which blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn. His knees (though he was no pilgrim) were stuffed with the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost the top of them which should have covered the ankles: in his face, however, the plump appearance of good humour; he had a good round pace, and a crooked dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to
"are fantastic; they are not in nature.
beggar walks over the sharpest of these
barefooted, while I have lost the most
ful dream in the world from the smell
them happening to get into my shoes.
beggar had by this time come up, and
off a piece of hat, asked charity of
the dog began to beg too:—it was im-
possible to resist both; and, in truth, the
shoes and stockings had made both ne-
cessary, for Harley had destined six-pence

to tell me : your trade must be an en-
ing one : sit down on this stone, and
know something of your profession :
often thought of turning fortune-teller
week or two myself."

aster," replied the beggar, "I like
rankness much : God knows I had the
r of plain dealing in me from a child ;
re is no doing with it in this world ;
st live as we can, and lying is, as you
my profession : but I was in some sort
to the trade, for I dealt once in telling

as a labourer, Sir, and gained as much
ake me live : I never laid by indeed :
as reckoned a piece of a wag, and your
I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley."

"said Harley, "you seem to know
"Ay, there are few folks in the country
don't know something of : how should
fortunes else ?"—"True ; but to go on
our story : you were a labourer, you
nd a wag ; your industry, I suppose,
t with your old trade ; but your humour
serve to be of use to you in your new."

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where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground. I was carried out in that condition, and spent all the rest of my illness in a barn. I was the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation that I knew of, and I never kept a house above a week, when I was able to joke; I remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had made a settlement in any: thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it to be. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a half-penny as they passed, did so with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long-story. At last, short, I found that people do not care to be troubled with alms without some security for their money. A wooden leg or a withered arm is a sad draught upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account themselves. I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy misfortune to others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known a few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintances, and their amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and in general, people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose: they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every body is anxious to hear what they wish to believe.

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They who repeat it, to laugh at it when we have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a remarkable good memory, and some share of sagacity, with the help of walking a-nights in the streets and church-yards, with this, and with the tricks of that there dog, whom I call the serjeant of a marching regiment, by the way he can steal too upon occasions, I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest ; but the people are not much cheated neither, who give me a few half-pence for a prospect of happiness which I have heard some person say no man can arrive at in this world.—But I bid you good day, Sir ; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm, or whether they are in the army ; a question which I am bound to answer them by that time."

He had drawn a shilling from his pocket ; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it.—Virtue held back her hand ;—but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue nor so compassionate as Pity, smiled upon him ; his fingers trembled at her compression ; nor did Virtue offer to take the money as it fell. It had no sooner touched the ground, than the watchful cur (as we had been taught) snapped it up ; and he tried in vain to the most approved method of recovering it, but it was immediately into

CHAP. XIX.

*He makes a Second Expedition to
Baronet's.—The Laudable Ambition
Young Man to be thought Somethin'
the World.*

WE have related in a former chapter the little success of his first visit to the great man, for whom he had the introductory letter from Mr. Walton. To people of equal sensibility, the influence of those trifles we mentioned on his deportment will not appear surprising; but to his friends in the country they could not be stated, nor would they have allowed them any place in the account. In some of their letters, therefore, which he received soon after, they expressed their surprise at his not having been more urgent in his application, and again recommended the blushless assiduity of successful merit.

He resolved to make another attempt at the baronet's; fortified with higher notions of his own dignity, and with less apprehensions of repulse. In his way to Grosvenor-square he began to ruminate on the folly of mankind, who affixed those ideas of superiority to riches, which reduced the minds of men, by nature equal with the more fortunate, to that sort of servility which he felt in his own. By the time he had reached the square, and was walking along the pavement which led to the baronet's, he had brought his reasoning on the subject to such a point, that the conclusion, by every rule of logic, should have led him to a thorough indifference in his ap-

THE MAN OF FEELING. 19

proaches to a fellow mortal, whether that fellow mortal was possessed of six, or six thousand pounds a year. It is probable, however, that the premises had been improperly formed; for it is certain that, when he approached the great man's door, he felt his heart agitated by an unusual pulsation.

He had almost reached it, when he observed a young gentleman coming out, dressed in a white frock and a red laced waistcoat, with a small switch in his hand, which he seemed to manage with a particular good grace. As he passed him on the steps, the stranger very politely made him a bow, which Harley returned, though he could not remember ever having seen him before. He asked Harley, in the same civil manner, "If he was going to wait on his friend the baronet? For I was just calling," said he, "and am sorry to find that he is gone for some days into the country." Harley thanked him for his information; and was turning from the door, when the other observed, that it would be proper to leave his name, and very obligingly knocked for that purpose. "Here is a gentleman, Tom, who meant to have waited on your master."—"Your name, if you please, Sir?"—"Harley."—"You'll remember, Tom, Harley."—"The door was shut. "Since we are here," said he, "we shall not lose our walk, if we add a little to it by a turn or two in Hyde-park." He accompanied this proposal with a second bow, and Harley accepted of it by another in return.

The conversation, as they walked, was brilliant on the side of his companion. The

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playhouse; the opera, with every occurrence in high life, he seemed perfectly master of, and talked of some reigning beauties of quality, in a manner the most feeling in the world. Harley admired the happiness of his vivacity; and, opposite as it was to the reserve of his own nature, began to be much pleased with its effects.

Though I am not of opinion with some women, that the existence of objects depends on idea; yet I am convinced that their appearance is not a little influenced by it. The optics of some minds are in so unlucky a perspective, as to throw a certain shade over every picture that is presented to them; while those of others (of which number was Harley), like the mirrors of the ladies, have a wonderful effect in bettering their complexion. Through such a medium, perhaps he was looking on his present companion.

When they had finished their walk, and were returning by the corner of the Park, they observed a board hung out of a window, signifying "an excellent ORDINARY on Saturdays and Sundays."—It happened to be Saturday, and the table was covered for the purpose. "What if we should go and dine here, if it happen not to be engaged, Sir?" said the young gentleman. "It is not impossible we shall meet with some original or other; it is a sort of humour I like hugely." Harley made no objection; and the stranger showed him the way into the parlour.

He was placed, by the courtesy of his introducer, in an arm-chair that stood at the side of the fire. Over against him was seated

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a man of a grave considering aspect, with that look of sober prudence which indicates what is commonly called a warm man. He wore a pretty large wig, which had once been white, but was now of a brownish yellow; his coat was one of those modest-coloured drabs, which mock the injuries of dust and dirt; two jack-boots concealed, in part, the well-mended knees of an old pair of buckskin breeches, while the spotted handkerchief round his neck, preserved at once its owner from catching cold, and his neckcloth from being dirtied. Next him sat another man with a tankard in his hand, and a quid of tobacco in his cheek, whose eye was rather more vivacious, and whose dress was something smarter.

The first-mentioned gentleman took notice, that the room had been so lately washed, as not to have had time to dry: and remarked, that wet lodging was unwholesome for man or beast. He looked round at the same time for a poker to stir the fire with, which, he at last observed to the company, the people of the house had removed, in order to save their coals. This difficulty, however, he overcame, by the help of Harley's stick, saying, "That as they should, no doubt, pay for their fire in some shape or other, he saw no reason why they should not have the use of it while they sat."

The door was now opened for the admission of dinner. "I don't know how it is with you, gentlemen," said Harley's new acquaintance; "but I am afraid I shall not be able to get down a morsel at this horrid mechani-

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cal hour of dining." He sat down, however, and did not show any want of appetite by his eating. He took upon him the carving of the meat, and criticised on the goodness of the pudding.

When the table-cloth was removed, he proposed calling for some punch: which was readily agreed to: he seemed at first inclined to make it himself, but afterwards changed his mind, and left that province to the waiter, telling him to have it pure West Indian, or he could not taste a drop of it.

When the punch was brought, he undertook to fill the glasses and call the toasts.—"The King."—The toast naturally produced politics. It is the privilege of Englishmen to drink the King's health, and talk of his conduct. The man who sat opposite to Harley (and who by this time, partly from himself, and partly from his acquaintance on his left hand, was discovered to be a grazier) observed, "that it was a shame for so many pensioners to be allowed to take the bread out of the mouth of the poor."—"Ay, and provisions," said his friend, "were never so dear in the memory of man; I wish the king and his counsellors would look to that."—"As for the matter of provisions, neighbour Wrightson," he replied, "I am sure the prices of cattle—" A dispute would probably have ensued, but it was prevented by the spruce toast-master, who gave a sentiment; and turning to the two politicians, "Pray, gentlemen," said he, "let us have done with these musty politics; I would always leave them to the

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beer-suckers in Butcher-row.* Come let us have something of the fine arts. That was a damn'd hard match between the Nailor and Tim Bucket. The knowing ones were cursedly taken in there ! I lost a cool hundred myself, 'faith."

At mention of a cool hundred, the grazier threw his eyes aslant, with a mingled look of doubt and surprise ; while the man at his elbow looked arch, and gave a short emphatical sort of cough.

Both seemed to be silenced, however, by this intelligence ; and while the remainder of the punch lasted, the conversation was wholly engrossed by the gentleman with a fine waistcoat, who told a great many immense comical stories and confounded smart things, as he termed them, acted and spoken by lords, ladies, and young bucks of quality, of his acquaintance. At last, the grazier, pulling out a watch of a very unusual size, and telling the hour, said, that he had an appointment. "Is it so late?" said the young gentleman : "then I am afraid I have missed an appointment already ; but the truth is, I am cursedly given to missing appointments."

When the grazier and he were gone, Harley turned to the remaining personage, and asked him, "If he knew that young gentleman !" — "A gentleman !" said he, "ay, he is one of your gentlemen at the top of an affidavit. I

* A noted political debating society, called "The Robln Hood," was held at a house in Butcher-row.

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knew him some years ago, in the quality of footman, and I believe he had sometimes the honour to be a pimp. At last, some of the great folks, to whom he had been serviceable in both capacities, had him made a gauger in which station he remains, and has the assurance to pretend an acquaintance with me of quality. The impudent dog! with a few shillings in his pocket, he will talk you three times as much as my friend Mundy there, who is worth nine thousand, if he's worth a farthing. But I know the rascal, and despise him as he deserves."

Harley began to despise him too, and to conceive some indignation at having sat with patience to hear such a fellow speak nonsense. But he corrected himself, by reflecting, that he was perhaps as well entertained, and instructed too, by this same modest gauger, as he should have been by such a man as he had thought proper to personate. And surely the fault may more properly be imputed to that rank where the futility is real, than where it is feigned; to that rank, whose opportunities for nobler accomplishments have only served to rear a fabric of folly, which the untutored hand of affectation, even among the meanest of mankind, can imitate with success.

CHAP. XX.

He visits Bedlam.—The Distresses of a Daughter.

OF those things called sights in London which every stranger is supposed desirous

THE MAN OF FEELING. 25

see, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to several other shows, proposed a visit. Harley objected to it, "Because," said he, "I think it an inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted, to every idle spectator who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper; especially as it is a distress which the humane must see with a painful reflection, that it is not in their power to alleviate it." He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend and the other persons of the party (amongst whom were several ladies); and they went in a body to Moorfields.

Their conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return: he seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without showing them some others; who, as he expressed it in the phrase of those that keep wild beasts for show, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more scarce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside, who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain de-

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gree of freedom, according to their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind looking at a man who was now with bits of thread and lint. He had delineated the segments of the wall with chalk, and by different vibrations, by intersecting lines. A decent looking man, smiling at the maniac, turned and told him, that gentleman had a very celebrated mathematician's sacrifice," said he, "to the throne for having, with infinite labour, table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac he was disappointed in the return those luminaries, and was very obliged to be placed here by his grace, you please to follow me, Sir," said the stranger, "I believe I shall be able to give a more satisfactory account of the people you see here, than the man tends your companions." Harley accepted his offer.

The next person they came to saw scrawled a variety of figures on a slate. Harley had the curiosity to get a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which were written South-sea annuities, India stock, and per cent. annuities consol. "That," said Harley's instructor, "was a gentleman known in Change-alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually sold for the purchase of an estate in the country, in order to realize his money; but he

low his old trade of stock-jobbing a little
ger; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock,
which he was engaged to an immense ex-
t, reduced him at once to poverty and to
dness. Poor wretch! he told me to other
e, that against the next payment of dif-
ferences, he should be some hundreds above
lum."—

"It is a spondee, and I will maintain it,"
interrupted a voice on his left hand. This
assertion was followed by a very rapid re-
tal of some verses from Homer. "That
are," said the gentleman, "whose clothes
so bedaubed with snuff, was a school-
ster of some reputation; he came hither to
resolved of some doubts he entertained
cerning the genuine pronunciation of the
reek vowels. In his highest fits he makes
quent mention of one Mr. Bentley.

"But delusive ideas, Sir, are the motives
the greatest part of mankind, and a heated
agination the power by which their actions
e incited: the world, in the eye of a philo-
sopher, may be said to be a large madhouse."

"It is true," answered Harley, "the nat-

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lost; but the Sultan and I would have allowed it." — "Sir," said Harley, with a small surprise on his countenance, "yes," answered the other, "the I; do you know me? I am the tary."

Harley was a good deal struck by the discovery; he had prudence enough to conceal his amazement, and bowed to the monarch as his dignity required immediately, and joined his company.

He found them in a quarter of the hospital apart for the insane of the other kind, of whom had gathered about thirty, who were examining, with great accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood a young lady, whose appearance had something of the appearance of insanity. Her face, though pale and less squalid than those of the others, showed a dejection of that decent kind which moves our pity unmixed with horror. Her, therefore, the eyes of all were turned. The keeper, who attended them, observed it: "This," said he, "is a young lady, who was born to ride and six. She was beloved, if the report I have heard is true, by a young gentleman equal in birth, though by no means equal in fortune: but love, they say, made her so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of her marriage, and threatened to turn her out of the house if ever she saw him again. The young gentleman took a voyage

Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent: he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar."

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger: she turned them now upon Harley. "My Billy is no more!" said she; "do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!"—She drew nearer to Harley.—"Be comforted, young lady," said he, "your Billy is in heaven."—"Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there?—Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost

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forgotten to think of heaven : yet I pray
times ; when I can, I pray ; and so
I sing ; when I am saddest, I sing
shall hear me—hush !

¶ 1 ' Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
And green the sod that wraps his grave !'

There was a plaintive wildness in th
to be withstood ; and, except the
there was not an unmoistened eye ar

"Do you weep again?" said she ; "
not have you weep : you are like m
you are, believe me ; just so he look
he gave me this ring ; poor Billy !"
last time ever we met !

¶ 2 ' 'Twas when the seas were roaring.'

I love you for resembling my Billy
shall never love any man like him
stretched out her hand to Harley ; he
it between both of his, and bathed
his tears.—"Nay, that is Billy's rin
she ; "you cannot have it, indeed ;
is another, look here which I platte
of some gold thread from this bit
will you keep it for my sake ? I am a
girl ; —but my heart is harmless :
heart ; it will burst some day ; fee
beats !" —She pressed his hand to he
then holding her head in the attitude
ing—"Hark ! one, two, three ! be qu
little trembler : my Billy is cold !—b
forgotten the ring." —She put it on h
—"Farewell ! I must leave you now
would have withdrawn her hand ; Ha
it to his lips.—"I dare not stay lon
head throbs sadly : farewell !" —She

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hurried step to a little apartment at distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the man. — Harley looked on his ring. He put five of guineas into the man's hand, and to that unfortunate." — He burst into tears, and left them.

CHAP. XXI.

The Misanthropist.

A friend who had conducted him to the fields, called upon him again the next day. After some talk on the adventures of the preceding day; "I carried you yesterday," said he to Harley, "to visit the mad; I introduce you to-night, at supper, to the wise: but you must not look for anything of the Socratic pleasantries about the contrary, I warn you to expect nothing of a Diogenes. That you may be prepared for his extraordinary manner, I tell you into some particulars of his history."

He is the elder of the two sons of a gentleman of considerable estate in the country. His father died when they were young: they were remarkable at school for quickness of parts and extent of genius; this had led to no profession, because his father's will, which descended to him, was thought fit to set him above it; the other was apprenticed to an eminent attorney. In the expectations of his friends were more than his own inclination; for both brother and he had feelings of that warm

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kind, that could ill brook a the law, especially in that d which was allotted to him. ference of their tempers made tical distinction between them. from the gentleness of his nat patience a situation entirely dis genius and disposition. At t his pride would suggest, of how tance those talents were, which of his friends had often extolled now incumbrances in a walk o the dull and the ignorant passed turn ; his fancy and his feelings w ble obstacles to eminence in a situa his fancy had no room for exertio feeling experienced perpetual dis these murmurings he never suffe heard ; and that he might not offen dence of those who had been concer choice of his profession, he continued in it several years, till, by the death lation, he succeeded to an estate o better than one hundred pounds a ye which, and the small patrimony left retired into the country, and made match with a young lady of a similar to his own, with whom the sagacious pitied him for finding happiness.

"But his elder brother, whom you see at supper, if you will do us the f of your company, was naturally impet decisive, and overbearing. He entered life with those ardent expectations by w young men are commonly deluded : in friendships, warm to excess ; and equally

THE MAN OF FEELING. 33

lent in his dislikes. He was on the brink of marriage with a young lady, when one of those friends, for whose honour he would have pawned his life, made an elopement with that very goddess, and left him besides deeply engaged for sums, which that good friend's extravagance had squandered.

"The dreams he had formerly enjoyed were now changed for ideas of a very different nature. He abjured all confidence in any thing of human form; sold his lands, which still produced him a very large reversion, came to town, and immured himself, with a woman who had been his nurse, in little better than a garret; and has ever since applied his talents to the vilifying of his species. In one thing I must take the liberty to instruct you; however different your sentiments may be (and different they must be), you will suffer him to go on without contradiction; otherwise he will be silent immediately, and we shall not get a word from him all the night after." Harley promised to remember this injunction, and accepted the invitation of his friend.

When they arrived at the house, they were informed that the gentleman was come, and had been shown into the parlour. They found him sitting with a daughter of his friend's, about three years old, on his knee, whom he was teaching the alphabet from a horn-book; at a little distance stood a sister of her's some years older. "Get you away, Miss," said he to this last, "you are a pert gossip, and I will have nothing to do with you." "Nay," answered she, "Nancy is your favourite;

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you are quite in love with Nancy." "Take away that girl," said he to her father, who he now observed to have entered the room, "she has a woman about her already." The children were accordingly dismissed.

"Between that and supper-time he did not utter a syllable. When supper came, he quarrelled with every dish at table, but eat them all; only exempting from his censure a salad, "which you have not spoiled," said he, "because you have not attempted to cook it."

When the wine was set upon the table, he took from his pocket a particular smoking apparatus, and filled his pipe, without taking any more notice of Harley, or his friend, than if no such persons had been in the room.

Harley could not help stealing a look of surprise at him; but his friend, who knew his humour, returned it, by annihilating his presence in the like manner, and, leaving him to his own meditations, addressed himself entirely to Harley.

In their discourse some mention happened to be made of an amiable character, and the words *honour* and *politeness* were applied to it. Upon this the gentleman, laying down his pipe, and changing the tone of his countenance, from an ironical grin to something more intently contemptuous: "Honour," said he, "Honour and Politeness! this is the coin of the world, and passes current with the fools of it. You have substituted the shadow of Honour, instead of the substance Virtue; and have banished the reality of friendship, for the fictitious semblance which you have ter-

ed Politeness: politeness, which consists in a certain ceremonious jargon, more ridiculous to the ear of reason than the voice of a puppet. You have invented sounds, which you worship, though they tyrannise over your peace; and are surrounded with empty forms, which take from the honest emotions of joy, and add to the poignancy of misfortune."—"Sir!" said Harley—His friend winked to him to remind him of the caution he had received. He was silenced by the thought—The philosopher turned his eyes upon him: he examined him from top to toe, with a sort of triumphant contempt. Harley's coat happened to be a new one; the other's was as shabby as could possibly be supposed to be on the back of a gentleman: there was much significance in his look with regard to this coat: it spoke of the sleekness of folly, and the threadbareness of wisdom.

"Truth," continued he, "the most amiable, as well as the most natural of virtues, you are at pains to eradicate. Your very nurseries are seminaries of falsehood; and what is called Fashion in manhood, completes the system of avowed insincerity. Mankind in the gross, is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived, and has seldom been disappointed; nor is their vanity less fallacious to your philosophers, who adopt modes of truth to follow them through the paths of error, and defend paradoxes merely to be singular in defending them. These are they whom ye term Ingenious; 'tis a phrase of commendation I detest; it implies an attempt to impose on my judgment, by flattering my imagination."

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yet these are they whose works are read by the old with delight, which the young are taught to look upon as the codes of knowledge and philosophy.

"Indeed, the education of your youth is every way preposterous; you waste at school years in improving talents, without having ever spent an hour in discovering them; one promiscuous line of instruction is followed, without regard to genius, capacity, or probable situation in the commonwealth. From this bear garden of the pedagogue, a raw unprincipled boy is turned loose upon the world to travel; without any ideas but those of improving his dress at Paris, or starting into taste by gazing on some paintings at Rome. Ask him of the manners of the people, and he will tell you, That the skirt is worn much shorter in France, and that every body eats macaroni in Italy. When he returns home, he buys a seat in parliament, and studies the constitution at Arthur's.

"Nor are your females trained to any more useful purpose: they are taught, by the very rewards which their nurses propose for good behaviour, by the first thing like a jest which they hear from every male visitor of the family, that a young woman is a creature to be married; and when they are grown somewhat older are instructed, that it is the purpose of marriage to have the enjoyment of pin-money, and the expectation of a jointure.

* "These indeed are the effects of luxury,

* Though the Curate could not remember having shown this chapter to any body, I

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doms, and investigate the latent sources of national superiority. With the administration of such men the people can never be satisfied ; for besides that their confidence is gained only by the view of superior talents, there needs that depth of knowledge, which is not only acquainted with the just extent of power, but can also trace its connection with the expedient, to preserve its possessors from the contempt which attends irresolution, or the resentment which follows temerity.

* * * * *

[Here a considerable part is wanting.]

* * * " In short, man is an animal equally selfish and vain. Vanity, indeed, is but a modification of selfishness. From the latter, there are some who pretend to be free : they are generally such as declaim against the lust of wealth and power, because they have never been able to obtain any high degree in either : they boast of generosity and feeling. They tell us (perhaps they tell us in rhyme) that the sensations of an honest heart, of a mind universally benevolent, make up the quiet bliss which they enjoy ; but they will not, by this, be exempted from the charge of selfishness. Whence the luxurious happiness they describe in their little family-circles ? Whence the pleasure which they feel, when they trim their evening fires, and listen to the howl of winter's wind ? Whence, but from the secret reflection of what houseless wretches feel from it ? Or do you administer comfort in affliction—the motive is at hand ; I have had reached to me in nineteen out of twenty

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of your consolatory discourses—the comparative littleness of our own misfortunes. .

“With vanity your best virtues are grossly tainted: your benevolence, which ye deduce immediately from the natural impulse of the heart, squints to it for its reward. There are some, indeed, who tell us of the satisfaction which flows from a secret consciousness of good actions; this secret satisfaction is truly excellent—when we have some friend to whom we may discover its excellence.”

He now paused a moment to relight his pipe, when a clock, that stood at his back, struck eleven; he started up at the sound, took his hat and his cane, and nodding good night with his head, he walked out of the room. The gentleman of the house called a servant to bring the stranger's surtout. “What sort of a night is it, fellow?” said he.—“It rains, Sir,” answered the servant, “with an easterly wind.”—“Easterly for ever!”—He made no other reply; but shrugging up his shoulders till they almost touched his ears, wrapped himself tight in his great coat, and disappeared.

“This is a strange creature,” said his friend to Harley. “I cannot say,” answered he, “that his remarks are of the pleasantest kind; it is curious to observe how the nature of truth may be changed by the garb it wears; softened to the admonition of friendship, or soured into the severity of reproof: yet this severity may be useful to some tempers; it somewhat resembles a file; disagreeable in its operation, but hard metals may be the brighter for it.”

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CHAP. XXV.

His Skill in Physiognomy.

THE company at the baronet's removed to the playhouse accordingly, and Harley took his usual route into the Park. He observed, as he entered, a fresh-looking elderly gentleman in conversation with a beggar, who, leaning on his crutch, was recounting the hardships he had undergone, and explaining the wretchedness of his present condition. This was a very interesting dialogue to Harley; he was rude enough therefore to slacken his pace as he approached, and at last to make a full stop at the gentleman's back, who was just then expressing his compassion for the beggar, and regretting that he had not a farthing of change about him. At saying this he looked piteously on the fellow; there was something in his physiognomy which caught Harley's notice; indeed physiognomy was one of Harley's foibles, for which he had been often rebuked by his aunt in the country; who used to tell him, "that when he was come to her years and experience, he would know that all is not gold that glitters;" and it must be owned, that his aunt was a very sensible, harsh-looking, maiden lady of threescore and upwards. But he was too apt to forget this caution; and now, it seems, it had not occurred to him; stepping up, therefore, to the gentleman, who was lamenting the want of silver, "Your intentions, Sir," said he, "are so good, that I cannot help lending you my assistance to carry them into execution,"—and

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gave the beggar a shilling. The other returned a suitable compliment, and extolled the benevolence of Harley. They kept walking together, and benevolence grew the topic of discourse.

The stranger was fluent on the subject. "There is no use of money," said he, "equal to that of beneficence; with the profuse, it is lost, and even with those who lay it out according to the prudence of the world, the objects acquired by it pall on the sense, and have scarce become our own till they lose their value with the power of pleasing: but here the enjoyment grows on reflection, and our money is most truly ours, when it ceases to be in our possession."

"Yet I agree in some measure," answered Harley, "with those who think, that charity to our common beggars is often misplaced: there are objects less obtrusive whose title is a better one."

"We cannot easily distinguish," said the stranger; "and even of the worthless, are there not many whose imprudence, or whose vice, may have been one dreadful consequence of misfortune?"

Harley looked again in his face, and blessed himself for his skill in physiognomy.

By this time they had reached the end of the walk, and the old gentleman leaned on the rails to take breath in the mean time they were joined by a younger man, whose figure was much above the appearance of his dress, which was poor and shabby: Harley's former companion addressed him as an acquaintance, and they turned on the walk together.

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The elder of the strangers complained of the closeness of the evening, and asked the other, "If he would go with him into a house hard by, and take one draught of excellent cyder. The man who keeps this house," said he to Harley, "was once a servant of mine: I could not think of turning loose upon the world a faithful old fellow, for no other reason but that his age incapacitated him: so I gave him an annuity of ten pounds, with the help of which he has set up this little place here, and his daughter goes and sells milk in the city, while her father manages his tap-room, as he calls it, at home. I can't well ask a gentleman of your appearance to accompany me to so paltry a place."—"Sir," replied Harley, interrupting him, "I would much rather enter it than the most celebrated tavern in town: to give to the necessitous, may sometimes be a weakness in the man; to encourage industry, is a duty in the citizen." They entered the house accordingly.

On a table at the corner of the room lay a pack of cards, loosely thrown together. The old gentleman reproved the man of the house for encouraging so idle an amusement. Harley attempted to defend him, from the necessity of accommodating himself to the humour of his guests, and, taking up the cards began to shuffle them backwards and forwards in his hand. "Nay, I don't think cards so unpardonable an amusement as some do," replied the other; "and now and then, about this time of the evening, when my eyes begin to fail me for my book, I divert myself with a game at piquet, without finding my morals

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bit relaxed by it. Do you play piquet, Sir?" (to Harley). Harley answered in the affirmative; upon which the other proposed playing a pool at a shilling the game, doubling the stakes; adding that he never played piquet with any body.

Harley's good nature could not refuse the benevolent old man; and the younger stranger, though he at first pleaded prior engagements, yet being earnestly solicited by his friend, at last yielded to solicitation.

When they began to play, the old gentleman, somewhat to the surprise of Harley, produced ten shillings to serve for markers of his score. "He had no change for the beggar," said Harley to himself; "I can easily account for it; it is curious to observe the affection that inanimate things will create in us after a long acquaintance: if I may judge from my own feelings, the old man would not part with one of these counters for ten times its intrinsic value; it even got the better of his benevolence! I myself have a pair of old brass sleeve-buttons"—Here he was interrupted by being told that the old gentleman had beaten the younger, and that it was his turn to take up the conqueror. "Your game has been short," said Harley.—"I repiqued him," answered the old man, with joy sparkling in his countenance. Harley wished to be repiqued too, but he was disappointed; for he had the same good fortune against his opponent. Indeed, never did fortune, mutable as she is, slight in mutability so much as at that moment: the victory was so quick, and so constantly alternate, that the stake in a short

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time amounted to no less a sum than twelve pounds; Harley's proportion of which was within half-a-guinea of the money he had in his pocket. He had before proposed a division, but the old gentleman opposed it with such a pleasant warmth in his manner, that it was always overruled. Now, however, he told them that he had an appointment with some gentlemen, and it was within a few minutes of his hour. The younger stranger had gained one game, and was engaged for the second with the other; they agreed, therefore, that the stake should be divided, if the old gentleman won that; which was more than probable, as his score was ninety-three, and he was the elder hand: but a momentous repique decided it in favour of his adversary, who seemed to enjoy his victory mingled with regret for having won too much while his friend, with great ebullience of passion, many praises of his own good play, and many maledictions on the power of chance, took up the cards and threw them into the fire.

CHAP. XXVI.

The Man of Feeling in a Brothel.

THE company he was engaged to meet were assembled in Fleet-street. He had walked some time along the Strand, amidst a crowd of those wretches who wait the uncertain wages of prostitution, with ideas of pity susceptible to the scene around him, and the feeling he possessed, and had got as far as Somerset-house, when one of them laid hold of his arm, and with a voice tremulous and faint, asked

THE MAN OF FEELING. 45

him for a pint of wine, in a manner more supplicatory than is usual with those whom the infamy of their profession has deprived of shame : he turned round at the demand, and looked steadfastly on the person who made it.

She was above the common size, and elegantly formed ; her face was thin and hollow, and showed the remains of tarnished beauty. Her eyes were black, but had little of their lustre left : her cheeks had some paint laid on without art, and productive of no advantage to her complexion, which exhibited a deadly paleness on the other parts of her face.

Harley stood in the attitude of hesitation ; which she interpreting to her advantage, repeated her request, and endeavoured to force a leer of invitation into her countenance. He took her arm, and they walked on to one of those obsequious taverns in the neighbourhood, where the dearness of the wine is a discharge in full for the character of the house. From what impulse he did this, we do not mean to inquire ; as it has ever been against our nature to search for motives where bad ones are to be found.—They entered, and a waiter showed them a room, and placed a bottle of claret on the table.

Harley filled the lady's glass ; which she had no sooner tasted, than dropping it on the floor, and eagerly catching his arm, her eye grew fixed, her lip assumed a clayey whiteness, and she fell back lifeless in her chair.

Harley started from his seat, and, catching her in his arms, supported her from falling to the ground, looking wildly at the door, as

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if he wanted to run for assistance, but durst not leave the miserable creature. It was not till some minutes after that it occurred to him to ring the bell, which at last however he thought of, and rang with repeated violence even after the waiter appeared. Luckily the waiter had his senses somewhat more about him, and snatching up a bottle of water, which stood on a buffet at the end of the room, he sprinkled it over the hands and face of the dying figure before him. She began to revive, and, with the assistance of some hartshorn-drops, which Harley now for the first time drew from his pocket, was able to desire the waiter to bring her a crust of bread; of which she swallowed some mouthfuls with the appearance of the keenest hunger. The waiter withdrew; when turning to Harley sobbing at the same time, and shedding tears, "I am sorry, Sir," said she, "that I should have given you so much trouble; but you will pity me when I tell you, that till now I have not tasted a morsel these two days past."—He fixed his eyes on her's—every circumstance but the last was forgotten; and he took her hand with as much respect as if she had been a duchess. It was ever the privilege of misfortune to be revered by him.—"Two days!"—said he; "and I have fared sumptuously every day!"—He was reaching to the bell; she understood his meaning, and prevented him. "I beg, Sir," said she, "that you would give yourself no more trouble about a wretch who does not wish to live; but, at present, I could not eat a bit; my stomach even rose at the last mouthful of the

crust."—He offered to call a chair, saying, "that he hoped a little rest would relieve her."—He had one half-guinea left: "I am sorry," said he, "that at present I should be able to make you an offer of no more than this paltry sum."—She burst into tears. "Your generosity, Sir, is abused; to bestow it on me is to take it from the virtuous; I have no title but misery to plead; misery of my own procuring."—"No more of that," answered Harley; "there is virtue in these tears; let the fruit of them be virtue." He rang and ordered a chair.—"Though I am the vilest of beings," said she, "I have not forgotten every virtue; gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left, did I but know who is my benefactor."—"My name is Harley."—"Could I ever have an opportunity?"—"You shall, and a glorious one too! your future conduct—but I do not mean to reproach you—if I say it will be the noblest reward—I will do myself the pleasure of seeing you again."—Here the waiter entered, and told them the chair was at the door. The lady informed Harley of her lodgings, and he promised to wait on her at ten the next morning.

He led her to the chair, and returned to clear with the waiter without ever once reflecting that he had no money in his pocket. He was ashamed to make an excuse; yet an excuse must be made: he was beginning to frame one, when the waiter cut him short, by telling him that he could not run scores: but that, if he would leave his watch, or any other pledge, it would be as safe as if it lay in his pocket. Harley jumped at the pro-

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posal, and pulling out his watch, delivered it into his hands immediately; and having, for the first time, had the precaution to take a note of the lodging he intended to visit next morning, sallied forth with a blush of triumph on his face, without taking notice of the sneer of the waiter, who twirling the watch in his hand, made him a profound bow at the door, and whispered to a girl, who stood in the passage, something, in which the word *cul* was honoured with a particular emphasis.

CHAP. XXVII.

His Skill in Physiognomy is doubted.

AFTER he had been some time with the company he had appointed to meet, and the bottle was called for, he first recollected, that he would be again at a loss how to discharge his share of the reckoning. He applied therefore to one of them, with whom he was most intimate, acknowledging that he had not a farthing of money about him; and, upon being jocularly asked the reason, acquainted them with the two adventures we have just now related. One of the company asked him, whether the old man in Hyde-park did not wear a brownish coat, with a narrow gold edging, and his companion an old green frock, with a buff-coloured waistcoat. Upon Harlowe recollecting that they did, "Then," said he, "you may be thankful you have come off well; they are two as noted sharpers, in the way, as any in town, and but t'other night took me in for a much larger sum: I had

Harley answered, "That he could not but by the gentleman was mistaken, as he never saw a face promise more honestly than that of the old man he had met with."—"His face!" said a grave-looking man, who sat opposite to Harley, squirting the juice of his tobacco obliquely at the grate. There was something very comical in the action; for it was followed by a burst of laughter round the table. "Gentlemen," said Harley, "you are disposed to be merry; it may be as you imagine, for I confess myself ignorant of the town; but there is one thing which makes me bear the loss of my money with temper; the young fellow who won it must have been miserably poor: I observed him borrow money for the loan from his friend; he had distress and anger in his countenance: be his character what it may, his necessities at least plead for him."—At this there was a louder laugh than before. "Gentlemen," said the lawyer, one of whose conversations with Harley we have already recorded, "here's a pretty fellow for you; to have heard him talk some nights ago, as I did, you might have sworn he was

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ture ; and as for faces—you may look into them to know whether a man's nose be a long or a short one."

[CHAP. XXVIII.

He Keeps his Appointment.

THE last night's raillery of his companion was recalled to his remembrance when he awoke, and the colder homilies of prudence began to suggest some things, which were no wise favourable for a performance of his promise to the unfortunate female he had met with before. He rose uncertain of his purpose ; but the torpor of such consideration was seldom prevalent over the warmth of his nature. He walked some turns backward and forwards in his room ; he recalled the languid form of the fainting wretch to his mind : he wept at the recollection of her tears. " Though I am the vilest of beings, I have not forgotten every virtue ; gratitude, hope, I shall still have left." —He took a larger stride—" Powers of mercy that surround me !" cried he, " do ye not smile upon deeds like these ? to calculate the chances of deception is too tedious a business for the life of man !" —The clock struck ten ! —When he was got down stairs, he found that he had forgot the note of her lodgings ; he gnawed his lips at the delay ; he was fairly on the pavement, when he recollected having left his purse ! he did but just prevent himself from articulating an imprecation. He rushed a second time up into his chamber. " What a wretch I am !" said he : " ere this time, per-

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aps"—It was a perhaps not to be borne;—two vibrations of a pendulum would have served him to lock his bureau;—but they could not be spared.

When he reached the house, and inquired for Miss Atkins (for that was the lady's name), he was shown up three pair of stairs into a small room lighted by one narrow lattice, and patched round with shreds of different coloured paper. In the darkest corner stood something like a bed, before which a tattered coverlet hung by way of curtain. He had not waited long when she appeared. Her face had the glister of new-washed tears on it. "I am ashamed, Sir," said she, "that you should have taken this fresh piece of trouble about one so little worthy of it: but, so the humane, I know there is a pleasure in goodness for its own sake; if you have patience for the recital of my story, it may palliate, though it cannot excuse my faults." Harley bowed, as a sign of assent; and she began as follows:

"I am the daughter of an officer, whom a service of forty years had advanced no higher than the rank of captain. I have had hints from himself, and been informed by others, that it was in some measure owing to those principles of rigid honour, which it was his boast to possess, and which he early inculcated on me, that he had been able to arrive at no better station. My mother died when I was a child; old enough to grieve for her death, but incapable of remembering her precepts. Though my father was dotingly fond of her, yet there were some sentiments in which they

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materially differed ; she had been bred from her infancy in the strictest principles of religion, and took the morality of her conduct from the motives which an adherence to the principles suggested. My father, who had been in the army from his youth, affixed an idea of pusillanimity to that virtue, which was formed by the doctrines, excited by the rewards, or guarded by the terrors of revelation ; his darling idol was the honour of a soldier ; a term which he held in such reverence that he used it for his most sacred asseveration. When my mother died, I was some time suffered to continue in those sentiments which her instructions had produced ; but soon after, though, from respect to her memory my father did not absolutely ridicule them, yet he showed in his discourse to others, little regard to them, and at times suggested to me motives of action so different, that I was soon weaned from opinions, which began to consider as the dreams of superstition, or the artful inventions of designing hypocrisy. My mother's books were left behind at the different quarters we removed, and my reading was principally confined to plays, novels, and those poetical descriptions of the beauty of virtue and honour, which the circulating libraries easily afforded.

"As I was generally reckoned handsome, and the quickness of my parts extolled by our visitors, my father had a pride in showing me to the world. I was young, giddy, open to adulation, and vain of those talents which I had acquired it.

"After the last war, my father was reduc-

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to half-pay : with which we retired to a village in the country, which the acquaintance of some genteel families who resided in it, and the cheapness of living, particularly recommended. My father rented a small house, a piece of ground sufficient to keep a horse for him, and a cow for the benefit of his family. An old man-servant managed his ground ; while a maid, who had formerly been my mother's, and had since been mine, undertook the care of our little dairy : they were assisted in each of their provinces by my father and me ; and we passed our time in a state of tranquillity, which he had always talked of with delight, and my train of reading had taught me to admire.

" Though I had never seen the polite circles of the metropolis, the company my father had introduced me into had given me a degree of good-breeding which soon discovered a superiority over the young ladies of our village. I was quoted as an example of politeness, and my company courted by most of the considerable families in the neighbourhood.

" Amongst the houses to which I was frequently invited, was Sir George Winbrooke's. He had two daughters nearly of my age, with whom, though they had been bred up in those maxims of vulgar doctrine which my superior understanding could not but despise, yet as their good nature led them to an imitation of my manners in every thing else, I cultivated a particular friendship.

" Some months after our first acquaintance, Sir George's eldest son came home from his

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travels. His figure, his address, and conversation, were not unlike those warm ideas of an accomplished man which my favourite novels had taught me to form; and his sentiments on the article of religion were as liberal as my own: when any of these happened to be the topic of our discourse, I, who before had been silent, from a fear of being single in opposition, now kindled at the fire he raised, and defended our mutual opinions with all the eloquence I was mistress of. He would be respectfully attentive all the while, and when I had ended, would raise his eyes from the ground, look at me with a gaze of admiration, and express his applause in the highest strain of encomium. This was an incense the more pleasing, as I seldom or never had met with it before: for the young gentlemen who visited Sir George were for the most part of that common race of country squires, the pleasure of whose lives is derived from fox-hunting: these are seldom solicitous to please the women at all; or, if they were, would never think of applying their flattery to the mind.

“Mr. Winbrooke observed the weakness of my soul, and took every occasion of improving the esteem he had gained. He asked my opinion of every author, of every sentiment, with that submissive diffidence which showed an unlimited confidence in my understanding. I saw myself revered, as a superior being, by one whose judgment my vanity told me was not likely to err: preferred by him to all the other visitors of my sex, whose fortunes and rank should have entitled them to a *much higher degree of notice*; I saw their

little jealousies at the distinguished attention he paid me ; it was gratitude, it was pride, it was love ! love which had made too fatal a progress in my heart, before any declaration on his part should have warranted a return : but I interpreted every look of attention, every expression of compliment, to the passion I imagined him inspired with, and imputed to his sensibility that silence which was the effect of art and design. At length, however, he took an opportunity of declaring his love ; he now expressed himself in such ardent terms, that prudence might have suspected their sincerity : but prudence is rarely found in the situation I had been unguardedly led into ; besides that the course of reading to which I had been accustomed did not lead me to conclude, that his expressions could be too warm to be sincere : nor was I even alarmed at the manner in which he talked of marriage, a subjection, he often hinted, to which genuine love should scorn to be confined. The woman, he would often say, who had merit like mine to fix his affection, could easily command it for ever. That honour too which I revered, was often called in to enforce his sentiments. I did not, however, absolutely assent to them ; but I found my regard for their opposites diminish by degrees. If it is dangerous to be convinced, it is dangerous to listen : for our reason is so much of a machine, that it will not always be able to resist when the ear is perpetually assailed.

“ In short, Mr. Harley (for I tire you with a relation, the catastrophe of which you will have *already* imagined), I fell a prey to his

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artifices. He had not been able so thoroughly to convert me, that my conscience was silent on the subject; but he was so assiduous to give repeated proofs of unabated affection, that I hushed its suggestions as they rose. The world, however, I knew, was not to be silenced, and therefore I took occasion to express my uneasiness to my seducer, and entreat him, as he valued the peace of one to whom he professed such attachment, to remove it by a marriage. He made excuses from his dependence on the will of his father, but quieted my fears by the promise of endeavouring to win his assent.

"My father had been some days absent on a visit to a dying relation, from whom he had considerable expectations. I was left at home with no other company than my books: my books I found were not now such companions as they used to be; I was restless, melancholy, unsatisfied with myself. But judge my situation when I received a billet from Mr. Winbrooke, informing me, that he had sounded Sir George on the subject we had talked of, and found him so averse to any match so unequal to his own rank and fortune, that he was obliged, with whatever reluctance, to bid adieu to a place, the remembrance of which should ever be dear to him.

"I read this letter a hundred times over. Alone, helpless, conscious of guilt, and abandoned by every better thought, my mind was one motley scene of terror, confusion, and remorse. A thousand expedients suggested themselves, and a thousand fears told me they would be vain; at last, in an agony of

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despair, I packed up a few clothes, took what money and trinkets were in the house, and set out for London, whither I understood he was gone; pretending to my maid, that I had received letters from my father requiring my immediate attendance. I had no other companion than a boy, a servant to the man from whom I hired my horses. I arrived in London within an hour of Mr. Winbrooke, and accidentally alighted at the very inn where he was.

“He started and turned pale when he saw me: but recovered himself time enough to make many new protestations of regard, and begged me to make myself easy under a disappointment which was equally afflicting to him. He procured me lodgings, where I slept, or rather endeavoured to sleep, for that night. Next morning I saw him again: he then mildly observed on the imprudence of my precipitate flight from the country, and proposed my removing to lodgings at another end of the town to elude the search of my father, till he should fall upon some method of excusing my conduct to him, and reconciling him to my return. We took a hackney-coach, and drove to the house he mentioned.

“It was situated in a dirty land, furnished with a tawdry affectation of finery, with some old family-pictures hanging on the walls which their own cobwebs would better have suited. I was struck with a secret dread at entering; nor was it lessened by the appearance of the landlady, who had that look of selfish shrewdness, which, of all others, is most hateful to those whose feelings are

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tinctured with the world. A girl, who she told us was her niece, sat by her, playing on a guitar, while herself was at work, with the assistance of spectacles, and had a prayer-book, with the leaves folded down in several places, lying on the table before her. Perhaps, Sir, I tire you with my minuteness ; but the place, and every circumstance about it, is so impressed on my mind, that I shall never forget it.

"I dined that day with Mr. Winbrooke alone. He lost by degrees that restraint which I perceived too well to hang about him before, and, with his former gaiety and good humour, repeated the flattering things, which though they had once been fatal, I durst not now distrust. At last, taking my hand and kissing it, 'It is thus,' said he, 'that love will last, while freedom is preserved; thus let us ever be blest, without the galling thought that we are tied to a condition where we may cease to be so.' I answered, 'That the world thought otherwise; that it had certain ideas of good fame, which it was impossible not to wish to maintain.' 'The world,' said he, 'is a tyrant; they are slaves who obey it: let us be happy without the pale of the world. To-morrow I shall leave this quarter of it, for one where the talkers of the world shall be foiled, and lose us. Could not my Emily accompany me? my friend, my companion, the mistress of my soul! Nay, do not look so, Emily! your father may grieve for a while, but your father shall be taken care of; this bank-bill I intend as the comfort for his daughter.'

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contain myself no longer: I exclaimed, 'dost thou imagine a father's heart could brook dependent on a destroyer of his child, and tamely base equivalent for her honour?' 'Honour, my Emily,' said he, 'is a name of fools, or of those wiser men who are content with it. 'Tis a fantastic bauble that it is not the gravity of your father's heart, whatever it is, I am afraid it can never be perfectly restored to you: exchange it for pleasure, and let pleasure be your object. At these words he clasped me in his arms, and pressed his lips rudely to my cheek, and started from my seat. 'Perfidious man, I, 'who darest insult the weak, and undo the strong: were that father here, his soul would shrink from the venal purchase of honour! Cursed be that wretch who has deprived him of it! oh! doubly cursed be he who has dragged on his hoary head a burden which should have crushed her, and who has snatched a knife which lay beside him, and would have plunged it in my breast; but my sister prevented my purpose, and with a grin of barbarous insult, said he, 'I confess you are rather too generous for me; I am sorry we cannot do more about trifles; but as I seem somewhat offended you, I would willingly quit you by taking my leave. You have somewhat of a foolish expence in this journey; allow me to reimburse you.' Then, without giving me time to answer, he laid a bank bill, of what I did not know, in my hand, and, without giving me time to see, upon the spot, he departed, leaving me, upon the spot, in a state of grief, and indignation, choak-

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ed my utterance ; unable to speak my wrongs, and unable to bear them in silence, I fell in a swoon at his feet.

“What happened in the interval I cannot tell ; but when I came to myself, I was in the arms of the landlady, with her niece chafing my temples, and doing all in her power for my recovery. She had much compassion in her countenance : the old woman assumed the softest look she was capable of, and both endeavoured to bring me comfort. They continued to show me many civilities, and even the aunt began to be less disagreeable in my sight. To the wretched, to the forlorn, as I was, small offices of kindness are endearing.

“Mean time my money was far spent, nor did I attempt to conceal my wants from their knowledge. I had frequent thoughts of returning to my father ; but the dread of a life of scorn is insurmountable. I avoided therefore going abroad when I had a chance of being seen by any former acquaintance, nor indeed did my health for a great while permit it ; and suffered the old woman, at her own suggestion, to call me niece at home, where we now and then saw (when they could prevail on me to leave my room) one or two other elderly women, and sometimes a grave business-like man, who showed great compassion for my indisposition, and made me very obligingly an offer of a room at his country house, for the recovery of my health. This offer I did not choose to accept ; but told my landlady, that I should be glad to be employed in any way of business which my skill in needle-work could recommend me to ;

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confessing, at the same time, that I was afraid I should scarce be able to pay her what I already owed for board and lodging; and that for her other good offices, I had nothing but thanks to give her. —

“ ‘My dear child,’ said she, ‘do not talk of paying; since I lost my own sweet girl (here she wept), your very picture she was, Miss Emily, I have nobody, except my niece, to whom I should leave any little thing I have been able to save: you shall live with me, my dear; and I have sometimes a little millinery work, in which, when you are inclined to it, you may assist us. By the way, here are a pair of ruffles we have just finished for that gentleman you saw here at tea; a distant relation of mine, and a worthy man he is. ’Twas pity you refused the offer of an apartment at his countryhouse; my niece, you know, was to have accompanied you, and you might have fancied yourself at home: a most sweet place it is, and but a short mile beyond Hampstead. Who knows, Miss Emily, what effect such a visit might have had! If I had half your beauty I should not waste it pining after e’er a worthless fellow of them all.’ I felt my heart swell at her words; I would have been angry if I could; but I was in that stupid state which is not easily awakened to anger: when I would have chid her, the reproof stuck in my throat; I could only weep!

“ Her want of respect increased, as I had not spirit to assert it; my work was now rather imposed than offered, and I became a drudge for the bread I ate: but my depen-

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dence and servility grew in proportion, and I was now in a situation which could not make any extraordinary exertions to disengage itself from either; I found myself with child.

"At last the wretch, who had thus trained me to destruction, hinted the purpose for which those means had been used. I discovered her to be an artful procuress for the pleasures of those, who are men of decency to the world in the midst of debauchery.

"I roused every spark of courage within me at the horrid proposal. She treated my passion at first somewhat mildly; but when I continued to exert it, she resented it with insult, and told me plainly, 'that if I did not soon comply with her desires, I should pay her every farthing I owed, or rot in a jail for life.' I trembled at the thought; still, however, I resisted her importunities, and she put her threats in execution. I was conveyed to prison, weak from my condition, weaker from that struggle of grief and misery which for some time I had suffered. A miscarriage was the consequence.

"Amidst all the horrors of such a state, surrounded with wretches totally callous, lost alike to humanity and to shame, think, Mr. Harley, think what I endured; nor wonder that I at last yielded to the solicitations of that miscreant I had seen at her house, and sunk to the prostitution which he tempted. But that was happiness compared to what I have suffered since. He soon abandoned me to the common use of the town, and I was cast among those miserable beings in whose society I have since remained.

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"Oh! did the daughters of virtue know our sufferings; did they see our hearts torn with anguish amidst the affectation of gaiety which our faces are obliged to assume! our bodies tortured by disease; our minds with that consciousness which they cannot lose! Did they know, did they think of this, Mr. Harley!—their censures are just; but their pity perhaps might spare the wretches, whom their justice should condemn!

"Last night, but for an exertion of benevolence which the infection of our infamy prevents even in the humane, I had been thrust out from this miserable place which misfortune has yet left me; exposed to the brutal insults of drunkenness, or dragged by that justice which I could not bribe, to the punishment which may correct, but, alas! can never amend the abandoned objects of its terrors. From that, Mr. Harley, your goodness has relieved me."

He beckoned with his hand; he would have stopped the mention of his favours; but he could not speak, had it been to beg a diadem.

She saw his tears, her fortitude began to fail at the sight, when the voice of some stranger on the stairs awakened her attention. She listened for a moment; then starting up, exclaimed, "Merciful God! my father's voice!"

She had scarce uttered the word, when the door burst open, and a man entered in the garb of an officer. When he discovered his daughter and Harley, he started back a few paces; his look assumed a furious wildness; he laid his hand on his sword. The two ob-

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jects of his wrath did not utter a syllable. "Villain," he cried, "thou seest a father who had once a daughter's honour to preserve; blasted as it now is, behold him ready to avenge its loss!"

Harley had by this time some power of utterance. "Sir," said he, "if you will be a moment calm"—"Infamous coward!" interrupted the other, "dost thou preach calmness to wrongs like mine?" He drew his sword.—"Sir," said Harley, "let me tell you"—The blood ran quicker to his cheek—his pulse beat one—no more—and regained the temperament of humanity!—"You are deceived, Sir," said he, "you are much deceived; but I forgive suspicions which your misfortunes have justified: I would not wrong you, upon my soul I would not, for the dearest gratification of a thousand worlds: my heart bleeds for you."

His daughter was now prostrate at his feet. "Strike," said she, "strike here a wretch, whose misery cannot end but with that death she deserves." Her hair had fallen on her shoulders! her look had the horrid calmness of out-breathed despair! Her father would have spoken; his lip quivered, his cheek grew pale; his eyes lost the lightning of their fury! there was a reproach in them, but with a mingling of pity! He turned them up to heaven—then on his daughter.—He laid his left hand on his heart—the sword dropped from his right—he burst into tears.

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CHAP. XXIX.

The Distress of a Father.

HARLEY knecled also at the side of the unfortunate daughter: "Allow me, Sir," said he, "to entreat your pardon for one whose offences have been already so signally punished. I know, I feel, that those tears, wrung from the heart of a father, are more dreadful to her than all the punishments your sword could have inflicted: accept the contrition of a child whom heaven has restored to you."—"Is she not lost," answered he, "irrecoverably lost? Damnation! a common prostitute to the meanest ruffian!"—"Calmly, my dear Sir," said Harley; "did you know what complicated misfortunes she has fallen to that miserable state in which you now behold her, I should have no need of words to excite your compassion. Think, Sir, what once she was! Would you abandon to the insults of an unfeeling world, deny her opportunity of penitence, and cut off the comfort that still remains for your afflictions and her own?"—"Speak," said he, addressing himself to his daughter: "speak, I hear thee."—"The desperation that supplanted her was lost; she fell to the ground, and bathed his feet with her tears! Harley undertook her cause; he related the series to which she had fallen a sacrifice, and again solicited the forgiveness of her father. He looked on her for some time in the pride of a soldier's honour checked while the yearnings of his heart; but

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nature at last prevailed, he fell on her neck, and mingled his tears with her's. —

Harley, who discovered from the dress the stranger that he was just arrived from journey, begged that they would both remove to his lodgings, till he could procure others for them. Atkins looked at him with some measure of surprise. His daughter now first recovered the power of speech: "Wretch as I am," said she, "yet there is some gratitude due to the preserver of your child. See him now before you. To him I owe my life, or at least the comfort of imploring your forgiveness before I die."—"Pardon me, young gentleman," said Atkins, "I fear my passion has wronged you."

"Never, never, Sir," said Harley: "if I had, your reconciliation to your daughter would be an atonement a thousand fold." He then repeated his request that he might be allowed to conduct them to his lodgings; which Mr. Atkins at last consented. He took his daughter's arm. "Come, my Emily," said he, "we can never, never recover that happiness we have lost! but time may teach us to remember our misfortunes with patience."

When they arrived at the house where Harley lodged, he was informed the first floor was then vacant, and that the gentleman and his daughter might be accommodated there. While he was upon this inquiry, Miss Atkins informed her father more particularly what she owed to his benevolence. When they turned into the room where they were, Atkins ran and embraced him; begged him again to forgive the offence he had given him, and

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armest protestations of gratitude
ers. We would attempt to de-
y which Harley felt on this occa-
ot occur to us, that one half of
uld not understand it though we
e other half will by this time
ood it without any description at

ns now retired to her chamber,
e rest from the violence of the
e had suffered. When she was
ther, addressing himself to Har-
You have a right, Sir, to be in-
e present situation of one who
h to your compassion for his mis-
My daughter, I find, has informed
at was at the fatal juncture when

Her distresses you have heard,
ied them as they deserved; with
ps, I cannot so easily make you

You have a feeling heart, Mr.
ess it that it has saved my child;
r were a father, a father torn by
readful calamities, the dis-
child he doated on! You have
informed of some of the circum-
er elopement. I was then from
by the death of a relation, who,
ould never advance me a shilling
st exigency in his life-time, left
gleanings of his frugality at his
ould not write this intelligence to
, because I intended to be the
f; and as soon as my business
me, I set out on my return,
all the haste of paternal affec-

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tion. I fondly built those schemes of future happiness, which present prosperity is ever busy to suggest: my Emily was concerned in them all. As I approached our little dwelling, my heart throbbed with the anticipation of joy and welcome. I imagined the cheering fire, the blissful contentment of a frugal meal, made luxurious by a daughter's smile: I painted to myself her surprise at the tidings of our new-acquired riches, our fond disputes about the disposal of them.

"The road was shortened by the dreams of happiness I enjoyed, and it began to be dark as I reached the house: I alighted from my horse, and walked softly up stairs to the room we commonly sat in. I was somewhat disappointed at not finding my daughter there. I rung the bell, her maid appeared, and showed no small signs of wonder at the summons. She blessed herself as she entered the room: I smiled at her surprise. 'Where is Miss Emily, Sir?' said she.—'Emily!'—'Yes, Sir; she has been gone hence some days, upon receipt of those letters you sent her.'—'Letters!' said I.—'Yes, Sir; so she told me, and went off in all haste that very night.'

"I stood aghast as she spoke: but was able so far to recollect myself as to put on the affectation of calmness, and telling her there was certainly some mistake in the affair, desired her to leave me.

"When she was gone, I threw myself into a chair, in that state of uncertainty which is of all others the most dreadful. The gay visions with which I had delighted myself *vanished in an instant*: I was tortured with

tracing back the same circle of doubt and disappointment. My head grew dizzy as I thought: I called the servant again, and asked her a hundred questions to no purpose; there was not room even for conjecture.

"Something at last arose in my mind, which we call hope, without knowing what it is. I wished myself deluded by it, but it could not prevail over my returning fears. I rose and walked through the room. My Emily's spinnet stood at the end of it, open, with a book of music folded down at some of my favourite lessons. I touched the keys; there was a vibration in the sound that froze my blood: I looked around, and methought the family pictures on the walls gazed on me with compassion in their faces. I sat down again with an attempt at more composure; I started at every creaking of the door, and my ears rung with imaginary noises!

"I had not remained long in this situation, when the arrival of a friend, who had accidentally heard of my return, put an end to my doubts, by the recital of my daughter's dishonour. He told me he had his information from a young gentleman, to whom Winbrooke had boasted of having seduced her."

"I started from my seat, with broken curses on my lips, and without knowing whither I should pursue them, ordered my servant to load my pistols, and saddle my horses. My friend, however, with great difficulty persuaded me to compose myself for that night, promising to accompany me on the morrow to Sir George Winbrooke's in quest of his son.

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"The morrow came, after a night spent in a state little distant from madness. We went as early as decency would allow to Sir George's: he received me with politeness, and indeed compassion; protested his abhorrence of his son's conduct, and told me that he had set out some days before for London, on which place he had procured a draft for a large sum, on pretence of finishing his travels; but that he had not heard from him since his departure.

"I did not wait for any more, either of information or comfort; but, against the united remonstrances of Sir George and my friend, set out instantly for London, with a frantic uncertainty of purpose; but there all manner of search was in vain.—I could trace neither of them any further than the inn where they first put up on their arrival; and after some days fruitless inquiry, returned home destitute of every little hope that had hitherto supported me. The journeys I had made, the restless nights I had spent, above all, the perturbation of my mind, had the effect which naturally might be expected; a very dangerous fever was the consequence. From this, however, contrary to the expectations of my physicians, I recovered. It was now that I first felt something like calmness of mind; probably from being reduced to a state which could not produce the exertions of anguish or despair. A stupid melancholy settled on my soul; I could endure to live with an apathy of life; at times I forgot my resentment, and wept at the remembrance of my child.

"Such has been the tenor of my days since

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at fatal moment when these misfortunes came, till yesterday, that I received a letter from a friend in town, acquainting me of her present situation. Could such tales as mine, Mr. Harley, be sometimes suggested to the daughters of levity, did they but know with what anxiety the heart of a parent flutters and the child he loves, they would be less apt to construe into harshness that delicate concern for their conduct, which they often complain of as laying restraint upon things, to the young, the gay, and the thoughtless, seemingly harmless and indifferent. Alas! I had imagined that I needed not even these common cautions! my Emily was the joy of my age, and the pride of my soul!—Those joys are now no more! they are lost for ever! Her death I could have borne! but the loss of her honour has added obloquy and shame to that sorrow which bends my grey hairs to the dust!"

As he spoke these last words, his voice quivered in his throat! it was now lost in his sobs! he sat with his face half turned from Mr. Harley, as if he would have hid the sorrow which he felt. Harley was in the same attitude himself; he durst not meet his eye with a glance; but gathering his stifled breath, "Let me entreat you, Sir," said he, "to hope for better things. The world is ever tyrannical; it warps our sorrows to edge them with sterner affliction: let us not be slaves to the weakness it affixes to motive or to action. I know an ingenuous mind cannot help feeling when it is stung: but there are considerations by which it may be overcome: its fantastic ideas

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vanish as they rise : they teach us—to look beyond it."

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A FRAGMENT.

Showing his Success with the Baronet.

* * * THE card he received was in the politest style in which disappointment could be communicated; the baronet "was under a necessity of giving up his application for Mr. Harley, as he was informed, that the lease was engaged for a gentleman who had long served his majesty in another capacity, and whose merit had entitled him to the first lucrative thing that should be vacant." Even Harley could not murmur at such a disposal. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "some war-worn officer, who, like poor Atkins, had been neglected from reasons which merited the highest advancement; whose honour could not stoop to solicit the preferment he deserved; perhaps, with a family, taught the principles of delicacy, without the means of supporting it; a wife and children—gracious heaven! whom my wishes would have deprived of bread!"—

He was interrupted in his reverie by some one tapping him on the shoulder; and, on turning round, he discovered it to be the very man who had explained to him the condition of his gay companion at Hyde-park-corner. "I am glad to see you, Sir," said he; "I believe we are fellows in disappointment." Harley started, and said, that he was at a loss to understand him. "Poh! you need not be

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so shy," answered the other; "every one for himself is but fair, and I had much rather you had got it than the rascally gauger." Harley still protested his ignorance of what he meant. "Why, the lease of Bancroft-manor; had not you been applying for it?"—"I confess I was," replied Harley; "but I cannot conceive how you should be interested in the matter."—"Why, I was making interest for it myself," said he, "and I think I had some title: I voted for this same baronet at the last election, and made some of my friends do so too; though I would not have you imagine that I sold my vote; no, I scorn it, let me tell you I scorn it; but I thought as how this man was staunch and true, and I find he's but a double-faced fellow after all, and speechifies in the house for any side he hopes to make most by. Oh! how many fine speeches and squeezings by the hand we had of him on the canvass! 'And if ever I should be so happy as to have an opportunity of serving you'—a murrain on the smooth-tongued knave! and after all to get it for this pimp of a gauger!"—"The gauger, there must be some mistake," said Harley; "he writes me, that it was engaged for one whose long services"—"Services!" interrupted the other, "you shall hear: Services! Yes, his sister arrived in town a few days ago, and is now sempstress to the baronet's lady on all rogues! says honest Sam Lightson: I shall but just drink damnation to them to night, in a crown's-worth of Ash-street, and leave London to morrow by sun-

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rise."—"I shall leave it too," said Harley, and so he accordingly did.

In passing through Piccadilly, he had observed on the window of an inn, a notification for the departure of a stage-coach for a place in his road homewards; in the way back to his lodgings, he took a seat in it for his return.

CHAP. XXXIII.

He leaves London.—Characters in Stage Coach.

THE company in the stage coach consisted of a grocer and his wife, who were going to pay a visit to some of their country friends; a young officer, who took this way of returning to quarters; a middle-aged gentleman who had been hired as housekeeper to a family in the country; and an elderly-looking man, with a remarkable old-fashioned perriwig.

Harley, upon entering, discovered a vacant seat, next the grocer's wife, from his natural shyness of temper, he had no scruple to occupy, however awkwardly, riding backwards always disagreed.

Though his inclination to physiognomy met with some rubs in the metropolis, he had not yet lost his attachment to that science, and he sat himself therefore to examine the countenances of his companions. Indeed he was not long in doubting his preference; for besides that the gentleman, who sat opposite to him, by nature more expressive of good qualities, there was something in the

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we mentioned peculiarly attractive of Harley's regard.

He had not been long employed in these speculations, when he found himself attacked with that faintish sickness, which was the natural consequence of his situation in the coach. The paleness of his countenance was first observed by the housekeeper, who immediately made offer of her smelling-bottle, which Harley however declined, telling at the same time the cause of his uneasiness.

The gentleman on the opposite side of the coach now first turned his eye from the side-direction in which it had been fixed, and begged Harley to exchange places with him, expressing his regret that he had not made the proposal before. Harley thanked him, and, upon being assured that both seats were alike to him, was about to accept of his offer, when the young gentleman of the sword, putting on an arch look, laid hold of the other's arm. "So, my old boy," said he, "I find you have still some youthful blood about you, but, with your leave, I will do myself the honour of sitting by this lady;" and took his place accordingly. The grocer stared him as full in the face as his own short neck would allow; and his wife, who was a little round-faced woman, with a great deal of colour in her cheeks, drew up at the compliment that was paid her, looking first at the officer, and then at the house-keeper.

This incident was productive of some discourse; for before, though there was sometimes a cough or a hem from the grocer; and the officer now and then hummed a few

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notes of a song, there had not a single word passed the lips of any of the company.

Mrs. Grocer observed, how ill-convenient was for people, who could not be drove backwards, to travel in a stage. This brought on a dissertation on stage coaches in general, and the pleasure of keeping a chaise of one's own; which led to another, on the great riches of Mr. Deputy Bearskin, who, according to her, had once been of that industrious order of youths who sweep the crossings of the streets for the conveniency of passengers, but, by various fortunate accidents, had now acquired an immense fortune, and kept his coach and a dozen livery-servants. All this afforded ample fund for conversation, if conversation it might be called, that was carried on solely by the before-mentioned lady, nobody offering to interrupt her, except that the officer sometimes signified his approbation by a variety of oaths, a sort of phraseology in which he seemed extremely versant. She appealed indeed frequently to her husband for the authenticity of certain facts, of which the good man as often protested his total ignorance, but as he was always called fool, or something very like it, for his pains, he at last contrived to support the credit of his wife without prejudice to his conscience, and signified his assent by a noise not unlike the grumbling of the animal which in shape and fatness he somewhat resembled.

The housekeeper and the old gentleman who sat next to Harley were now observed to be fast asleep; at which the lady, who had been at such pains to entertain them, muttered

ed some words of displeasure, and, upon the officer's whispering to smoke the old put, both she and her husband pursed up their mouths into a contemptuous smile. Harley looked sternly on the grocer: "You are come, Sir," said he, "to those years when you might have learned some reverence for age; as for this young man, who has so lately escaped from the nursery, he may be allowed to divert himself." "Dam' me, Sir," said the officer, "do you call me young?" striking up the front of his hat, and stretching forward on his seat, till his face almost touched Harley's. It is probable, however, that he discovered something there which tended to pacify him; for, on the lady's entreating them not to quarrel, he very soon resumed his posture and calmness together, and was rather less profuse of his oaths during the rest of the journey.

It is possible the old gentleman had waked time enough to hear the last part of this discourse; at least (whether from that cause, or that he too was a physiognomist), he wore a look remarkably complacent to Harley, who, on his part, showed a particular observance of him: indeed they had soon a better opportunity of making their acquaintance, as the coach arrived that night at the town where the officer's regiment lay, and the places of destination of their other fellow-travellers, it seems, were at no great distance; for next morning the old gentleman and Harley were the only passengers remaining.

When they left the inn in the morning, Harley, pulling out a little pocket-book, began to

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examine the contents, and make some corrections with a pencil. "This," said he, turning to his companion, "is an amusement with which I sometimes pass idle hours at an inn: these are quotations from those humble poets, who trust their fame to the brittle tenures of windows and drinking-glasses."—"From our inns," returned the gentleman, "a stranger might imagine that we were a nation of poets: machines at least containing poetry, which the motion of a journey emptied of their contents: is it from the vanity of being thought geniuses, or a mere mechanical imitation of the custom of others, that we are tempted to scrawl rhyme upon such places!"

"Whether vanity is the cause of our becoming rhymesters or not," answered Harley, "it is a pretty certain effect of it. An old man of my acquaintance, who deals in apophthegms, used to say, 'That he had known few men without envy, few wits without ill-nature, and no poet without vanity; and I believe his remark is a pretty just one: vanity has been immemorially the charter of poets. In this the ancients were more honest than we are: the old poets frequently made boastful predictions of the immortality their works shall acquire them; ours, in their dedications and prefatory discourses, employ much eloquence to praise their patrons, and much seeming modesty to condemn themselves, or at least to apologize for their productions to the world: but this, in my opinion, is the more assuming manner of the two; for of all the garbs I ever saw Pride put on, that of her humility is to me the most disgusting.'"

"It is natural enough for a poet to be vain," said the stranger; "the little worlds which he raises, the inspiration which he claims, may easily be productive of self-importance; though that inspiration is fabulous, it brings on egotism, which is always the parent of vanity."

"It may be supposed," answered Harley, "that inspiration of old was an article of religious faith; in modern times it may be translated a propensity to compose; and I believe it is not always most readily found where the poets have fixed its residence, amidst groves and plains, and the scenes of pastoral retirement. The mind may be there unbent from the cares of the world; but it will frequently, at the same time, be unnerved from any great exertion; it will feel imperfection, and wander without effort over the regions of reflection."

"There is at least," said the stranger, "one advantage in the poetical inclination, that it is an incentive to philanthropy. There is a certain poetic ground, on which a man cannot tread without feelings that enlarge the heart; the causes of human depravity vanish before the romantic enthusiasm he professes, and many who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet approach so near as to be bettered by the air of the climate."

"I have always thought so," replied Harley; "but this is an argument with the prudent against it; they urge the danger of unfitness for the world."

"I allow it," returned the other; "but I believe it is not always rightfully imputed to

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the bent for poetry; that is only one effect of the common cause.—Jack, says his father, indeed no scholar; nor could all the drubbing from his master ever bring him one step forward in his accidence or syntax: but I inter him for a merchant.—Allow the same indulgence to Tom.—Tom reads Virgil and Horace when he should be casting accompts; and but t'other day he pawned his great-coat for an edition of Shakspeare.—But Tom would have been as he is, though Virgil and Horace had never been born, though Shakspeare had died a link-boy; for his nurse will tell you that when he was a child, he broke his rattle to discover what it was that sounded with it; and burnt the sticks of his go-cart, because he liked to see the sparkling of timber in the fire.—'Tis a sad case; but what is to be done?—Why, Jack shall make a fortune dine on venison, and drink claret.—Aye, but Tom—Tom shall dine with his brother, who his pride will let him; at other times, he shall bless God, over a half-pint of ale and Welsh-rabbit; and both shall go to heaven as they may.—That's a poor prospect for Tom, says the father.—To go to Heaven! I cannot agree with him."

"Perhaps," said Harley, "we now-a-days discourage the romantic turn a little too much. Our boys are prudent too soon. Mistake me not, I do not mean to blame them for want of levity or dissipation; but their pleasures are those of hacknied vice, blunt to every finer emotion by the repetition of debauch; and their desire of pleasure is warped to the desire of wealth, as the means

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procuring it. The immense riches acquired by individuals have erected a standard of ambition, destructive of private morals, and public virtue. The weaknesses of vice are left us ; but the most allowable of our failings we are taught to despise. Love, the passion most natural to the sensibility of youth, has lost the plaintive dignity he once possessed, for the unmeaning simper of a smiling coxcomb ; and the only serious concern, that of a dowry, is settled, even among the beardless leaders of the dancing-school. The Frivolous and the Interested (might a satirist say) are the characteristical features of the age ; they are visible even in the essays of our philosophers. They laugh at the peevishness of our fathers, who complained of the times in which they lived ; they are at pains to persuade us how much those were deceived ; they pride themselves in defending things as they find them, and in exploding the barren sounds which had been reared into motives for action. To this their style is suited : and the manly tone of reason is exchanged for the perpetual efforts at sneer and ridicule. This I hold to be an alarming crisis in the corruption of a state : when not only is virtue declined, and vice prevailing, but when the praises of virtue are forgotten, and the infamy of vice unfelt."

They soon after arrived at the next inn upon the route of the stage-coach, when the stranger told Harley, that his brother's house, to which he was returning, lay at no great distance, and he must therefore unwillingly bid him adieu.

"I should like," said Harley, taking his

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hand, "to have some word to remember so much seeming worth by : my name is Harley." — "I shall remember it," answered the old gentleman, "in my prayers ; mine is Silton."

And Silton indeed it was ! Ben Silton himself ! Once more, my honoured friend, farewell ! — Born to be happy without the world, to that peaceful happiness which the world has not to bestow ! Envy never scowled on thy life, nor hatred smiled on thy grave.

CHAP. XXXIV.

He meets an Old Acquaintance.

WHEN the stage-coach arrived at the place of its destination, Harley began to consider how he should proceed the remaining part of his journey. He was very civilly accosted by the master of the inn, who offered to accommodate him either with a post-chaise, or horses, to any distance he had a mind ; but as he did things frequently in a way different from what other people call natural, he refused these offers, and set out immediately a-foot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of travelling which he was accustomed to take ; it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left him at liberty to choose his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked : nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by

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side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric; and the useful and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which therefore he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's back-grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub-wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild flowers, jutted out above

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where the soldier lay ; on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time ; his forehead was not altogether bald, but his hairs might have been numbered ; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. "Thou art old," said he to himself ; "but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities : I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion : it was a pain the latter knew too well to think of causing in another ; he turned and went on. The old man re-adjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack ; halted on his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow, which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them ; yet not without those streaks of complacency which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced near to Harley, and, *with an uncertain sort of voice*, begged to

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know what it was o'clock ; " I fear," said he, " sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey."—" Father !" said Harley (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him), " how far do you mean to go ?"—" But a little way, Sir," returned the other ; " and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now : 'tis just four miles from the height to the village, whither I am going."—" I am going there too," said Harley ; " we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, Sir ; to have served it hardly too ; 'tis a character I have the highest esteem for. —I would not be impertinently inquisitive ; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you : in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him : a tear stood in his eye ! " Young gentleman," said he, " you are too good ; may Heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give ! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders, that I should walk the worse for wanting it ; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight."—" Far from it," answered Harley, " I should tread the lighter ; it would be the most honourable badge I ever wore."

" Sir," said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, " is not your name Harley ?"—" It is," replied he ; " I am ashamed

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say I have forgotten yours."—"You may all have forgotten my face," said the stranger; "'tis a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards."—"Edwards!" cried Harley, "oh! heavens!" and sprung to embrace him; "let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards!—I shall never forget the fire-side, round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you?"—"Tis a long tale," replied Edwards; "but I will try to tell it you as we walk.

"When you were at school in the neighbourhood, you remember me at South-hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great grandfather, which last was a younger brother of that very man, ancestor who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it, as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as became due, and had always as much beef as gave bread to me and my children. My last lease was out soon after you left part of the country; and the squire, who lately got a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it, because he said he not choose to have any farm under hundred pounds a year value on his estate, but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose the one he had marked out, of which was a part.

"What could I do, Mr. Harley? I fe

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undertaking was too great for me; yet to give, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not. Mr. Harley, I could not: there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child: so I even ran the risk, and took the hire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain; the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division: I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all; some unfavourable seasons followed one another, and I found my affairs tangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable cornfactor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession: I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. Alas, Mr. Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts and saved me from a jail: I thanked God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

"Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of South-hill, I am sure you could have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog; I shall never forget it while I live; the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarcely crawl after us to the door: he went however as far as the gooseberry-bush, which you may remember stood on the left side of the yard; *he was wont to bask in the sun there; when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we*

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went on : I called to him ; he wagged his tail, but did not stir : I called again ; he lay down ; I whistled, and cried Trusty ; he gave a short howl, and died ! I could have laid down and died too ; but God gave me strength to live for my children."

The old man now paused a moment to take Harley's face ; it was bathed in tears, and his grown family

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear, and no more.

"Though I was poor," continued he, "I never without credit. A gentleman who had a small estate let me have a house at a low rent."

death. "Though I was poor," continued he, "was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have, on giving security for the rent; which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make any thing of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labour and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it to some heart. We began to succeed tolerably, and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighbouring justice of peace, and broke all our family happiness. My son was a remarkable good sportsman, and kept a pointer on our estate, which was doing

"My son was a remarkable good shot. He had always kept a pointer on our farm, and thought no harm in doing when one day, having sprung a cover on his own ground, the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the justice's. Mr. M. took down his gun, and went after his dog, to bring him back; the gamekeeper, who followed the birds, came up, and seeing the dog, he shot him just as my son approached."

fell ; my son ran up to him : he died with a complaining sort of cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer ; but flying at the gamekeeper, wrenched his gun out of his hand, and with the butt-end of it felled him to the ground.

"He had scarce got home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison ; there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay ; we contrived, however, to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality ; but the justice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

"An officer with press orders came down to our country, and having met with the justices, agreed that they should pitch on a certain number, who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it ; my son's name was in the justice's list.

"'Twas on a Christmas-eve, and the birthday too of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room : I sat before it in my wicker chair, blessing Providence that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us ; my heart warmed at the sight : I brought a bottle of my best ale, and *all our misfortunes were forgotten.*

"*It had long been our custom to play a*

game at blind man's buff on that night, and it was not omitted now ; so to it we fell : I, and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid servant, who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blind-folded ; we had continued some time in our game, when he groped his way into an outer room in pursuit of some of us, who he imagined had taken shelter there ; we kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there, when he was suddenly seized from behind ; ' I shall have you now,' said he, and turned about.—' Shall you so, master ?' answered the ruffian, who had laid hold of him ; ' we shall make you play at another sort of game by-and-by.'—At these words Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and grasping Edwards' sword, drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath, and went on with his relation.

"On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause ; the room by this time was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight ; the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire and wait the issue of the affair ; but she flew to her husband, and clung round him in an agony of terror and grief.

"In the gang was one of a smoother as-

pect, whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a sergeant of foot; he came up to me, and told me that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering at the same time, that if he chose the land he might get off, on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children with a look of the wildest despair: 'My poor infants!' said she, 'your father is forced from you; who shall now labour for your bread? or must your mother beg for herself and you?' I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the sergeant aside, I asked him, if I was too old to be accepted in place of my son? 'Why, I don't know,' said he, 'you are rather old to be sure, but yet the money may do much.' I put the money in his hand; and coming back to my children, 'Jack,' said I, 'you are free; live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little life to lose, and if I staid I should add one to the wretches you left behind.'—'No,' replied my son, 'I am not that coward you imagine me; heaven forbid, that my father's grey hairs should be so exposed, while I sat idle at home; I am young, and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family.'—'Jack,' said I, 'I will put an end to this matter; you have never hitherto disobeyed me; I will not be contradicted in

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this ; stay at home, I charge you, and for sake be kind to my children.' 3

" Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you ; it was the first time we ever parted : the very pressgang could scarce keep from tears ; but the sergeant who had seemed the softest before, was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighbourhood ; and we soon after joined a regiment. I had not been long with it when we were ordered to the East Indies, where I was soon made a sergeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some others were ; but my nature was never of that kind, that could think of getting rich at the expense of my conscience.

" Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere ; which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none : but that would not satisfy them : so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh ! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shrivelled cheeks, and wet his grey beard, which some of the inhuman soldiers placed in scorn ! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul ; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by court-martial for negligence of my post,

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, in compassion of my age, and having a wound in my arm and that in my the service, only to suffer three hundred lashes, and be turned out of the regiment but my sentence was mitigated as to lashes, and I had only two hundred. I had suffered these, I was turned out of the regiment, and had between three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach my port, without a guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I was, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. I had scarce gone a mile, when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He embraced me in his arms, and kissed the top of my head, and gave me a thousand lashes on my back a thousand times. He then led me to a little hut, where his friend of his dwelt; and, after I was recovered from my wounds, conducted me far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to attend me through the rest. When we were at the place, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it: 'Take this,' said he, 'my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure.' I begged him not to bring me to poverty for my sake, who should have no need of it long; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me, and said, 'You are an Englishman,' said he, 'the Great Spirit has given you an Indian name; may he bear up the weight of your name, and blunt the arrow that brings it to you. We parted; and not long after I made my passage to England. 'Tis but a week since I landed, and am going

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to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children; 'tis all the value I put upon it. I thank Heaven I never was covetous of wealth; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be content with my little."

When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood awhile looking at him in silence; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fulness of his heart, by a shower of tears, "Edwards," said he, "let me hold thee to my bosom; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honoured veteran! let me endeavour to soften the last days of a life worn out in the service of humanity: call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father." Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy; he could not speak his gratitude, but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

CHAP. XXXV.

He misses an old Acquaintance.—an adventure consequent upon it.

WHEN they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked stedfastly on the mouldering walls of a ruined house that stood on the road side. "Oh heavens!" he cried, "what do I see; silent, unroofed, and desolate! Are all thy gay tenants gone? Do I hear their hum no more? Edwards, look there, look there! the scene of my infant joys,

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my earliest friendships, laid waste and ruinous! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at South-hill; 'tis but a twelvemonth since I saw it standing, and its benches filled ~~with~~ ^{with} cherubs; that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported; see it now ploughed up! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of that plough."

"Dear Sir," replied Edwards, "perhaps they may have left it from choice, and may have got another spot as good."—"They cannot," said Harley, "they cannot; I shall never see the sward covered with its daisies, nor pressed by the dance of the dear innocents: I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones which now lie at the foot of it, were once the supporter of a hut I myself assisted to rear: I have sat on the sods within it, when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blest—Oh! Edwards! infinitely more blest than ever I shall be again."

Just then a woman passed them on the road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the fallen pillars of the hut. He was too much entranced in thought to observe her at all: but Edwards civilly accosted her, desired to know if that had not been the school-house, and how it came into that condition in which they now saw it. "Alack-a-day!" said she, "it was the school-house indeed;

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but to be sure, Sir, the squire has pulled down because it stood in the way of prospects."—"What! how! prospects pulled down!" cried Harley. "Yes, to be sure, Sir; and the green, where the child used to play, he has ploughed up, because said they hurt his fence on the other side of it."—"Curses on his narrow heart," cried Harley, "that could violate a right so sacred! Heaven blast the wretch!"

'And from his derogate body never spring
A babe to honour him!'

But I need not, Edwards, I need not," covering himself a little, "he is cursed enough already; to him the noblest source of happiness is denied; and the cares of his son's soul shall gnaw it, while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on those mangled limbs that have saved thy son and his children!" "If you want any thing with the schoolmistress, Sir," said the woman, "I can show the way to her house." He followed her without knowing whither he went.

They stopped at the door of a snug habitation, where sat an elderly woman with a maid and a girl before her, each of whom held a supper of bread and milk in their hands. "There, Sir, is the school-mistress."—"Thank you, madam," said Harley, "was not an old venerable man school-master here some time ago?"—"Yes, Sir, he was; poor man! the site of his former school-house, I believe, built on his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down; and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the mean-

—“And this boy and girl, I presume, are your pupils?”—“Ay, Sir, they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish; and more promising children I never saw.”—“Orphans!” said Harley.—“Yes, Sir, of honest creditable parents as any in the parish; and it is a shame for some folks to forget their relations, at a time when they have most need to remember them.”—“Madam,” said Harley, “let us never forget that we are all relations.” He kissed the children.

“Their father, Sir,” continued she, “was a farmer here in the neighbourhood, and a sober industrious man he was; but nobody can help misfortunes: what with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck! and both he and his wife died of broken hearts. And a sweet couple they were, Sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the county than John Edwards and so indeed were all the Edwardses.”—“What Edwardses?” cried the old soldier hastily.—“The Edwardses of South-hill; and a worthy family they were.”—“South-hill!” said he, in a languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The schoolmistress ran for some water and a smellingbottle, with the assistance of which they soon recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time, then folding his orphan grandchildren in his arms, “Oh! my children, my children!” he cried, “have I found you thus? My poor Jack! art thou gone? I thought thou shouldst have carried thy father’s gray hairs to the

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grave! and these little ones—" his tears choked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of his children.

"My dear old man!" said Harley, "Providence has sent you to relieve them; it will bless me, if I can be the means of assisting you."—"Yes, indeed, Sir;" answered the boy; "father, when he was a-dying, bade God bless us; and prayed, that if grandfather lived, he might send him to support us."—"Where did they lay him, my boy?" said Edwards.—"In the old church-yard," replied the woman, "hard by his mother."—"I will show it you," answered the boy; "for I have wept over it many a time when first I came amongst strange folks." He took the old man's hand, Harley laid hold of his sister's, and they walked in silence to the church-yard.

There was an old stone, with the corner broken off, and some letters half-covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead: there was a ciphered R. E. plainer than the rest: it was the tomb they sought. "Here it is, grandfather," said the boy. Edwards gazed upon it without uttering a word; the girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright: her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing. "I have told sister," said he, "that she should not take it so to heart: she can knit already, and I shall soon be able to dig: we shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grandfather neither."—The girl cried afresh; Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss.

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CHAP. XXXVI.

He returns Home.—A description of his Retinue,

It was with some difficulty that Harley prevailed on the old man to leave the spot where the remains of his son were laid. At last, with the assistance of the schoolmistress, he prevailed; and she accommodated Edwards and him with beds in her house, there being nothing like an inn nearer than the distance of some miles.

In the morning, Harley persuaded Edwards to come with the children to his house, which was distant but a short day's journey. The boy walked in his grandfather's hand; and the name of Edwards procured him a neighbouring farmer's horse, on which a servant mounted with the girl on a pillion before him.

With this train, Harley returned to the abode of his fathers: and we cannot but think, that his enjoyment was as great as if he had arrived from the tour of Europe, with a Swiss valet for his companion, and half a dozen snuff boxes, with invisible hinges, in his pocket. But we take our ideas from sounds which folly has invented: Fashion, Bonton, and Vertù, are the names of certain idols, to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures of the soul; in this world of semblance, we are contented with personating happiness; to feel it, is an art beyond us.

It was otherwise with Harley; he ran up stairs to his aunt, with the history of his fellow-travellers glowing on his lips. His aunt

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was an economist; but she knew the pleasure of doing charitable things, and withal was fond of her nephew, and solicitous to oblige him. She received old Edwards, therefore, with a look of more complacency than is perhaps natural to maiden ladies of threescore, and was remarkably attentive to his grandchildren: she roasted apples with her own hands for their supper, and made up a little bed beside her own for the girl. Edwards made some attempts towards an acknowledgment for these favours; but his young friend stopped them in their beginnings. "Whosoever receiveth any of these children,"—said his aunt; for her acquaintance with the Bible was habitual.

Early next morning Harley stole into the room where Edwards lay: he expected to have found him a-bed; but in this he was mistaken: the old man had risen, and was leaning over his sleeping grandson, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he did not perceive Harley; when he did, he endeavoured to hide his grief, and crossing his eyes with his hand, expressed his surprise at seeing him so early astir. "I was thinking of you," said Harley, "and your children: I learned last night that a small farm of mine in the neighbourhood is now vacant; if you will occupy it, I shall gain a good neighbour, and be able, in some measure, to repay the notice you took of me when a boy; and as the furniture of the house is mine, it will be so much trouble saved." Edwards' tears gushed afresh, and Harley led him to see the place he intended for him.

The house upon this farm was indeed little

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ter than a hut; its situation, however, was pleasant; and Edwards, assisted by the benevolence of Harley, set about improving its fitness and convenience. He staked out a piece of the green before for a garden: and Peter, who acted in Harley's family as valet, clerk, and gardener, had orders to furnish it with parcels of the different seeds he used to sow in it. I have seen his master at work in this little spot, with his coat off, and a dibble in his hand: it was a scene of tranquil virtue to have stopped an angel on his errands of mercy! Harley had contrived to lead a little bubbling brook through a green walk in the middle of the ground, upon which he had erected a mill in miniature for the diversion of Edwards' infant grandson, and made it fit in its construction to introduce a pliant bark of wood that answered with its fairy tick to the murmurings of the rill that turned

I have seen him stand, listening to these mingled sounds, with his eye fixed on the boy, and the smile of conscious satisfaction on his cheek; while the old man with a look half turned to Harley, and half to heaven, breathed an ejaculation of gratitude and piety.

Father of Mercies! I also would thank thee! that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that, even in this bad world, the lines of our duty and our happiness are so frequently woven together.

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A FRAGMENT.

*The Man of Feeling talks of what
does not understand.—an incident.*

**** "EDWARDS," said he, "I have a proper regard for the prosperity of my country; every native of it appropriates to himself some share of the power, or the fame, which as a nation it acquires: but I cannot throw off the man so much, as to rejoice at our conquests in India. You tell me of immense territories subject to the English: I cannot think of their possessions, without being led to inquire by what right they possess them. They came there as traders, bartering the commodities they brought for others which their purchasers could spare; and however great their profits were, they were then equitable. But what title have the subjects of another kingdom to establish an empire in India? to give laws to a country where the inhabitants received them on the terms of friendly commerce? You say they are happier under our regulations than the tyrants of their own petty princes. I must doubt from the conduct of those by whom these regulations have been made. They have drained the treasuries of nabobs, who must fill them by oppressing the industry of their subjects. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the motive upon which those gentlemen do not deny their going to India. The fondness of conquest, barbarous as that motive is, is but a secondary consideration: there are certain stations in wealth to which the warrior

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the East aspire. It is there indeed where the wishes of their friends assign them eminence, where the question of their country is pointed at their return. When shall I see a commander return from India in the pride of honourable poverty?—You describe the victories they have gained; they are sullied by the cause in which they have fought: you enumerate the spoils of those victories; they are covered with the blood of the vanquished!

“Could you tell me of some conqueror giving peace and happiness to the conquered: did he accept the gifts of their princes to use them for the comfort of those whose fathers, sons, or husbands, fell in battle? did he use his power to gain security and freedom to the regions of oppression and slavery? did he endear the British name by examples of generosity, which the most barbarous or most depraved are rarely able to resist? did he return with the consciousness of duty discharged to his country, and humanity to his fellow creatures? did he return with no lace on his coat, no slaves in his retinue, no chariot at his door, and no Burgundy at his table?—these were laurels which princes might envy—which an honest man would not condemn!”

“Your maxims, Mr. Harley, are certainly right,” said Edwards, “I am not capable of arguing with you; but I imagine there are great temptations in a great degree of riches, which it is no easy matter to resist: those a poor man like me cannot describe, because he never knew them: and perhaps I have reason to bless God that I never did: for then it is likely I should have withstood them no better.”

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than my neighbours. For you know, Sir, that it is not the fashion now, as it was in former times, that I have read of in books, when your great generals died so poor, that they did not leave wherewithal to buy them a coffin, and people thought the better of their memories for it: if they did so now-a-days, I question if any body except yourself, and some few like you, would thank them."

"I am sorry," replied Harley, "that there is so much truth in what you say; but however the general current of opinion may point, the feelings are not yet lost that applaud benevolence and censure inhumanity. Let us endeavour to strengthen them in ourselves; and we, who live sequestered from the noise of the multitude, have better opportunities of listening undisturbed to their voice."

They now approached the little dwelling of Edwards. A maid servant, whom he had hired to assist him in the care of his grandchildren, met them a little way from the house: "There is a young lady within with the children," said she. Edwards expressed his surprise at the visit: it was, however, not the less true: and we mean to account for it.

This young lady then was no other than Miss Walton. She had heard the old man's history from Harley, as we have already related it. Curiosity, or some other motive, made her desirous to see his grandchildren; this she had an opportunity of gratifying soon, the children, in some of their walks, having strolled as far as her father's avenue. She *put several questions* to both; she was de-

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ghted with the simplicity of their answers, and promised that if they continued to be good children, and do as their grandfather bid them, she would soon see them again, and bring some present or other for their reward. This promise she had performed now; she came attended only by her maid, and brought with her a complete suit of green for the boy, and a chintz gown, a cap, and suit of ribbands, for his sister. She had time enough, with her maid's assistance to equip them in their new habiliments before Harley and Edwards returned. The boy heard his grandfather's voice, and with that silent joy which his present finery inspired, ran to the door to meet him: putting one hand in his, with the other pointed to his sister, "See," said he, "what Miss Walton has brought us!"—Edwards gazed on them. Harley fixed his eyes on Miss Walton; her's were turned to the ground;—in Edwards' was a beamy moisture.—He folded his hands together—"I cannot speak, young lady," said he, "to thank you." Neither could Harley. There were a thousand sentiments; but they rushed so impetuously on his heart, that he could not utter a syllable.***

CHAP. XL.

The Man of Feeling Jealous.

THE desire of communicating knowledge and intelligence is an argument with those, who hold that man is naturally a social animal. It is indeed one of the earliest propensities to discover; but it may be doubted whether

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the pleasure (for pleasure there certainly is) arising from it be not often more selfish than social; for we frequently observe the tidings of ill communicated as eagerly as the annunciation of good. Is it that we delight in observing the effects of the stronger passions? for we are all philosophers in this respect; and it is perhaps amongst the spectators at Tyburn that the most genuine are to be found.

Was it from this motive that Peter came one morning into his master's room with a meaning face of recital? His master indeed did not at first observe it; for he was sitting with one shoe buckled, delineating portraits in the fire. "I have brushed those clothes, Sir, as you ordered me."—Harley nodded his head: but Peter observed that his hat wanted brushing too: his master nodded again. At last Peter bethought him that the fire needed stirring; and taking up the poker, demolished the turbaned head of a Saracen, while his master was seeking out a body for it. "The morning is main cold, Sir," said Peter.—"Is it?" said Harley. "Yes, Sir; I have been as far as Tom Dowson's to fetch some barberries he had picked for Mrs. Margery. There was a rare junketting last night at Thomas' among Sir Harry Benson's servants; he lay at Squire Walton's, but he would not suffer his servants to trouble the family: so, to be sure, they were all at Tom's, and had a fiddle and a hot supper in the big room where the justices meet about the destroying of hares and partridges, and them *things*; and Tom's eyes looked so red and

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ared when I called him to get the bar-
es:—And I hear as how Sir Harry is
to be married to Miss Walton.”—
y! Miss Walton married!” said Harley.
Why, it mayn’t be true, Sir, for all that;
om’s wife told it me, and to be sure the
nts told her, and their master told them,
guess, Sir; but it mayn’t be true for all
as I said before.”—“Have done with
dle information.” said Harley. “Is my
come down into the parlour to break-
—“Yes, Sir.”—“Tell her I’ll be with
mediately.”

en Peter was gone, he stood with his
fixed on the ground, and the last words
intelligence vibrated in his ears. “Miss
on married!” he sighed—and walked
stairs, with his shoe as it was, and the
e in his hand. His aunt, however, was
well accustomed to those appearances
sence; besides that the natural gravity
r temper, which was commonly called
exertion by the care of her household
rns, was such, as not easily to be dis-
posed by any circumstance of accidental
priety. She too had been informed of
tended match between Sir Harry Ben-
nd Miss Walton. “I have been think-
said she, “that they are distant rela-
for the great grandfather of this Sir
Benson, who was knight of the shire
reign of Charles the First, and one
cavalliers of those times, was married
daughter of the Walton family.” Her-
answered drily, that it might be so; but
never troubled himself about those

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matters. "Indeed," said she, "you are to blame, nephew, for not knowing a little more of them : before I was near your age, I had sewed the pedigree of our family in a set of chair bottoms, that were made a present of to my grandmother, who was a very notable woman, and had a proper regard for gentility, I'll assure you ; but now-a-days, it is money, not birth, that makes people respected ; the more shame for the times."

Harley was in no very good humour for entering into a discussion of this question : but he always entertained so much filial respect for his aunt, as to attend to her discourse.

"We blame the pride of the rich," said he, "but are we not ashamed of our poverty?"

"Why, one would not choose," replied his aunt, "to make a much worse figure than one's neighbours ; but, as I was saying before, the times (as my friend Mrs. Dorothy Walton observes) are shamefully degenerated in this respect. There was but t'other day, at Mr. Walton's, that fat fellow's daughter, the London merchant, as he calls himself, though I have heard that he was little better than the keeper of a chandler's shop :—We were leaving the gentlemen to go to tea. She had a hoop forsooth, as large and as stiff—and it showed a pair of bandy legs, as thick as two—I was nearer the door by an apron's length, and the pert hussy brushed by me, as who should say, 'Make way for your betters,' and with one of her London bobs—but Mrs. Dorothy did not let her pass with it ; for all *the time of drinking tea*, she spoke of the

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precedency of family, and the disparity there between people who are come of something, and your mushroom-gentry, who wear their coats of arms in their purses."

Her indignation was interrupted by the arrival of her maid with a damask table cloth and a set of napkins from the loom, which had been spun by her mistress's own hand. There was the family crest in each corner, and in the middle a view of the battle of Worcester, where one of her ancestors had been a captain in the king's forces; and with a sort of poetical licence in perspective, there was seen the Royal Oak, with more wig than leaves upon it.

On all this the good lady was very copious, and took up the remaining intervals of filling a glass, to describe its excellences to Harley; adding, that she intended this as a present for his wife, when he should get one. He laughed and looked foolish, and commending her serenity of the day, walked out into the garden.

He sat down on a little seat which commanded an extensive prospect round the house. He leaned on his hand, and scored the ground with his stick: "Miss Walton married!" said he, "but what is that to me? May she be happy! her virtues deserve it; to me her marriage is otherwise indifferent: I had romantic dreams! they are fled!—it is perfectly indifferent."

Just at that moment he saw a servant, with a knot of ribbands in his hat, go into the house. His cheeks grew flushed at the sight! He kept his eye fixed for some time on the door

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by which he had entered; then starting to his feet, hastily followed him.

When he approached the door of the kitchen, where he supposed the man had entered, his heart throbbed so violently, that when he would have called Peter, his voice failed in the attempt. He stood a moment listening in this breathless state of palpitation: Peter came out by chance. "Did your honour want any thing?"—"Where is the servant that came just now from Mr. Walton's?"—"From Mr. Walton's, Sir! there is none of his servants here, that I know of."—"Nor of Sir Harry Benson's?"—He did not wait for an answer; but having by this time observed the hat with its party-coloured ornament hanging on a peg near the door, he pressed forwards into the kitchen, and addressing himself to a stranger whom he saw there, asked him, with no small tremor in his voice, "If he had any commands for him?"—The man looked silly, and said, "That he had nothing to trouble his honour with."—"Are not you a servant of Sir Harry Benson's?"—"No, Sir,"—"You'll pardon me, young man; I judged by the favour in your hat."—"Sir, I'm his majesty's servant, God bless him! and these favours we always wear when we are recruiting."—"Recruiting!" his eyes glistened at the word; he seized the soldier's hand, and shaking it violently, ordered Peter to fetch a bottle of his aunt's best dram. The bottle was brought: "You shall drink the king's health," said *Harley*, "in a bumper."—"The king and your honour."—"Nay, you shall drink the

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king's health by itself; you may drink mine in another." Peter looked in his master's face, and filled with some little reluctance. "Now to your mistress," said Harley; "every soldier has a mistress." The man excused himself—"To your mistress! you cannot refuse it." 'Twas Mrs. Margery's best dram! Peter stood with the bottle a little inclined, but not so as to discharge a drop of its contents. "Fill it, Peter," said his master, "fill it to the brim." Peter filled it; and the soldier having named Suky Simpson, dispatched it in a twinkling. "Thou art an honest fellow," said Harley, "and I love thee;" and shaking his hand again, desired Peter to make him his guest at dinner, and walked up into his room with a pace much quicker and more springy than usual.

This agreeable disappointment, however, he was not long suffered to enjoy. The curate happened that day to dine with him: his visits indeed were more properly to the aunt than the nephew; and many of the intelligent ladies in the parish, who, like some very great philosophers, have the happy knack at accounting for every thing, gave out, that there was a particular attachment between them, which wanted only to be matured by some more years of courtship to end in the tenderest connection. In this conclusion, indeed, supposing the premises to have been true, they were somewhat justified by the known opinion of the lady, who frequently declared herself a friend to the ceremonial of *former times*, when a lover might have *signed seven years* at his mistress's feet before

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he was allowed the liberty of his
"Tis true, Mrs. Margery was no
grand climacteric! no matter: the
age when we expect to grow young
I verily believe there was nothing
port: the curate's connection was
of a genealogist, for in that chara-
no way inferior to Mrs. Margery he
dealt also in the present times, for
politician and a news-monger.

He had hardly said grace after dinner
he told Mrs. Margery that she must
expect a pair of white gloves, as Sir
Benson, he was very well informed,
going to be married to Miss Walton.
spilled the wine he was carrying to him
he had time, however, to recollect him-
fore the curate had finished the differ-
ticulars of his intelligence, and sum-
all the heroism he was master of, filled
per, and drank to Miss Walton. "With
my heart," said the curate, "the bride
is to be." Harley would have said bride
but the word bride stuck in his throat.
confusion, indeed, was manifest: but
curate began to enter on some point of
scent with Mrs. Margery, and Harley had
soon after an opportunity of leaving them
while, they were deeply engaged in a ques-
whether the name of some great man in
time of Henry the Seventh was Richard
Humphrey.

He did not see his aunt again till supper
the time between he spent in walking, like some
troubled ghost, round the place where his trea-
sure lay. He went as far as a little gate the

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led into a copse near M^r. Walton's house, to which that gentleman had been so obliging as to let him have a key. He had just began to open it, when he saw, on a terrace below, Miss Walton walking with a gentleman in a riding dress, whom he immediately guessed to be Sir Harry Benson. He stopped of a sudden; his hand shook so much that he could hardly turn the key; he opened the gate, however, and advanced a few paces. The lady's lap-dog pricked up its ears and barked; he stopped again—

—— “the little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see they bark at
me.”

His resolution failed; he slunk back, and locking the gate as softly as he could, stood on tiptoe looking over the wall till they were gone. At that instant a shepherd blew his horn: the romantic melancholy of the sound quite overcame him! it was the very note that wanted to be touched—he sighed!—he dropped a tear!—and returned.

At supper, his aunt observed that he was graver than usual, but she did not suspect the cause: indeed it may seem odd that she was the only person in the family who had no suspicion of his attachment to Miss Walton. It was frequently matter of discourse amongst the servants: perhaps her maiden-coldness—but for those things we need not account. In a day or two he was so much master of himself as to be able to rhyme upon the subject. The following pastoral he left some time after, on the handle of a tea-

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kettle, at a neighbouring house where we were visiting ; and as I filled the tea-pot after him, I happened to put it in my pocket by a similar act of forgetfulness. It is such as might be expected from a man who makes verses for amusement. I am pleased with somewhat of good nature that runs through it, because I have commonly observed the writers of those complaints to bestow epithets on their lost mistresses rather too harsh for the mere liberty of choice, which led them to prefer another to the poet himself: I do not doubt the vehemence of their passion ; but, alas ! the sensations of love are something more than the returns of gratitude.

LAVINIA.

A PASTORAL.

WHY steals from my bosom the sigh ?
Why fix'd is my gaze on the ground ?
Come, give me my pipe, and I'll try
To banish my cares with the sound.

Erewhile were its notes of accord
With the smile of the flow'r footed Muse ;
Ah ! why by its master implor'd
Should it now the gay carol refuse ?

* I was taught by Lavinia's sweet smile
In the mirth-loving chorus to join ;
Ah, me ! how unweeting the while !
Lavinia—can never be mine !

Another, more happy, the maid
By fortune is destin'd to bless—
Though the hope has forsook that betray
Yet why should I love her the less ?

*Her beauties as bright as the morn,
With rapture I counted them o'er ;*

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Such virtues these beauties adorn,
I knew her, and prais'd them no more.

I term'd her no goddess of love,
I call'd her not beauty divine :
These far other passions may prove,
But they could not be figures of mine.

It ne'er was apparell'd with art,
On words it could never rely ;
It reign'd in the throb of my heart,
It gleam'd in the glance of my eye.

Oh fool! in the circle to shine
That fashion's gay daughters approve,
You must speak as the fashions incline ;
Alas ! are there fashions in love ?

Yet sure they are simple who prize
The tongue that is smooth to deceive ;
Yet sure she had sense to despise
The tinsel that folly may weave.

When I talk'd, I have seen her recline
With an aspect so pensively sweet,
Though I spoke what the shepherds opine,
A fop were ashamed to repeat.

She is soft as the dew-drops that fall
From the lip of the sweet-scented pea ;
Perhaps when she smil'd upon all,
I have thought that she smil'd upon me.

But why of her charms should I tell ?
Ah me ! whom her charms have undous'd !
Yet I love the reflection too well,
The painful reflection to shun.

Ye souls of more delicate kind,
Who feast not on pleasure alone,
Who wear the soft sense of the mind,
To the sons of the world still unknown.

Ye know, though I cannot express,
Why I foolishly dote on my pain ;
Nor will ye believe it the less
That I have not the skill to complain.

I lean on my hand with a sigh,
My friends the soft sighs condemn

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Yet, methinks, though I cannot tell why,
I should hate to be merry like them.

When I walk'd in the pride of the dawn,
Methought all the region look'd bright;
Has sweetness forsaken the lawn?
For, methinks, I grow sad at the sight,

When I stood by the stream, I have thought
There was mirth in the gurgling soft sound;
But now 'tis a sorrowful note,
And the banks are all gloomy around!

I have laugh'd at the jest of a friend;
Now they laugh and I know not the cause,
Though I seem with my looks to attend,
How silly! I ask what it was!

They sing the sweet song of the May,
They sing it with mirth and with glee;
Sure I once thought the sonnet was gay,
But now 'tis all sadness to me.

Oh! give me the dubious light
That gleams through the quivering shade;
Oh! give me the horrors of night
By gloom and by silence array'd!

Let me walk where the soft-rising wave
Has pictur'd the moon on its breast:
Let me walk where the new-cover'd grave
Allows the pale lover to rest!

When shall I in its peaceful womb
Be laid with my sorrows asleep!
Should Lavinia but chance on my tomb—
I could die if I thought she would weep,

Perhaps, if the souls of the just
Revisit these mansions of care,
It may be my favourite trust
To watch o'er the fate of the fair.

Perhaps the soft thought of her breast
With rapture more favour'd to warm;
Perhaps, if with sorrow oppress'd,
Her sorrow with patience to arm.

Then! then! in the tenderest part
May I whisper, "poor Colin was true;"
And mark if a heave of her heart
The thought of her Colin pursue.

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THE PUPIL.

A FRAGMENT.

***** "But as to the higher part of education, Mr. Harley, the culture of the mind;—let the feelings be awakened, let the heart be brought forth to its object, placed in the light in which nature would have it stand, and its decisions will ever be just. The world —

Will smile, and smile, and be a villain;

and the youth, who does not support its deceit, will be content to smile with it.—Men will put on the most forbidding aspect in nature, and tell him of the beauty of virtue.

"I have not, under these grey hairs, forgotten that I was once a young man, warm in the pursuit of pleasure, but meaning to be honest, as well as happy. I had ideas of virtue, of honour, of benevolence, which I had never been at the pains to define; but I felt my bosom heave at the thoughts of them, and I made the most delightful soliloquies. —'It is impossible,' said I, 'that there can be half so many rogues as are imagined.'

"I travelled because it is the fashion for young men of my fortune to travel: I had a travelling tutor, which is the fashion too; but my tutor was a gentleman, which it is not always the fashion for tutors to be. His gentility indeed was all he had from his father, whose prodigality had not left him a shilling to support it.

"'I have a favour to ask of you, my Mountford,' said my father, 'which I will

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be refused: You have travelled as became a man; neither France nor Italy have made any thing of Mountford, which Mountford before he left England would have been ashamed of: my son Edward goes abroad, would you take him under your protection?"—He blushed—my father's face was scarlet—he pressed his hand to his bosom, as if he had said,—my heart does not mean to offend you. Mountford sighed twice—"I am a proud fool," said he, "and you will pardon it;—there (he sighed again) I can hear of dependance since it is dependance on my Sedley."—"Dependance!" answered my father; "there can be no such word between us: what is the value of nine thousand pounds a year that should make me unworthy of Mountford's friendship?"—They embraced; and soon after I set out on my travels, with Mountford for my guardian.

"We were at Milan, where my father happened to have an Italian friend, to whom I had been of some service in England. The Count, for he was of quality, was solicited to return the obligation, by a particular attention to his son: we lived in his palace, visited with his family, were caressed by his friends, and I began to be so well pleased with my entertainment, that I thought of England as of some foreign country.

"The Count had a son not much older than myself. At that age a friend is an easy acquisition: we were friends the first night of our acquaintance.

"He introduced me into the company of a set of young gentlemen, whose fortunes gave

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them the command of pleasure, and whose inclinations incited them to the purchase. After having spent some joyous evenings in their society, it became a sort of habit which I could not miss without uneasiness; and our meetings, which before were frequent, were now stated and regular.

"Sometimes in the pauses of our mirth, gaming was introduced as an amusement: it was an art in which I was a novice: I received instruction, as other novices do, by losing pretty largely to my teachers." Nor was this the only evil which Mountford foresaw would arise from the connection I had formed; but a lecture of sour injunctions was not his method of reclaiming. He sometimes asked me questions about the company; but they were such as the curiosity of any indifferent man might have prompted: I told him of their wit, their eloquence, their warmth of friendship, and their sensibility of heart: And their honour, said I, laying my hand on my breast, is unquestionable.—Mountford seemed to rejoice at my good fortune, and begged that I would introduce him to their acquaintance. At the next meeting I introduced him accordingly.

The conversation was as animated as usual; they displayed all that sprightliness and good humour, which my praises had led Mountford to expect; subjects too of sentiment occurred, and their speeches, particularly those of our friend the son of count Respino, glowed with the warmth of honour, and softened into the tenderness of feeling. *Mountford was charmed with his companions;*

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when we parted he made the highest eulogiums upon them: 'When shall we see thee again?' said he. I was delighted with his demand, and promised to reconduct him the morrow.

"In going to their place of rendezvous he took me a little out of the road, to see the performances of a young statuary. When we were near the house which Mountford said he lived, a boy about seven years old crossed us in the street. At sight of Mountford he stopped and grasping his hand, 'My dearest Sir,' he, 'my father is likely to do well; he will live to pray for you, and to bless you: he will bless you, though you are an Englishman, and some other hard word that the monk talked of this morning, which I forgot, but it meant that you should not go to heaven; but he shall go to heaven, said for he has saved my father: come and see him, Sir, that we may be happy.'—'My dear Sir, I am engaged at present with this gentleman—'But he shall come along with you; I am an Englishman too, I fancy: he shall come and learn how an Englishman may go to heaven.'—Mountford smiled, and we fol-

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gate, When we came to a little door at the end, he tapped ; a boy, still younger than himself, opened it, to receive us. Mountford entered with a look in which was pictured the benign assurance of a superior being. I followed in silence and amazement.

“ On something like a bed, lay a man, with a face seemingly emaciated with sickness, and a look of patient dejection ; a bundle of dirty shreds served him for a pillow ; but he had a better support—the arm of a female who kneeled beside him, beautiful as an angel, but with a fading languor in her countenance, the still-life of melancholy, that seemed to borrow its shade from the object on which she gazed. There was a tear in her eye !—the sick man kissed it off in its bud, smiling through the dimness of his own !—when she saw Mountford, she crawled forward on the ground, and clasped his knees ; he raised her from the floor : she threw her arms round his neck, and sobbed out a speech of thankfulness, eloquent beyond the power of language.

“ ‘ Compose yourself, my love,’ said the man on the bed ; ‘ but he whose goodness has caused that emotion will pardon its effects.’—‘ How is this, Mountford ?’ said I ; ‘ what do I see ? what must I do ?’—‘ You see,’ replied the stranger, ‘ a wretch, sunk in poverty, starving in prison, stretched on a sick bed ! but that is little :—there are his wife and children, wanting the bread which he has not to give them ! Yet you cannot easily imagine the conscious serenity of his

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mind ; in the gripe of affliction, his heart swells with the pride of virtue ! it can even look down with pity on the man whose cruelty has wrung it almost to bursting. You are, I fancy, a friend of Mr. Mountford's ; come nearer, and I'll tell you ; for, short as my story is, I can hardly command breath enough for a recital. The son of Count Respino (I started as if I had trod on a viper) has long had a criminal passion for my wife ; this her prudence had concealed from me ; but he had lately the boldness to declare it to myself. He promised me affluence in exchange for honour, and threatened misery as its attendant if I kept it. I treated him with the contempt he deserved : the consequence was that he hired a couple of bravoës (for I am persuaded they acted under his direction) who attempted to assassinate me in the street : but I made such a defence as obliged them to fly, after having given me two or three stabs, none of which, however, were mortal. But his revenge was not thus to be disappointed : in the little dealings of my trade I had contracted some debts, of which he had made himself master for my ruin ; I was confined here at his suit, when not yet recovered from the wounds I had received ; the dear woman and these two boys followed me, that we might starve together ; but Providence interposed, and sent Mr. Mountford to our support : he has relieved my family from the gnawings of hunger, and rescued me from death, to which a fever, consequent on my wounds, and increased by

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the want of every necessary, had almost reduced me."

"'Inhuman villain!' I exclaimed, lifting up my eyes to heaven—'Inhuman indeed!' said the lovely woman who stood at my side: 'Alas, Sir, what had we done to offend him? what had these little ones done, that they should perish in the toils to his vengeance?'—I reached a pen which stood in the inkstand at the bed-side—'May I ask what is the amount of the sum for which you are imprisoned?'—'I was able,' he replied, 'to pay all but five hundred crowns.' I wrote a draught on the banker, with whom I had a credit from my father for two thousand five hundred crowns, and presenting it to the stranger's wife—'You will receive, Madame, on presenting this note, a sum more than sufficient for your husband's discharge: the remainder I leave for his industry to improve.' I would have left the room; each of them laid hold of one of my hands; the children clung to my coat: Oh! Mr. Harley, methinks I feel their gentle violence at this moment; it beats here with delight inexpressible!—'Stay, Sir,' said he, 'I do not mean attempting to thank you (he took a pocket-book from under his pillow); let me but know what name I shall place here next to Mr. Mountford?'—'Sedley.'—He writ it down—'An Englishman too, I presume.'—'He shall go to heaven notwithstanding,' said the boy who had been our guide. It began to be too much for me; I squeezed his hand that was clasped in mine; his wife's I pressed to my lips, and burst from the place to give vent to the feelings

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that laboured within me. 'Oh! Mountford said I, when he had overtaken me at the door. 'It is time,' replied he, that we should think of our appointment; young Respino and his friends are waiting us.'—'Damn him, damn him!' said I; 'let us leave Milan instantly.'—'I will be calm: Mountford, but soft—I will be calm: Mountford, pencil.' I wrote on a slip of paper,—

‘TO SIGNOR RESPINO.

‘When you receive this, I am at your service. I have received from you the civilities I have received from your family. As to the friendship with which I have just left, has exhibited to cancel it for ever. You may possibly be merry with your companions at my work as I suppose you will term it. I leave for derision; you may affect a smile, I shall feel it.

‘EDWARD

“‘You may send this if you like,’ said Mountford, coolly: ‘but still Respino is a *man of honour*! the world will count him so.’—‘It is probable,’ I answered; ‘I envy not the appellation of the world’s honour, if these men are guides of its manners.’—‘Tut!’ said Mountford, ‘do you eat macaroni?’”

* * * * *

[At this place had the great scenes of the curate begun. The few connected passages of the

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chapters remaining, that even the partiality of an Editor could not offer them to the public. I discovered from some scattered sentences, that they were of much the same tenor with the preceding; recitals of little adventures, in which the dispositions of a man, sensible to judge, and still more warm to feel, had room to unfold themselves. Some instruction, and some example, I make no doubt they contained; but it is likely that many of those whom chance has led to a perusal of what I have already presented, may have read it with little pleasure, and will feel no disappointment from the want of those parts which I have been unable to procure; to such as may have expected the intricacies of a novel, a few incidents in a life undistinguished, except by some features of the heart, cannot have afforded much entertainment.

Harley's own story, from the mutilated passages I have mentioned, as well as from some inquiries I was at the trouble of making in the country, I found to have been simple to excess. His mistress, I could perceive, was not married to Sir Harry Benson; but it would seem, by one of the following chapters, which is still entire, that Harley had not profited on the occasion by making any declaration of his own passion, after those of the other had been unsuccessful. The state of his health, for some part of this period, appears to have been such as to forbid any thoughts of that kind: he had been seized with a very dangerous fever, caught by attending old Edwards in one of an infectious kind. From this he had recovered but imperfectly: and though

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he had no formed complaint, his health manifestly on the decline.

It appears that the sagacity of some had at length pointed out to his aunt a from which this might be supposed to proceed, to wit, his hopeless love for Miss Walton; for, according to the conceptions of the world, the love of a man of Harley's for the heiress of four thousand pounds is indeed desperate. Whether it was in this case may be gathered from the next chapter, which, with the two subsequent, including the performance, have escaped the accidents that have proved fatal to the

CHAP. LV.

He sees Miss Walton, and is happy.

HARLEY was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left him. He could not therefore but be sensibly comforted for his present indisposition; there passed a day on which I did not make any enquiry about him.

The physician who attended him informed me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been some time past. I called next morning and he confirmed in a piece of intelligence welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand. His eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had an open benignity, which commanded e

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there was now something more—a gentle triumph in it.

He rose, and met me with his usual kindness. When I gave him the good accounts I had had from his physician, “I am foolish enough,” said he, “to rely but little in this instance upon physic: my presentiment may be false, but I think I feel myself approaching to my end, by steps so easy that they woo me to approach it.

“There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred, where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise. It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state, which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life, with the consciousness of few great offences to account for. There are blemishes, I confess, which deform in some degree the picture; but I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exertion in my favour. My mind expands at the thought I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children.” He had by this time clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen.

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upon it.—His eye began to moisten too—he sat for some time silent. At last, with an attempt to a look of more composure—“There are some remembrances,” said Hayley, “which rise involuntarily on my heart and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure have passed among them: but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unfeeling, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist; they are called—perhaps they are—weaknesses here; but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven which may deserve the name of virtues.” He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them when the door opened, and his aunt appeared leading Miss Walton. “My dear,” says she, “this is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.” I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat. “If to know Miss Walton’s goodness,” said he, “be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.” She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Miss Margery accompanied me to the door. E

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left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. "I believe," said he, "from the accounts which my physicians unwilling give me, that they have great hopes of my recovery." She started he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. "I know," said he, "that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes, which your kindness suggests: but I would wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man is a privilege bestowed on few. I would endeavour to make it mine; nor I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now: it is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach."

"Those sentiments," answered Miss Walton, "are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own that life has its proper value. In the province of virtue, life is ennobled; and such, it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment."

The subject began to overpower her.—Harley lifted his eyes from the ground.—"There are," said he, in a very low voice, "here are attachments, Miss Walton"—His voice met her's—They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn.—He paused some moments—"I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse me.—It is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells

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to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfection. He paused again—"Let it not offend to know their power over one so unworthy. It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, with that feeling which it shall lose the moment—To love Miss Walton could not be a crime—if to declare it is one, the expiation may be made."—Her tears were now flowing out of control.—"Let me entreat you," said he, "to have better hopes—Let not life be indifferent to you; if my wishes can prevail on it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it—What would I have me say?—I have loved it as it has served."—He seized her hand—a blush coloured his cheek—a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on it it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—He started and fell back on his seat—Miss Walton screamed at the sight—His aunt and the servants rushed into the room—They found him lying motionless together.—His physician happened to call at that instant. Every effort was tried to recover them—With Miss Walton they succeeded—but Harley was gone forever!

CHAP. LVI.

The Emotions of the Heart.

I ENTERED the room where his body lay. I approached it with reverence, not feeling; I looked; the recollection of the past came upon me. I saw that form which,

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He before was animated with a soul which
did honour to humanity, stretched without
ease or feeling before me. 'Tis a connection
I cannot easily forget: I took his hand in
mine; I repeated his name involuntarily; I
felt a pulse in every vein at the sound. I
looked earnestly in his face; his eye was
closed, his lip pale and motionless. There is
an enthusiasm in sorrow that forgets impossi-
bility; I wondered that it was so. The sight
 drew a prayer from my heart: it was the
face of frailty and of man! the confusion of
my mind began to subside into thought; I
had time to meet!

I turned with the last farewell upon my lips,
when I observed old Edwards standing behind
me. I looked him full in the face, but his
eye was fixed on another object. He pressed
between me and the bed, and stood gazing on
the breathless remains of his benefactor. I
spoke to him, I know not what; but he took
no notice of what I said, and remained in the
same attitude as before. He stood some
minutes in that posture, then turned and walk-
ed towards the door. He paused as he went;
he returned a second time: I could observe
his lips move as he looked: but the voice they
could have uttered was lost. He attempt-
ed going again; and a third time he return-
ed as before. I saw him wipe his cheek; then,
covering his face with his hands, his breast
heaving with the most convulsive throbs, he
went out of the room.

THE CONCLUSION.

He had hinted that he should like to be

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buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness, but it is usually incident to humanity : it is at least a memorial for those who survive : for indeed, a slender memorial will serve the soft affections, when they are busy way, will build their structures, were on the paring of a nail.

He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the one in the church-yard, in which was a tomb worn by time. I have sat with him and counted the tombs. The last time I passed there, methought he looked up on the tree : there was a branch of ivy bent towards us, waving in the wind, as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his words, perhaps it is foolish to remark it, but there are times and places when I am affected by those things.

I sometimes visit his grave : I sit under the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies ; every noble feeling rises in me ! every beat of my heart awakens truth ! but it will make you hate the world. No : there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing ; but, the world—I pity the men of it.

INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH the world is but little concerned to know in what situation the author of any performance that is offered to its perusal may be, yet I believe it is generally solicitous to learn some circumstances relating to him; for my own part, I have always experienced this desire in myself, and read the advertisement at the beginning, and the postscript at the end of a book, if they contain any information of that sort, with a kind of melancholy inquietude about the fate of him in whose company, as it were, I have passed some harmless hours, and whose sentiments have been unbosomed to me with the openness of a friend.

The life of him who has had an opportunity of presenting to the eye of the public the following tale, though sufficiently chequered with vicissitude, has been spent in a state of obscurity, the recital of which could but little excite admiration, or gratify curiosity. The manner of his procuring the story contained in the following sheets, is all he thinks himself entitled to relate.

After some wanderings at that time of life which is most subject to wandering, I had found an opportunity of revisiting the scenes of my earlier attachments, and returned to my native spot with that tender emotion, which

the heart that can be moved at all, will naturally feel on approaching it. The remembrance of my infant days, like the fancied vibration of pleasant sounds in the ear, was still alive in my mind; and I flew to find out the marks by which even inanimate things were to be known, as the friends of my youth, not forgotten, though long unseen, nor lessened in my estimation, from the pride of refinement, or the comparison of experience.

In the shade of an ancient tree, that centered a circle of elms, at the end of the village where I was born, I found my old acquaintance, Jack Ryland. He was gathering moss with one hand, while the other held a flannel bag, containing earth worms, to be used as bait in angling. On seeing me, Ryland dropped his moss on the ground, and ran with all the warmth of friendship to embrace me. "My dear Tom," said he, "how happy I am to see you! you have travelled, no doubt, a woundy long way since we parted.—You find me in the old way here.—I believe they have but a sorry notion of sport in Italy.—While I think on't, look on this menow; I'll be hanged if the sharpest eyed trout in the river can know it from the natural. It was but yesterday now—You remember the cross-tree pool, just below the parsonage—there I hooked him, played him half an hour by the clock, and landed him at last as far down as the church-way ford. As for his size—Lord! how unlucky it is that I have not my gill-net here! for now I recollect that I marked his length on the outside of the bag, but you shall see it some other time."

INTRODUCTION.

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Let not my reader be impatient at my friend Ryland's harangue. I give it him, because I would have characters develop themselves. To throw, however, some farther light upon Ryland's :

He was first cousin to a gentleman who possessed a considerable estate in our county, born to no fortune, and not much formed by nature for acquiring one ; he found pretty early that he should never be rich, but that he might possibly be happy ; and happiness to him was obtained without effort, because it was drawn from sources which it required little exertion to supply. Trifles were the boundaries of his desire, and their attainment the goal of his felicity. A certain neatness at all those little arts in which the soul has no share, an immoderate love of support, and a still more immoderate love of reciting its progress, with the addition of one faculty which has some small connexion with letters, to wit, a remarkable memory for puzzles and enigmas, made up his character ; and he enjoyed a privilege uncommon to the happy, that no one envied the means by which he attained what every one pursues.

I interrupted his narrative by some inquiries about my former acquaintance in the village ; for Ryland was the recorder of the place, and could have told the names, families, relations, and inter-marriages of the parish, with much more accuracy than the register.

" Alack-a-day !" said Jack, " there has been many changes among us since you this : here has died the old gauger W^{as} as good a cricket-player as ever had

bat: Rooke, at the Salutation, is gone too; and his wife has left the parish and settled in London, where, I am told, she keeps a gin-shop in some street they call Southwark; and the poor parson, whom you were so intimate with, the worthy old Annesly!"—he looked piteously towards the church-yard, and a tear trickled down his cheek.—"I understand you," said I "the good man is dead!"—"Ah! there is more than you think about his death," answered Jack; "he died of a broken heart!" I could make no reply but by an ejaculation, and Ryland accompanied it with another tear; for though he commonly looked but on the surface of things, yet Ryland had a heart to feel.

"In the middle of yon clump of alders," said he, "you may remember a small house, that was once farmer Higgins's. It is now occupied by a gentlewoman of the name of Wistanly, who was formerly a sort of servant companion to Sir Thomas Sindall's mother, the widow of Sir William. Her mistress, who died some years ago, left her an annuity, and that house for life, where she has lived ever since. I am told she knows more of Annesly's affairs than any other body; but she is so silent and shy, that I could never get a word from her on the subject. She is reckoned a wonderful scholar by the folks of the village; and you, who are a man of reading, might perhaps be a greater favourite with her. If you choose it, I shall introduce you to her immediately." I accepted his offer, and we went to her house together.

We found her sitting in a little parlour,

fitted up in a taste much superior to what might have been expected from the appearance of the house, with some shelves, on which I observed several of the most classical English and French authors. She rose to receive us with something in her manner greatly above her seeming rank. Jack introduced me as an acquaintance of her deceased friend Mr. Annesly. "Then, Sir," said she, "you knew a man had few fellows!" lifting her eyes gently upwards. The tender solemnity of her look answered the very movement which the remembrance had awaked in my soul; and I made no other reply than by a tear. She seemed to take it in good part, and we met on that ground like old friends, who had much to ask, and much to be answered.

When we were going away, she begged to have a moment's conversation with me alone; Ryland left us together.

"If I am not deceived, Sir," said she, "in the opinion I have formed of you, your feelings are very different from those of Mr. Ryland, and indeed of most of my neighbours in the village. You seem to have had a peculiar interest in the fate of that worthiest of men, Mr. Annesly. The history of that life of purity which he led, of that calamity by which it was shortened, might not be an unpleasing, though a melancholy recital to you; but in this box, which stands on the table by me, is contained a series of letters and papers, which if you will take the trouble of reading them, will save me the task of recounting his sufferings.—This deposit, Sir, though its general importance be small, my

affection for my departed friend makes me consider as a compliment, and I commit it to you, as to one in whose favour I have conceived a prepossession from that very cause."

Those letters and papers were the basis of what I now offer to the public. Had it been my intention *to make a book*, I might have published them entire; and I am persuaded, notwithstanding Mrs Wistanly's remark, that no part of them would have been found more foreign to the general drift of this volume, than many that have got admittance into similar collections. But I have chosen rather to throw them into the form of a narrative, and contented myself with transcribing such reflections as naturally arise from the events, and such sentiments as the situations alone appear to have excited. There are indeed many suppletory facts, which could not have been found in this collection of Mrs. Wistanly's. These I was at some pains to procure through other channels. How I was enabled to procure them the reader may conceive, if his patience can hold out to the end of the story. To account for that now, would delay its commencement, and anticipate its conclusion; for both which effects this introductory chapter may have already been subject to reprehension.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

PART FIRST.

CHAP. I

In which are some Particulars previous to the Commencement of the main Story.

RICHARD ANNESLY was the only child of a wealthy tradesman in London, who from the experience of that profit which his business afforded himself, was anxious it should descend to his son. Unfortunately the young man had acquired a certain train of ideas which were totally averse to that line of life which his father had marked out for him. There is a degree of sentiment, which, in the bosom of a man destined to the drudgery of the world, is the source of endless disgust. Of this young Annesly was unluckily possessed; and as he foresaw, or thought he foresaw, that it would not only endanger his success, but take from the enjoyment of prosperity, supposing it attained, he declined following that road which his father had smoothed for his progress; and, at the risk of those temporal advantages which the old gentleman's displeasure on this occasion deny him, entered into the service.

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church, and retired to the country on one of the smallest endowments she has to bestow.

That feeling which prevents the acquisition of wealth, is formed for the support of poverty. The contentment of the poor, I had almost said their pride, buoys up the spirit against the depression of adversity, and gives to our very wants the appearance of enjoyment.

Annesly looked on happiness as confined to the sphere of sequestered life. The pomp of greatness, the pleasures of the affluent, he considered as only productive of turbulence, disquiet, and remorse; and thanked Heaven for having placed him in his own little shed, which, in his opinion, was the residence of pure and lasting felicity.

With this view of things his father's ideas did by no means coincide. His anger against his son continued till his death; and when that event happened, with the preposterous revenge of many a parent he consigned him to misery, as he thought, because he would not be unhappy in that way which he had insisted on his following, and cut him off from the inheritance of his birth, because he had chosen a profession which kept him in poverty without it.

Though Annesly could support the fear of poverty, he could not easily bear the thought of a dying father's displeasure. On receiving intelligence of his being in a dangerous situation, he hasted to London, with the purpose of wringing from him his forgiveness for the *only offence* with which his son had ever been *chargeable*; but he arrived too late. Hi

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father had breathed his last on the evening of the day preceding that on which he reached the metropolis, and his house was already in the possession of a nephew, to whom his son understood he had left every shilling of his fortune. This man had been bred a haberdasher, at the express desire of old Annesly, and had all that patient dulness which qualifies for getting rich, which, therefore, in the eyes of his uncle, was the most estimable of all qualities. He had seldom seen Richard Annesly before, for indeed this last was not very solicitous of his acquaintance. He recollected his face, however, and desiring him to sit down, informed him particularly of the settlement which his relentless father had made, "It was unlucky," said the haberdasher, "that you should have made choice of such a profession; but a parson, of all trades in the world, he could never endure. It is possible you may be low in cash, at this time; if you want a small matter to buy mournings or so, I shall not scruple to advance you the needful; and I wish you would take them of neighbour Bullock the woollen-draper, who is as honest a man as any of the trade, and would not impose on a child." Annesly's eyes had been hitherto fixed on the ground, nor was there wanting a tear in each for his unnatural father. He turned them on his cousin with as contemptuous a look as his nature allowed them to assume, and walked out of the house without uttering a word.

He was now thrown upon the world with the sentence of perpetual poverty for his inheritance. He found himself in the middle

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of a crowded street in London, surrounded by the buzzing sons of industry, and shrunk back at the sense of his own insignificance. In the faces of those he met, he saw no acknowledgment of connexion, and felt himself, like Cain after his brother's murder, an unsheltered, unfriended outcast. He looked back to his father's door; but his spirit was too mild for reproach—a tear dropped from his eyes as he looked!

There was in London one person, whose gentle nature, he knew, would feel for his misfortunes; yet to that one of all others, his pride forbade to resort. Harriet Wilkins was the daughter of a neighbour of his father's, who had for some time given up business, and lived on the interest of £4000, which he had saved in the course of it. From this circumstance, his acquaintance, old Annesly, entertained no very high opinion of his understanding; and did not cultivate much friendship with a man whom he considered as a drone in the hive of society. But in this opinion, as in many others, his son had the misfortune to differ from him. He used frequently to steal into Wilkins's house of an evening, to enjoy the conversation of one who had passed through life with observation, and had known the labour of business, without that contraction of soul which it often occasions. Harriet was commonly of the party, listening, with Annesly, to her father's discourse, and, with Annesly, offering her remarks on it. She was not handsome enough to attract notice; but her look was of that *complacent* sort which gains on the beholder.

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and pleases from the acknowledgment that it is beneath admiration.

Nor was her mind ill suited to this 'Index of the soul.' Without that brilliancy which excites the general applause, it possessed those inferior sweetnesss which acquire the general esteem; sincere, benevolent, inoffensive, and unassuming. Nobody talked of the sayings of Miss Wilkins; but every one heard her with pleasure, and her smile was the signal of universal complacency.

Annesly found himself insensibly attached to her by a chain, which had been imposed without art, and suffered without consciousness. During his acquaintance with Harriet, he had come to that period of life, when men are most apt to be impressed with appearances. In fact, he had looked on many a beauty with a rapture which he thought sincere, till it was interrupted by the reflection that she was not Harriet Wilkins; there was a certain indefinable attraction which linked him every day closer to her, and artlessness of manner had the effect (which I presume, from their practice, few young ladies believe it to have) of securing the conquest she had gained.

From the wealth which old Annesly was known to possess, his son was doubtless, in the phrase of the world, a very advantageous match for Miss Wilkins; but when her father discovered the young man to be serious in his attachment to her, he frequently took occasion to suggest, how unequal the small fortune he could leave his daughter was to the expectations of the son of a man

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worth £30,000, and, with a frankness peculiar to himself, gave the father to understand, that his son's visits were rather more frequent than was consistent with that track of prudence, which the old gentleman would probably mark out for him. The father, however, took little notice of this intelligence; the truth was, that, judging by himself, he gave very little credit to it, because it came from one, who, according to his conception of things, should, of all others, have concealed it from his knowledge.

But though his son had the most sincere attachment to Miss Wilkins, his present circumstances rendered it, in the language of prudence, impossible for them to marry. They contented themselves, therefore, with the assurance of each other's constancy, and waited for some favourable change of condition which might allow them to be happy.

The first idea which struck Annesly's mind on the disappointment he suffered from his father's settlement, was the effect it would have on his situation with regard to Harriet. There is perhaps nothing more bitter in the lot of poverty, than the distance to which it throws a man from the woman he loves; that pride I have before taken notice of which in every other circumstance tends to support, serves but to wound him the deeper in this. That feeling now turned Annesly's feet from his Harriet's door; yet it was now that his Harriet seemed the more worthy of his love, in proportion as his circumstances rendered it *hopeless*. A train of soft reflections at length *banished this rugged guest from his heart—*

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"'Tis but taking a last farewell!" said he to himself, and trod back the steps which he had made. •

He entered the room where Harriet was sitting by her father, with a sort of diffidence of his reception that he was not able to hide; but Wilkins welcomed him in such a manner as soon dissipated the restraint under which the thoughts of his poverty had laid him. "This visit, my dear Annesly," said he, "flatters me, because it shows you leaning on my friendship. I am not ignorant of your present situation, and I know the effect which prudent men will say it should have on myself; that I differ from them, may be the consequence of spleen, perhaps, rather than generosity; for I have been at war with the world from a boy. Come hither, Harriet; this is Richard Annesly. His father, it is true, has left him £30,000 poorer than it was once expected he would; but he is Richard Annesly still! you will therefore look upon him as you did before. I am not Stoic enough to deny, that riches afford numberless comforts and conveniences which are denied to the poor; but that riches are not essential to happiness I know, because I have never yet found myself unhappy;—nor shall I now sleep unsound, from the consciousness of having added to the pressure of affliction, or wounded merit afresh, because fortune had already wounded it."

Liberal minds will delight in extending the empire of virtue: for my own part, I am *happy to believe*, that it is possible for an

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attorney to be honest, and a tradesman to think like Wilkins.

CHAP. II.

More Introductory Matter.

WILKINS having thus overlooked the want of fortune in his young friend, the lovers found but little hindrance to the completion of their wishes. Harriet became the wife of a poor man, who returned the obligation he owed her and her father's generosity, by a tenderness and affection rarely found in wedlock because there are few minds from whom it is reason they can be expected.

His father-in-law, to whom indeed the sacrifice was but trifling, could not resist the joint request of his daughter and her husband, to leave the town and make one of their family in the country. In somewhat less than a year he was the grandfather of a boy, and nearly at the same distance of time after, of a girl, both of whom, in his opinion, were cherubs; but even the gossips around them owned they had never seen more promising children. The felicity of their little circle was now, perhaps, as perfect as the lot of humanity admits; nor would it have been easy to have found a group, whose minds were better formed to deserve or attain it. Health, innocence, and good humour, were of their household; and many an honest neighbour, who never troubled himself to account for it, talked of the goodness of Annesley's ale, and the cheerfulness of his fire-side. I have been often admitted of the party,

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though I was too young for a companion to the seniors, and too old for a play-fellow to the children ; but no age, and often indeed no condition, excluded from a participation of their happiness ; and I have seen little Billy, before he could speak to be well understood, lead in a long-bearded beggar, to sing his song in his turn, and be rewarded with a cup of that excellent liquor I mentioned.

Their felicity was too perfect to be lasting ; —such is the proverbial opinion of mankind. The days of joy, however, are not more winged in their course than the days of sorrow ; but we count not the moments of their duration with so scrupulous an exactness.

Three years after the birth of her first daughter, Mrs. Annesly was delivered of another ; but the birth of the last was fatal to her mother, who did not many days survive it.

Annesly's grief on this occasion was immoderate ; nor could all the endeavours of his father-in-law, whose mind was able to preserve more composure, prevail upon him, for some days, to remember the common offices of life, or leave the room in which his Harriet had expired. Wilkins's grief, however, though of a more silent sort, was not less deep in its effects ; and when the turbulence of the other's sorrow had yielded to the soothings of time, the old man retained all that tender regret, due to the death of a child, an only child, whose filial duty had led him down the slope of life without suffering him to perceive the descent. The infant she had left behind her was now doubly endeared to her father and him, from being considered

also deprived of a son, and by the
pox. Wilkins seemed by this second
to be loosened from the little hold
struggled to keep of the world, and
signation was now built upon the hope
of overcoming his affliction, but of ease
from its pressure. The serenity which
an idea confers, possesses, of all other
greatest dignity, because it possesses
others, the best assured confidence,
on a basis that is fixed above the rotting
sublunary things. An old man, who
lived in the exercise of virtue, looking
without a blush, on the tenor of his
days, and pointing to that better state
alone he can be perfectly rewarded
figure the most venerable that can
imagined. Such did Wilkins now ex-

"My son," said he to Annesly, "If
I shall not be with you long; yet I leave
the world with that peevish disgust
is sometimes mistaken for the courage
overcomes the dread of death. I leave
my being with gratitude, for having
possessed it, without having disgraced
any great violation of the laws of

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death, must far exceed any enjoyment a longer life here could have afforded. Otherwise with the prospect of duty to be performed, these two little ones I leave to your management and care; you will value life, as you have an opportunity of forming them. — Lay me beside my Harriet."

The old man's prediction was but too well fulfilled; he did not long survive this pathetic situation. His son-in-law was now exposed alone and unassisted, to the cares of the world, increased by the charge of his boy and girl; but the mind will support much, called into exertion by the necessity of

His sorrow yielded by degrees to thoughts of that active duty he owed his son; in time his fire-side was again warmed by their sports around it; and though sometimes looked upon them with a tearful recollection of the past, yet would he soon wipe it from his eye, in silent gratitude to Heaven, for the enjoyment of the present, and the anticipation of the future.*

CHAP. III.

Openings of two Characters with which the Reader may afterwards be better acquainted.

John had a warmth of temper which his mother often observed with mingled pleasure and regret; with pleasure, from his generosity and nobleness of sentiment; with regret, from a foreboding of many inconveniences to which his warm and generous possessor might naturally be exposed.

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But Harriet was softness itself. The sprightliness of her gayest moments would be checked by the recital of the distress of a fellow-creature, and she would often weep all night from some tale which her maid had told of fictitious disaster. Her brother felt the representation of worth ill-treated, or virtue oppressed, with indignation against the oppressor, and wished to be a man, that he might like Jack the Giant-killer, gird on his sword of sharpness, and revenge the wrongs of the sufferer; while his sister pressed his hands in hers, and trembled for the danger to which she imagined him exposed; nay she has been afterwards heard to cry out in her sleep, in a hurried voice, "You shall not go, my Billy papa and I will die if you do."

A trifling incident, of which I find an account in one of their father's letters, will discriminate their characters better than a train of the most laboured expression.

At the bottom of his garden ran a little rivulet, which was there dammed up to furnish water for a mill below. On the bank was a linnet's nest, which Harriet had discovered in her rambles, and often visited with uncommon anxiety for the callow brood it contained. One day, her brother and she were at play on the green at a little distance, attended by a servant of their father's, when a favourite terrier of Billy's happened to wander among the bushes where this nest was sheltered. Harriet, afraid of the consequences, begged the servant to run, and prevent his doing mischief to the birds. Just as the fellow came up, the dog had lighted on the bush, and s

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prised the dam, but was prevented from doing her much harm by the servant, who laid hold of him by the neck, and snatched his prey out of his mouth. The dog, resenting this rough usage, bit the man's finger till it bled, who, in return, bestowed a hearty drubbing upon him, without regarding the entreaties or the threats of his little master. Billy, enraged at the sufferings of his favourite, resolved to wreak his vengeance where it was in his power, and running up to the nest, threw it down, with all its unfledged inhabitants, to the ground. "Cruel Billy!" cried his sister, while the tears ran down her cheeks. He turned sullenly from her, and walked up to the house, while she, with the man's assistance, gathered up the little flutterers, and having fastened the nest as well as she could, replaced them safely within it.

When she saw her brother again, he pouted, and would not speak to her. She endeavoured to regain his favour by kindness, but he refused her caresses; she sought out the dog, who had suffered on her linnet's account, and stroking him on the head, fed him with some cold meat from her own hand. When her brother saw it, he called him away. She looked after Billy till he was gone, and then burst into tears.

Next day they were down at the rivulet again. Still was Harriet endeavouring to be reconciled, and still was her brother averse to a reconciliation. He sat biting his thumb, and looking angrily to the spot where his favourite had been punished.

At that instant the linnet, in whose cause the quarrel had begun, was bringing out her

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younglings to their first imperfect flight, and two of them, unfortunately taking a wrong direction, fell short into the middle of the pool. Billy started from the ground, and, without considering the depth, rushed into the water where he was over head and ears the second step that he made. His sister's screams alarmed the servant, who ran to his assistance; but before he got to the place, the boy had reached a shallower part of the pool, and, though staggering from his first plunge, had saved both linnets, which he held carefully above the water, and landed safely on the opposite bank. He returned to his sister by a short cut below, and, presenting her the birds, flung his arms round her neck, and, blubbering, asked her, if she would now forgive his unkindness.

Such were the minds which Annesly's temper was to form. To repress the warm temerity, without extinguishing the generous principles from which it arose, and to give firmness to sensibility, where it bordered on weakness, without searing its feelings, they led to virtue, was the task he had set out for his industry to accomplish. He was both sides by the tenderness of paternal affection; but he accustomed himself to reason that for his children he was accountable to God and their country. Nor was the delicacy of preventing inclinations extreme, which were laudable in themselves, "but here also," said Annesly, "remembered, that no evil is so y

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that which grows in the soil from which good should have sprung."

CHAP. IV.

A very brief Account of their Education.

ANNESLY was not only the superintendant of his children's manners, but their master in the several branches of education. Reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of mathematics and geography, with a competent knowledge of the French and Italian languages, they learned together; and while Billy was employed with his father in reading Latin and Greek, his sister received instruction in the female accomplishments, from a better sort of servant, whom Annesly kept for that purpose, whose station had once been superior to servitude, and whom he still treated more as a companion than a domestic. This instructress, indeed, she lost when about ten years old; but the want was more than supplied by the assistance of another, to wit, Mrs. Wistanly, who devoted many of her leisure hours to the daughter of Annesly, whom she had then got acquainted with, and whom reciprocal worth had attached to her with the sincerest friendship and regard. The dancing-master of a neighbouring town paid them a weekly visit for their instruction in the science he professed; at which time also were held their family-concerts, where Annesly, who was esteemed in his youth a first-rate player on the violin, used to preside. Billy was an excellent second; Mrs. Wistanly or her pupil under took for the harpsichord, and the dancing master

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played bass as well as he could. He was not a very capital performer, but he was always very willing: and found as much pleasure in his own performance as the best of them. Jack Ryland, too, would sometimes join in a catch, though indeed he had but two, *Christ-church-bells*, and *Jack, thou'rt a toper*; and Annesly alleged that he was often out in the last; but Jack would never allow it.

Besides these, there were certain evenings appropriated to exercises of the mind. "It is not enough," said Annesly, "to put weapons into those hands which have never been taught the use of them: the reading we recommend to youth will store their minds with intelligence, if they attend to it properly; but to go a little farther, we must accustom them to apply it, we must teach them the art of comparing the ideas with which it has furnished them." In this view, it was the practice, at those stated times I have mentioned, for Billy, or his sister, to read a select passage of some classical author, on whose relations they delivered opinions, or on whose sentiments they offered a comment. Never was seen more satisfaction on a countenance, than used to enlighten their father's, at the delivery of those observations which his little philosophers were accustomed to make. Indeed there could scarcely, even to a stranger, be a more pleasing exhibition; their very errors were delightful, because they were the errors of benevolence, generosity, and virtue.

As punishments are necessary in all societies, Annesly was obliged to invent some for the regulation of his; they consisted only of cer-

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tain modifications of disgrace. One of them I shall mention, because it was exactly opposite to the practice of most of our schools : while there, offences are punished by doubling the task of the scholar ; with Annesly the getting of a lesson, or performing of an exercise, was a privilege, of which a forfeiture was incurred by misbehaviour ; to teach his children, that he offered them instruction as a favour, instead of pressing it as a hardship.

Billy had a small part of his father's garden allotted him for his peculiar property, in which he wrought himself, being furnished with no other assistance from the gardener than directions how to manage it, and parcels of the seeds which they enabled him to sow. When he had brought these to maturity, his father purchased the produce. Billy with part of the purchase-money was to lay in the stores necessary for his future industry, and the overplus he had the liberty of bestowing on charitable uses in the village. The same institution prevailed as to his sister's needle-work, or embroidery : " For it is necessary," said Annesly, " to give an idea of property, but let it not be separated from the idea of beneficence."

Sometimes when these sums were traced to their disbursements, it was found that Harriet's money did not always reach the village, but was intercepted by the piteous recital of a wandering beggar by the way ; and that Billy used to appropriate part of his to purposes not purely eleemosynary ; as, when he once parted with two thirds of his revenue, to re-

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ward a little boy for beating a big one, who had killed his tame sparrow ; or another time, when he went the blameable length of comforting with a shilling a lad who had been ducked in a horse-pond, for robbing the orchard of a miser.

It was chiefly in this manner of instilling sentiments, (as in the case of the charitable establishment I have mentioned), by leading insensibly to the practice of virtue, rather than by downright precept, that Annesly proceeded with his children ; for it was his maxim, that the heart must feel, as well as the judgment be convinced, before the principles we mean to teach can be of habitual service ; and that the mind will always be more strongly impressed with ideas which it is led to form of itself, than with those which it passively receives from another. When, at any time, he delivered instructions, they were always clothed in the garb rather of advices from a friend, than lectures from a father ; and were listened to with the warmth of friendship, as well as the humility of veneration. It is in truth somewhat surprising how little intimacy subsists between parents and their children, especially of our sex ; a circumstance which must operate in conjunction with their natural partiality, to keep the former in ignorance of the genius and disposition of the latter.

Besides all this, his children had the general advantage of a father's example. They saw the virtues he inculcated attended by all the consequences in himself, which he had promised them as their reward. Piety in him

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was recompensed by peace of mind, benevolence by self-satisfaction, and integrity by the blessings of a good conscience.

But the time at last arrived, when his son was to leave those instructions, and that example, for the walks of more public life. As he was intended, or, more properly speaking seemed to have an inclination for a learned profession, his father sent him, in his twentieth year, to receive the finishings of education necessary for that purpose, at one of the universities. Yet he had not, I have heard him say, the most favourable opinion of the general course of education there; but he knew, that a young man might there have an opportunity of acquiring much knowledge, if he were inclined to it; and that good principles might preserve him uncorrupted, even amidst the dangers of some surrounding dissipation. Besides, he had an additional inducement to this plan, from the repeated request of a distant relation, who filled an office of some consequence at Oxford, and had expressed a very earnest desire to have his young kinsman sent thither, and placed under his own immediate inspection.

Before he set out for that place, Annesly, though he had a sufficient confidence in his son, yet thought it not improper to mark out to him some of those errors to which the inexperienced are liable. He was not wont; as I have before observed, to press instruction upon his children; but the young man himself seemed to expect it, with the solicitude of one who ventured, not without anxiety, to leave that road, where the hand of a parent

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and friend had hitherto guided him in happiness and safety. The substance of what he delivered to his son and daughter (for so too was an auditor of his discourses) I have endeavoured to collect from some of the papers Mrs. Wistanly put into my hands, and to arrange as far as it seemed arrangeable, in the two following chapters.

It will not, however, after all, have a perfectly connected appearance, because I imagine it was delivered at different times, on different occasions invited, or leisure allowed him; but its tendency appeared to be such, that even under these disadvantages I could not forbear inserting it.

CHAP. V.

Paternal Instructions.—Of Suspicion and Confidence. — Ridicule. — Religion. — True Pleasure.—Caution to the Female Sex.

You are now leaving us, my son, said I earnestly, to make your entrance into the world. For though, from the pale of a college, the bustle of ambition, the plodding of business, and the tinsel of gaiety, are supposed to be excluded; yet, as it is the place where persons that are to perform in those several characters often put on the dresses of each, there will not be wanting, even there, the qualities that distinguish in all. I will not shock your imagination, with the pictures which some men, retired from its influence, have drawn of the world; nor warn you against enormities, into which, I should equally

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ly affront your understanding and your feelings, did I suppose you capable of falling. Neither would I arm you with that suspicious caution which young men are sometimes advised to put on: they who always suspect will often be mistaken, and never be happy. Yet there is a wide distinction between the confidence which becomes a man, and the simplicity that disgraces a fool; he who never trusts is a niggard of his soul, who starves himself, and by whom no other is enriched; but he who gives every one his confidence, and every one his praise, squanders the fund that should serve for the encouragement of integrity, and the reward of excellence.

In the circles of the world, your notice may be frequently attracted by objects glaring, not useful; and your attachment won to characters whose surfaces are showy, without intrinsic value: In such circumstances, be careful not always to impute knowledge to the appearance of acuteness, or give credit to opinions according to the confidence with which they are urged. In the more important articles of belief or conviction, let not the flow of ridicule be mistaken for the force of argument. Nothing is so easy as to excite a laugh at that time of life, when seriousness is held to be an incapacity of enjoying it; and no wit so futile, or so dangerous, as that which is drawn from the perverted attitudes of what is in itself momentous. There are in most societies a set of self-important young men, who borrow consequence from singularity, and take precedence of wisdom from the unfeeling use of the ludicrous: this is at best a shallow quality; in

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objects of eternal moment, it is poisonous to society. I will not now, nor could you then stand forth armed at all points to repel the attacks which they may make on the great principles of your belief; but let one suggestion suffice, exclusive of all internal evidence or extrinsic proof of revelation. He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seek to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity:—let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose;—would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? Would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of that better country to which we trust will lead; tell us not that it will end in the gulph of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild, which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate, quench not that beam which, amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the despondence of ill-requited worth, and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue.

The two great movements of the soul which the moulder of our frames has placed in them, for the incitement of virtue and the prevention of vice, are the desire of honour and the fear of shame; but the perversion of these qualities, which the refinement of society is peculiarly unhappy in making, has drawn their influence from the standard of morality to the banners of its opposite: into the f

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step on which a young man ventures in those paths which the cautions of wisdom have warned him to avoid, he is commonly pushed by the fear of that ridicule which he has seen levelled at simplicity, and the desire of that applause which the spirit of the profligate has enabled him to acquire.

Pleasure is in truth subservient to virtue. When the first is pursued without those restraints which the last would impose, every infringement we make on them lessens the enjoyment we mean to attain; and nature is thus wise in our construction, that when we would be blessed beyond the pale of reason, we are blessed imperfectly. It is not by the roar of riot, or the shout of the bacchanal, that we are to measure the degree of pleasure which he feels; the grossness of the sense he gratifies is equally insusceptible of the enjoyment, as it is deaf to the voice of reason; and, obdured by the repetition of debauch, is incapable of that delight, which the finer sensations produce, which thrills in the bosom of efficacy and virtue.

Libertines have said, my Harriet, that the smiles of your sex attend them; and that the pride of conquest, where conquest is difficult, overcomes the fear of disgrace and defeat. I hope there is less truth in this remark than is generally imagined: let it be my Harriet's belief that it cannot be true, for the honour of her sex; let it be her care that, for her own honour, it may be false as to her. Look on those men, my child, even in their gayest and most alluring garb, as creatures dangerous to the peace, and destructive of the welfare, of

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society; look on them as you would on a beautiful serpent, whose mischief we may forget while we admire the beauties of its skin. I marvel, indeed, how the pride of the fair can allow them to show a partiality to him who regards them as beings made subservient to his pleasure, in whose opinion they have lost all that dignity which excites reverence, and that excellence which commands esteem.

Be accustomed, my love, to think respectfully of yourself; it is the error of the world to place your sex in a station somewhat unworthy of a reasonable creature; the individuals of ours, who address themselves to you, think it a necessary ingredient in their discourse, that it should want a solid property with which sense and understanding would invest it. The character of a female pedant is undoubtedly disgusting; it is much less common than that of a trifler or an ignorant woman; the intercourse of the sex is, in this respect, advantageous, each has a desire to please, mingled with a certain deference for the other; let this purpose be lost on one side, by its being supposed, that, to please yours, we must speak something, in which fashion has sacrificed folly, and ease lent her garb to insincerity. In general, it should never be forgotten, that though life has its venial trials, yet they cease to be innocent when the croak of hypocrisy is introduced upon its important concerns; the dissipation that is often employed about little things will be rendered unfit for any serious application; and, though temporary relaxation

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recruit its strength, habitual vacancy will destroy it.

CHAP. VI.

In continuation.—Of Knowledge.—Knowledge of the World.—Politeness.—Honour.—Another Rule of Action suggested.

As the mind may be weakened by the pursuit of trivial matters, so its strength may be misled in deeper investigations.

It is a capital error in the pursuit of knowledge, to suppose that we are never to believe what we cannot account for. There is no reason why we should not attempt to understand every thing; but to own in some instances, our limited knowledge, is a piece of modesty in which lies the truest wisdom.

Let it be our care that our effort in its tendency is *useful*, and our effort need not be repressed; for he who attempts the impossible, will often achieve the extremely difficult; but the pride of knowledge often labours to gain what, if gained, would be useless, and wastes exertions upon objects that have been left unattained from their futility. Men possessed of this desire you may perhaps find, my son, in that seat of science whither you are going; but remember, that what claims our wonder does not always merit our regard; and in knowledge and philosophy be careful to distinguish, that the purpose of research should ever be fixed on making simple what is *abstruse*, not *abstruse* what is simple; and that *difficulty* in acquisition will no more save

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tify its inexpediency, than the art of tumblers, who have learned to stand on their heads, will prove that to be the proper posture for man.

There is a pedantry in being master of paradoxes contrary to the common opinions of mankind, which is equally disgusting to the illiterate and the learned. The peasant who enjoys the beauty of the tulip is equally delighted with the philosopher, though he knows not the powers of the rays from which its colours are derived; and the boy who strikes a ball with his racket is as certain whither it will be driven by the blow, as if he were perfectly versant in the dispute about matter and motion. Vanity of our knowledge is generally found in the first stages of its acquirement, because we are then looking back to that rank we have left, of such as know nothing at all. Greater advantages cure of this, by pointing our view to those above us; and when we reach the summit, we begin to discover, that human knowledge is so imperfect, as not to warrant any vanity upon it. In particular arts, beware of that affectation of speaking technically, by which ignorance is often disguised, and knowledge disgraced. They who are really skilful in the principles of science, will acquire the veneration only of shallow minds by talking scientifically; for to simplify expression is always the effect of the deepest knowledge and the clearest discernment. On the other hand, there may be many who possess taste, though they have not attained skill; who, if they will be contented with the expression of their own

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feelings, without labouring to keep up the borrowed phrase of erudition, will have their opinion respected by all whose suffrages are worthy of being gained. The music, the painting, the poetry of the passions, is the property of every one who has a heart to be moved; and though there may be particular modes of excellence which national or temporary fashions create, yet that standard will ever remain which alone is common to all.

The ostentation of learning is indeed always disgusting in the intercourse of society; for even the benefit of instruction received cannot allay the consciousness of inferiority, and remarkable parts more frequently attract admiration than procure esteem. To bring forth knowledge agreeably, as well as usefully, is perhaps very difficult for those who have attained it in the secluded walks of study and speculation, and is an art seldom found but in men who have likewise acquired some knowledge of the world.

I would, however, distinguish between that knowledge of the world that fits us for intercourse with the better part of mankind, and that which we gain by associating with the worst.

But there is a certain learned rust which men as well as metals acquire: it is, simply speaking, a blemish in both; the social feelings grow callous from disuse, and we lose that spring of little affections, which sweeten the cup of life as we drink it.

Even the ceremonial of the world, shallow as it may appear, is not without its use: it may indeed take from the warmth of friend-

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ship, but it covers the coldness of indifference; and if it has repressed the genuine overflowings of kindness, it has smothered the balance of passion and animosity.

Politeness taught as an art is ridiculous as the expression of liberal sentiments and courteous manners, it is truly valuable. There is a politeness of the heart which is confined to no rank, and dependant upon no education; the desire of obliging, which a man possessed of this quality will universally show, seldom fails of pleasing, though his style may differ from that of modern refinement. I knew a man in London of the gentlest manners, and of the most winning deportment, whose eye was ever brightened with a smile of good-humour, and whose voice was mellowed with the tones of complacency—and this man was a blacksmith.

The falsehood of politeness is often pleaded for, as unavoidable in the commerce of mankind; yet I would have it as little indulged as possible. There is a frankness without rusticity, an openness of manner prompted by good-humour, but guided by delicacy, which some are happy enough to possess, that engages every worthy man, and gives not offence even to those whose good opinion, though of little estimation, it is the business of prudence not wantonly to lose.

The circles of the gay, my children, would smile to hear me talk of qualities which my retired manner of life has allowed me so little opportunity of observing; but true good-breeding is not confined within those bounds to which their pedantry (if I may use

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the expression) would restrict it; true good-breeding is the sister of philanthropy, with feelings perhaps not so serious or tender, but equally inspired by a fineness of soul, and open to the impressions of social affection.

As politeness is the rule of the world's manners, so has it erected *Honour* the standard of its morality; but its dictates too frequently depart from wisdom with respect to ourselves, from justice and humanity with respect to others. Genuine honour is undoubtedly the offspring of both; but there has arisen a counterfeit, who, as he is more boastful and showy, has more attracted the notice of gaiety and grandeur. Generosity and courage are the virtues he boasts of possessing; but his generosity is a fool, and his courage a murderer.

The punctilios, indeed, on which he depends, for his own peace and the peace of society, are so ridiculous in the eye of reason, that it is not a little surprising, how so many millions of reasonable beings should have sanctified them with their mutual consent and acquiescence: that they should have agreed to surround the seats of friendship, and the table of festivity, with so many thorns of inquietude and snares of destruction.

You will probably hear, my son, very frequent applause bestowed on men of nice and jealous honour, who suffer not the smallest affront to pass unquestioned or unrevenged; but do not imagine that the character which is most sacredly guarded, is always the most *unsullied in reality*, nor allow yourself to *envy a reputation* for that sort of valour

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which supports it. Think how uneasily that man must pass his time, who sits like a spider in the midst of his feeling web, ready to catch the minutest occasion for quarrel and resentment. There is often more real pusillanimity in the mind that starts into opposition where none is necessary, than in him who overlooks the wanderings of some unguarded act or expression, as not of consequence enough to challenge indignation or revenge. I am aware, that the young and high-spirited will say, that men can only judge of actions, and that they will hold as cowardice the blindness I would recommend to affront or provocation; but there is a steady coolness and possession of one's self, which this principle will commonly bestow, equally remote from the weakness of fear, and the discomposure of anger, which gives to its possessor a station that seldom fails of commanding respect, even from the ferocious votaries of sanguinary *Honour*.

But some principle is required to draw a line of action, above the mere precepts of moral equity,

‘ Beyond the fix’d and settled rules;’

and for this purpose is instituted the motive of *Honour*;—there is another at hand, which the substitution of this phantom too often destroys—it is *Conscience*—whose voice, were it not stifled, (sometimes by this very false and spurious *Honour*,) would lead directly to that liberal construction of the rules of morality which is here contended for. Let my children never suffer this

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monitor to speak unheeded, nor drown its whispers, amidst the din of pleasure or the bustle of life. Consider it as the representative of that Power who spake the soul into being, and in whose disposal existence is ! To listen, therefore, to his unwritten law which he promulgates by its voice, has every sanction which his authority can give. It were enough to say that we are mortal :—but the argument is irresistible, when we remember our immortality.

CHAP. VII.

Introducing a new and capital Character.

It was thus the good man instructed his children.

But, behold ! the enemy came in the night, and sowed tares !

Such an enemy had the harmless family of which Annesly was the head. It is ever to be regretted, that mischief is seldom so weak but that worth may be stung by it : in the present instance, however, it was supported by talents misapplied, and ingenuity perverted.

Sir Thomas Sindall enjoyed an estate of £5000 a year in Annesly's parish. His father left him, when but a child, possessed of an estate to the amount we have just mentioned, and of a very large sum of money besides, which his economy had saved him from its produce. His mother, though a very good woman, was a very bad parent ; she loved her son, as too many mothers do, with that instinctive affection which nature has

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bestowed on the lowest rank of creatures. She loved him as her son, though he inherited none of her virtues ; and because she happened to have no other child, she reared this in such a manner as was most likely to prevent the comfort he might have afforded herself, and the usefulness of which he might have been to society. In short, he did what he liked, at first, because his spirit should not be confined too early ; and afterwards he did what he liked, because it was past being confined at all.

But his temper was not altogether of that fiery kind, which some young men, so circumstanced, and so educated, are possessed of. There was a degree of prudence which grew up with him from a boy, that tempered the sallies of passion, to make its object more sure in the acquisition. When at school, he was always the conductor of mischief, though he did not often participate in its execution ; and his carriage to his master was such, that he was a favourite without any abilities as a scholar, and acquired a character for regularity, while his associates were daily flogged for transgressions, which he had guided in their progress, and enjoyed the fruits of in their completion. There sometimes arose suspicions of the reality ; but even those who discovered them mingled a certain degree of praise with their censure, and prophesied that he would be *A Man of the World*.

As he advanced in life, he fashioned his behaviour to the different humours of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood ; he hunted with the fox-hunters through the day, and drank

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with them in the evening. With these he diverted himself at the expense of the sober prigs, as he termed them who looked after the improvement of their estates when it was fair, and read a book within doors when it rained ; and to-morrow he talked on farming with this latter class, and ridiculed the hunting-phrases, and boisterous mirth, of his yesterday's companions. They were well pleased to laugh at one another, while he laughed in his sleeve at both. This was sometimes discovered, and people were going to be angry—but somebody said in excuse, that Sindall was *A Man of the World*.

While the Oxford terms lasted, (to which place he had gone in the course of modern education,) there were frequent reports in the country of the dissipated life he led ; it was even said, that he had disappeared from college for six weeks together, during which time he was suspected of having taken a trip to London with another man's wife ; this was only mentioned in a whisper ; it was loudly denied ; people doubted at first, and shortly forgot it. Some little extravagancies, they said, he might have been guilty of. It was impossible for a man of two-and-twenty to seclude himself altogether from company ; and you could not look for the temperance of a hermit in a young baronet of £5000 a year. It is indispensable for such a man to come forth into life a little ; with £5000 a year, one must be *A Man of the World*.

His first tutor, whose learning was as extensive as his manners were pure, left him in disgust ; sober people wondered at this ; but

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he was soon provided with another with whom he had got acquainted at Oxford; one whom every body declared to be much fitter for the tuition of young Sindall, being, like his pupil, *A Man of the World*.

But though his extravagance in squandering money, under the tuition of this gentleman, was frequently complained of, yet it was found that he was not altogether thoughtless of its acquisition. Upon the sale of an estate in his neighbourhood, it was discovered that a very advantageous mortgage, which had stood in the name of another, had been really transacted for the benefit of young Sindall. His prudent friends plumed themselves upon this intelligence; and, according to their use of the phrase, began to hope, that, after sowing his wild oats, Sir Thomas would turn out *A Man of the World*.]

CHAP. VIII.

The Footing on which he stood with Annesly and his Family.

THOUGH such a man as we have described, might be reckoned a valuable acquaintance by many, he was otherwise reckoned by Annesly: he had heard enough (though he had heard but part) of his character, to consider him as a dangerous neighbour; but it was impossible to avoid sometimes seeing him, from whose father he had got the living which he now occupied. There is no tax so heavy on a little man, as an acquaintance with a great one. Annesly had found this in the life-time of Sir William Sindall. He was

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one of those, whom the general voice pronounces to be a good sort of man, under which denomination I never look for much sense, or much delicacy. In fact, the baronet possessed but little of either; he lived hospitably for his own sake, as well as that of his guests, because he liked a good dinner and a bottle of wine after it; and in one part of hospitality he excelled, which was, the faculty of making every body drunk that had not uncommon fortitude to withstand his attacks. Annesly's cloth protected him from this last inconvenience; but it often drew from Sir William a set of jests, which his memory had enabled him to retain, and had passed through the heirs of his family, like their estate, down from the days of that monarch of facetious memory, Charles the Second.

Though to a man of Annesly's delicacy all this could not but be highly disagreeable, yet gratitude made him Sir William's guest often enough, to show that he had not forgot that attention which his past favours demanded; and Sir William recollected them from another motive; to wit, that they gave a sanction to those liberties he sometimes used with him who had received them. This might have been held sufficient to have cancelled the obligation; but Annesly was not wont to be directed by the easiest rules of virtue; the impression still remained, and it even descended to the son after the death of the father.

Sindall, therefore, was a frequent guest at his house; and, though it might have been imagined, that the dissipated mind of a young

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man of his fortune would have found but little delight in Annesly's humble shed, yet he seemed to enjoy its simplicity with the highest relish; he possessed indeed that pliancy of disposition that could wonderfully accommodate himself to the humour of every one around him; and he so managed matters in his visits to Annesly, that this last began to imagine the reports he had heard concerning him, to be either entirely false, or at least aggravated much beyond truth.

From what motive soever Sindall began these visits, he soon discovered a very strong inducement to continue them. Harriet Annesly was now arrived at the size, if not the age, of womanhood; and possessed an uncommon degree of beauty and elegance of form. In her face, joined to the most perfect symmetry of features, was a melting expression, suited to that sensibility of soul we have mentioned her to be endowed with. In her person, rather above the common size, she exhibited a degree of ease and gracefulness which nature alone had given, and art was not allowed to diminish. Upon such a woman Sindall could not look with indifference; and according to his principles of libertinism, he had marked her as a prey, which his situation gave him opportunities of pursuing, and which one day he could not fail to possess.

In the course of his acquaintance, he began to discover, that the softness of her soul was distant from simplicity, and that much art would be necessary to overcome a virtue, *which the hand of a parent had carefully fortified.* He assumed, therefore, the sem-

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blance of those tender feelings, which were most likely to gain the esteem of the daughter, while he talked with that appearance of candour and principle, which he thought necessary to procure him the confidence of the father. He would frequently confess, with a sigh, that his youth had been sometimes unwarily drawn into error; then grasp Annesly's hand, and looking earnestly in his face, beg him to strengthen by his counsel the good resolutions which, he thanked Heaven, he had been enabled to make. Upon the whole, he continued to gain such a degree of estimation with the family, that the young folks spoke of his seeming good qualities with pleasure, and their father mentioned his supposed foibles with regret.

CHAP. IX.

Young Annesly goes to Oxford. — The Friendship of Sindall. — Its Consequences.

UPON its being determined that young Annesly should go to Oxford, Sir Thomas showed him remarkable kindness and attention. He conducted him thither in his own carriage; and as his kinsman, to whose charge he was committed, happened accidentally to be for some time unable to assign him an apartment in his house, Sindall quitted his own lodging to accommodate him. To a young man newly launched into life, removed from the only society he had ever known, to another composed of strangers, such assiduity of notice could not be but highly pleasing; and in his

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letters to his father, he did not fail to set forth, in the strongest manner, the obligations he had to Sir Thomas. His father, whom years had taught wisdom, but whose warmth of gratitude they had not diminished, felt the favour as acutely as his son; nor did the foresight of meaner souls arise in his breast to abate its acknowledgment.

The hopes which he had formed of his Billy were not disappointed. He very soon distinguished himself in the university for learning and genius; and in the correspondence of his kinsman, were recited daily instances of the notice which his parts attracted. But his praise was cold in comparison with Sindall's; he wrote to Annesly of his young friend's acquirements and abilities, in a strain of enthusiastic encomium; and seemed to speak the language of his own enjoyment, at the applause of others which he repeated. It was on this side that Annesly's soul was accessible; for on this side lay that pride which is the weakness of all. On this side did Sindall overcome it.

From those very qualities also which he applauded in the son, he derived the temptation with which he meant to seduce him: for such was the plan of exquisite mischief he had formed, besides the common desire of depravity to make proselytes from innocence, he considered the virtue of the brother as that structure, on the ruin of which he was to accomplish the conquest of the sister's. He introduced him, therefore, into the company of *some* of the most artful of his own associates, who loudly echoed the praises he

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lavished on his friend, and showed, or pretended to show, that value for his acquaintance, which was the strongest recommendation of their own. The diffidence which Annesly's youth and inexperience had at first laid upon his mind, they removed by the encouragement which their approbation of his opinions bestowed; and he found himself indebted to them both for an ease of delivering his sentiments, and the reputation which their suffrages conferred upon him.

For all this, however, they expected a return; and Annesly had not fortitude to deny it—an indulgence for some trivial irregularities which they now and then permitted to appear in their conversation. At first their new acquaintance took no notice of them at all; he found that he could not approve, and it would have hurt him to condemn. By degrees he began to allow them his laugh, though his soul was little at ease under the gayety which his features assumed; once or twice, when the majority against him appeared to be small, he ventured to argue, though with a caution of giving offence, against some of the sentiment she heard. Upon these occasions Sindall artfully joined him in the argument, but they were always overcome. He had to deal with men who were skilled, by a mere act of the memory, in all the sophisms which voluptuaries have framed to justify the unbounded pursuit of pleasure; and those who had not learning to argue, had assurance to laugh. Yet Annesly's conviction was not changed; but the edge of his abhorrence to vice was blunted; and though his virtue kept

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her post, she found herself galled in maintaining it.

It was not till some time after, that they ventured to solicit his participation of their pleasures; and it was not till after many solicitations that his innocence was overcome. But the progress of their victories was rapid after his first defeat; and he shortly attained the station of experienced vice, and began to assume a superiority from the undauntedness with which he practised it.

But it was necessary, the while, to deceive that relation under whose inspection his father had placed him; in truth, it was no very hard matter to deceive him. He was a man of that abstracted disposition, that is seldom conversant with any thing around it. Simplicity of manners was, in him, the effect of an apathy in his constitution, (increased by constant study,) that was proof against all violence of passion or desire; and he thought, if he thought of the matter at all, that all men were like himself, whose indolence could never be overcome by the pleasure of pursuit, or the joys of attainment. Besides all this, Mr. Lumley, that tutor of Sindall's whom we have formerly mentioned, was a man the best calculated in the world for lulling his suspicions asleep, if his nature had ever allowed them to arise. This man, whose parts were of that pliable kind that easily acquire a superficial knowledge of every thing, possessed the talent of hypocrisy as deeply as the desire of pleasure; and while in reality he was the most profligate of men, he had that command of passion

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which never suffered it to intrude where he could wish it concealed; he preserved, in the opinion of Mr. Jephson, the gravity of a studious and contemplative character, which was so congenial to his own; and he would often rise from a metaphysical discussion with the old gentleman, leaving him in admiration of the depth of his reading, and the acuteness of his parts, to join the debauch of Sindall and his dissolute companions.

By his assistance, therefore, Annesly's dissipation was effectually screened from the notice of his kinsman; Jephson was even prevailed on, by false suggestions, to write to the country continued eulogiums on his sobriety and application to study; and the father, who was happy in believing him, inquired no farther.

CHAP. X.

A very gross Attempt is made on Annesly's Honour.

SINDALL having brought the mind of his proselyte to that conformity of sentiment to which he had thus laboured to reduce it, ventured to discover to him the passion he had conceived for his sister. The occasion, however, on which he discovered it, was such as he imagined gave him some title to listened to.

Annesly had an allowance settled on him by his father, rather in truth above what his circumstances might warrant with propriety; as the feelings of the good man's heart

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were in every virtuous purpose, somewhat beyond the limitations of his fortune, he inclined rather to pinch himself, than to stop any channel through which advantage might flow to his son; and meant his education and his manners to be in every respect liberal and accomplished.

But this allowance ill sufficed to gratify the extravagance which his late connexion had taught him; he began very soon to know a want of which he had never hitherto experienced: at first, this not only limited his pleasures, but began to check the desire of them, and in some measure served to awaken that sense of contrition which their rotation had before overcome. But Sindall took care that he should not be thus left to reflection and as soon as he guessed the cause, prevented its continuance by an immediate supply, offered, and indeed urged, with all open warmth of disinterested friendship. From being accustomed to receive, Anne at last overcame the shame of asking, applied repeatedly for sums, under the denomination of loans, for the payment of which he could only draw upon contingency. necessities were the more frequent amongst other arts of pleasure which he lately acquired, that of gaming had not omitted.

Having one night lost a sum considerable above what he was able to pay, to a member of their society with whom he was in degree of intimacy, he gave him his note the next morning, (for this was a regulated limitation of their credit,) the

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knew that to-morrow would find him as poor as to-night. On these particular occasions, when his hours would have been so highly irregular, that they could not escape the censure of Mr. Jephson or his family, he used to pretend, that for the sake of disentangling some point of study with Sindall and his tutor, he had passed the night with them at their lodgings, and what small portion of it was allowed for sleep he did actually spend there. After this loss, therefore, he accompanied Sindall home, and could not, it may well be supposed, conceal from him the chagrin it occasioned. His friend, as usual, advanced him money for discharging the debt. Annesly, who never had had occasion to borrow so much from him before, expressed his sorrow at the necessity which his honour laid him under, of accepting so large a sum. "Poh!" answered Sindall, "'tis but a trifle, and what a man must now and then lose to be thought genteely of." "Yes, if his fortune can afford it," said the other gloomily. "Ay, there's the rub," returned his friend, "that fortune should have constituted an inequality where nature made none. How just is the complaint of Jaffier.

'Tell me why, good Heaven!
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the split,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man?'

That such should be the lot of my friend, I can regret—thanks to my better stars, I can more than regret it. What is the value of this dross (*holding a handful of gold*) but to

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make the situation of merit level with its deservings? Yet, believe me, there are wants which riches cannot remove, desires which sometimes they cannot satisfy; even at this moment, your seeming happy Sindall, in whose lap fortune has poured her blessings, has his cares, my Annesly, has his inquietudes, which need the hand of friendship to comfort and to soothe."

Annesly, with all the warmth of his nature, insisted on partaking his uneasiness, that if he could not alleviate, he might at least console with his distress.

Sindall embraced him. "I know your friendship," said he, "and I will put it to the proof. You have a sister, the lovely, the adorable Harriet; she has robbed me of that peace which the smile of fortune cannot restore, as her frown has been unable to take away! Did you know the burning of this bosom! But I speak unthinkingly what perhaps my delicacy should not have whispered, even in the ear of friendship. Pardon me—the ardour of a love like mine may be forgiven some extravagance."

Annesly's eyes sufficiently testified his inward satisfaction at this discovery; but he recollected the dignity which his situation required, and replied calmly, "that he pretended no guidance of his sister's inclinations; that his own gratitude for Sir Thomas' favours he had ever loudly declared; and that he knew his sister felt enough on his account, to make the introduction of her brother's friend a more than usually favourable one."

"But my situation," returned Sindall, "is

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extremely particular ; you have heard my opinions on the score of love often declared ; and, trust me, they are the genuine sentiments of my heart. The trammels of form, which the unfeeling custom of the world has thrown upon the freedom of mutual affection, are insupportable to that fineness of soul, to which restraint and happiness are terms of opposition. Let my mistress be my mistress still, with all the privileges of a wife, without a wife's indifference, or a wife's disquiet.—My fortune, the property of her and her friends, but that liberty alone reserved, which is the strongest bond of the affection she would wish to possess from me.”—He looked stedfastly in Annesly's face, which, by this time, began to assume every mark of resentment and indignation. He eyed him askant with an affected smile : “You smile, Sir,” said Annesly, whose breath was stifled by the swelling of his heart—Sindall laughed aloud : “I am a wretched hypocrite,” said he, “and could contain myself no longer.” “So you were but in jest, it seems,” replied the other, settling his features into a dry composure. “My dear Annesly,” returned he, “had you but seen the countenance this trial of mine gave you ; it would have made a picture worthy of the gallery of Florence. I wanted to have a perfect idea of surprise, indignation, struggling friendship, and swelling honour, and I think I succeeded.—But I keep you from your rest—Good night.”—And he walked out of the room.

Annesly had felt too much to be able to re-

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sign himself speedily to rest. He could not but think this joke of his friend rather a serious one; yet he had seen him sometimes carry this species of wit to a very extraordinary length; but the indelicacy of the present instance was not easily to be accounted for—he doubted, believed, was angry and pacified by turns; the remembrance of his favours arose; they arose at first in a form that added to the malignity of the offence; then the series in which they had been bestowed, seemed to plead on the other side. At last, when worn by the fighting of contrary emotions, he looked forward to the consequences of a rupture with Sindall; the pleasures of that society of which he was the leader, the habitual tie which it had got on Annesly's soul, prevailed; for he had by this time lost that satisfaction which was wont to flow from himself. He shut his mind against the suggestions of any further suspicion, and, with that winking cowardice, which many mistake for resolution, was resolved to trust him for his friend, whom it would have hurt him to consider as an enemy.

Sindall, on the other hand, discovered that the youth was not so entirely at his disposal as he had imagined him; and that though he was proselyte enough to be wicked, he must be led a little farther to be useful.

CHAP. XI.

Annesly gives farther Proofs of Depravity of Manners.—The Effect it has on his Father, and the Consequences with regard to his Connexion with Sindall.

To continue that train of dissipation in which their pupil had been initiated, was the business of Sindall and his associates. Though they contrived, as we have before mentioned, to escape the immediate notice of Mr. Jephson, yet the eyes of others could not be so easily blinded; the behaviour of Annesly began to be talked of for its irregularity, and the more so, for the change which he had undergone from that simplicity of manners which he had brought with him to Oxford. And some one, whether from regard to him, or what other motive, I know not, informed his kinsman of what every one but his kinsman suspected.

Upon this information, he gave the young man a lecture in the usual terms of admonition; but an effort was always painful to him, in which the office was more agreeable than that of reproof. He had recourse, therefore, to the assistance of his fellow-philosopher Mr. Lumley, whom he informed of the counts he had received of Annesly's impudence, and intreated to take the proper measures, from his influence with the young gentleman, to make him sensible of the impropriety of his past conduct, and to prevent continuance for the future.

Lumley expressed his surprise at this intel-

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ligence with unparalleled command of features: regretted the too prevailing dissipation of youth, affected to doubt the truth of the accusation, but promised, at the same time, to make the proper inquiries into the fact, and take the most prudent method of preventing a consequence so dangerous, as that of drawing from the road of his duty, one whom he believed to be possessed of so many good qualities as Mr. Annesly.

Whether Mr. Lumley employed his talents towards his reformation, or degeneracy, it is certain that Annesly's conduct betrayed many marks of the latter. At last, in an hour of intoxication, having engaged in a quarrel with one of his companions, it produced consequences so notorious, that the proctor could not fail to take notice of it; and that officer of the university, having interposed his authority, in a manner which the humour of Annesly, inflammable as it then was, could not brook, he broke forth into some extravagancies so personally offensive, that when the matter came to be canvassed, nothing short of expulsion was talked of as a punishment for the offence.

It was then that Mr. Jephson first informed his father of those irregularities which his son had been guilty of. His father, indeed, from the discontinuance of that gentleman's correspondence much beyond the usual time, had begun to make some unfavourable conjectures; but he accounted for this neglect from many different causes; and when once his ingenuity had taken that side of the argument, it quickly found means to convince him,

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that his kinsman's silence could not be imputed to any fault of his son.

It was at the close of one of their solitary meals that this account of Jephson's happened to reach Annesly and his daughter. Harriet never forgot her Billy's health, and she had now filled her father's glass, to the accustomed pledge, when the servant brought them a letter with the Oxford mark on it. Read it, my love, said Annesly with a smile, while he began to blame his suspicions at the silence of his kinsman. Harriet began reading accordingly, but she had scarce got through the first sentence, when the matter it contained rendered her voice inarticulate. Her father took the letter out of her hand, and, after perusing it, he put it in his pocket, keeping up a look of composure amidst the anguish with which his heart was wrung. "Alas!" said Harriet, "what has my brother done?" He pressed her involuntarily to his bosom, and it was then that he could not restrain his tears—"Your brother, my love, has forgotten the purity which here is happiness, and I fear has ill exchanged it for what the world calls pleasure; but this is the first of his wanderings, and we will endeavour to call him back into the path he has left. Reach me the pen, ink, and paper, my love."—"I will go," said she, sobbing, "and pray for him the while." Annesly sat down to write.—"My dearest boy!"—'twas a movement grown mechanical to his pen—he dashed through the words, and a tear fell on the place;—ye know not, ye who revel in the wantonness of dissipation, and scoff at the solicitude of parental affec-

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tion! ye know not the agony of such a tear; else—ye are men, and it were beyond the depravity of nature.

It was not till after more than one blotted scrawl, that he was able to write, what the man might claim, and the parent should approve. The letter which he at last determined to send was of the following tenor:

“MY SON,

“With anguish I write what I trust will be read with contrition. I am not skilled in the language of rebuke, and it was once my pride to have such a son that I needed not to acquire it. If he has not lost the feelings by which the silent sorrows of a father’s heart are understood, I shall have no need of words to recal him from that conduct by which they are caused. In the midst of what he will now term pleasure, he may have forgotten the father and the friend; let this tear with which my paper is blotted, awaken his remembrance; it is not the first I have shed; but it is the first which flowed from my affliction mingled with disgrace. Had I been only weeping for my son, I should have found some melancholy comfort to support me; while I blush for him I have no consolation.

“But the future is yet left to him and to me; let the reparation be immediate, as the wrong was great, that the tongue which speaks of your shame may be stopt with the information of your amendment.”

He had just finished this letter when Harriet entered the room: “Will my dear papa forgive me,” said she, “if I enclose a few lines under this cover?”

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"Forgive you, my dear, it cannot offend me." She laid her hand on his letter, and looked as if she would have said something more; he pressed her hand in his; a tear, which had just budded in her eye, now dropped to the ground. "You have not been harsh to my Billy;" she blushed as she spoke; and her father kissed her cheek as it blushed.—She enclosed the following note to her brother:

"Did my dearest Billy but know the sorrow which he has given the most indulgent of fathers, he could not less than his Harriet regret the occasion of it.

"But things may be represented worse than they really are—I am busy at framing excuses; but I will say nothing more on a subject, which, by this time, my brother must have thought enough on.

"Alas! that you should leave this seat of innocent delight; but men were made for bustle and society; yet we might have been happy here together: there are in other hearts, wishes which they call ambition; mine shrinks at the thought, and would shelter for ever amidst the sweets of this humble spot. Would that its partner were here to taste them! the shrub-walk you marked out through the little grove, I have been careful to trim in your absence—'tis wild, melancholy, and thoughtful. It is there that I think most of my Billy.

"But at this time, besides his absence, there is another cause to allay the pleasure which the beauties of nature should bestow. My dear papa is far from being well. He has no fixed complaint; but he looks thin and pale.

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and his appetite is almost entirely gone he will not let me say that he ails, my brother! I dare not think more than, Would you were here to comfort me ; mean time, remember your ever affect

HARRIS

Annesly was just about to dispatch letters, when he received one expressed in the most sympathising terms from Sir T Sindall. That young gentleman addressing him in the tenderest manner, on the pain a father must feel for the errors of his children, administered the only comfort then left to administer, by representing, that Annesly's fault had been exaggerated beyond the truth, and that it was owing to the effects of a warm temper accidentally inflamed with liquor, and probably by some degree of insolence in the officer to whom the outrage had been offered. He particularly regretted that his present disposition towards sobriety had prevented his being present at that meeting, in which he said, he was pretty certain this affair had never happened ; that as it was the only thing left for his friendship to do, to amend what it had not lain within his power to prevent ; and he begged, as a testimony of the old gentleman's regard, that he would honour him so far as to commit to his care of setting matters to rights with respect to the character of his son, which he was to be soon able effectually to restore.

The earliest consolation which a man receives after any calamity, is hallowed for *in his regard*, as a benighted traveller

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the dog, whose barking first announced him to be near the habitations of men. It was so with Annesly; his unsuspecting heart overflowed with gratitude towards this friend of his son, and he grew lavish of his confidence towards him, in proportion as he recollected having once (in his present opinion unjustly) denied it.

He returned, therefore, an answer to Sir Thomas, with all those genuine expressions of acknowledgment, which the honest emotions of his soul could dictate. He accepted, as the greatest obligation, that concern which he took in the welfare of his son, and cheerfully reposed on his care the trust which his friendship desired; and, as a proof of it, he enclosed to him the letter he had wrote to William, to be delivered at what time, and enforced in what manner, his prudence should suggest.

CHAP. XII.

The Plan which Sindall forms for obliterating the Stain which the Character of his Friend had suffered.

SIR Thomas did accordingly deliver this letter of Annesly's to his son; and as the penitence which the young man then felt for his recent offence, made the assumption of a character of sobriety proper, he accompanied this paternal remonstrance with advices of his own, dictated alike by friendship and prudence.

They were at this time, indeed, but little necessary; in the interval between the pa-

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roxysms of pleasure and dissipation, genuine feelings of his nature had time arise; and, awakened as they now were by the letters of his father and sister, the voice was irresistible. He kissed the signature of their names a thousand times, and weeping on Sindall's neck, imprecated the wrath of Heaven on his own head, that could thus heap affliction on the age of the best of parents.

—He expressed at the same time his intention of leaving Oxford, and returning home, as an immediate instance of his desire of reformation. Sir Thomas, though he gave all the praise to this purpose which its filial piety deserved, yet doubted the propriety of putting it in execution. He said, that in the little circles of the country, Annesly's penitence would not so immediately blot out his offence, but that the weak and the illiberal would shun the contagion, as it were, of his company, and that he would meet every day with affronts and neglects, which the sincerity of his repentance ill deserved, and his consciousness of that sincerity might not easily brook. He told him, that a young gentleman, a friend of his, who was just going to set out on a tour abroad, had but a few days before written to him, desiring his recommendation of somebody, with the manners and education of a gentleman, to accompany him on his travels, and that he believed he could easily procure that station for his friend, which would have the double advantage of removing him from the obloquy to which the late accident had subjected him, and of improving

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him in every respect, by the opportunity it would give of observing the laws, customs, and polity of our neighbours on the Continent.

While the depression produced by Annesly's consciousness of his offences remained strong upon his mind, this proposal met with no very warm reception; but, in proportion as the comfort and encouragement of his friend prevailed, the ambition which a man of his age naturally feels to see something of the world, began to speak in its behalf; he mentioned, however, the consent of his father as an indispensable preliminary. This Sir Thomas allowed to be just; and showing him that confidential letter which the old gentleman had written him, undertook to mention this scheme for his approbation in the answer he intended making to it. In this, too, was enclosed his young friend's return to the letters of his father and sister, which were contained in the preceding chapter, full of that contrition which, at the time, he really felt, and of those good resolutions which, at the time, he sincerely formed. As to the matter of his going abroad, he only touched on it as a plan of Sir Thomas Sindall's, whose friendship had dictated the proposal, and whose judgment of its expediency his own words were to contain.

His father received it, not without those pangs, which the thought of separation from a son on whom the peace of his soul rested must cause; but he examined it with that impartiality which his wisdom suggested in every thing that concerned his children; "My own satisfaction," he would often say, "was

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for its object only the few years of a waning life ; the situation of my children, my hopes would extend to the importance of a much longer period." He held the balance, therefore, in an even hand ; the arguments of Sindall had much of the specious, as his inducement to use them had much of the friendly. The young gentleman whom Billy was to accompany, had connexions of such weight in the state, that the fairest prospects seemed to open from their patronage ; nor could the force of that argument be denied, which supposed conveniency in the change of place to Annesly at the present, and improvement for the future. There were not, however, wanting some considerations of reason to side with a parent's tears against the journey ; but Sindall had answers for them all ; and at last he wrung from him his slow leave, on condition that William should return home, for a single day, to bid the last farewell to his father and his Harriet.

Meantime, the punishment of Annesly's late offence in the university was mitigated by the interest of Sindall, and the intercession of Mr. Jephson. Expulsion, which had before been insisted on, was changed into a sentence of less indignity, to wit, that of being publicly reprimanded by the head of the college to which he belonged ; after submitting to which, he set out, accompanied by Sir Thomas, to bid adieu to his father's house, preparatory to his going abroad.

His father, at meeting, touched on his late *irregularities* with that delicacy, of which a *good mind* cannot divest itself, even amidst the

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purposed severity of reproof; and, having thus far sacrificed to justice and parental authority, he opened his soul to all that warmth of affection which his Billy had always experienced; nor was the mind of his son yet so perverted by his former course of dissipation, as to be insensible to that sympathy of feelings which this indulgence should produce. The tear which he offered to it was the sacrifice of his heart wrung by the recollection of the past, and swelling with the purpose of the future.

When the morning of his departure arrived, he stole softly into his father's chamber, meaning to take leave of him without being seen by his sister, whose tenderness of soul could not easily bear the pangs of a solemn farewell. He found his father on his knees. The good man, rising with that serene dignity of aspect which those sacred duties ever conferred on him, turned to his son: "You go, my boy," said he, "to a distant land, far from the guidance and protection of your earthly parent; I was recommending you to the care of Him who is at all times present with you; though I am not superstitious, yet I confess I feel something about me as if I should never see you more; if these are my last words, let them be treasured in your remembrance.—Live as becomes a man and a Christian; live as becomes him who is to live for ever!"

As he spoke, his daughter entered the room. "Ah! my Billy," said she, "could you have been so cruel as to go without seeing *your Harriet*? it would have broken my

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heart! Oh! I have much to say, and many farewells to take; yet now, methinks I can say nothing, and scarce dare bid you farewell!"—"My children," interrupted her father, "in this cabinet is a present I have always intended for each of you; and this, which is perhaps the last time we shall meet together, I think the fittest to bestow them. Here, my Harriet, is a miniature of that angel your mother; imitate her virtues, and be happy.—Here, my Billy, is its counterpart, a picture of your father; whatever he is, Heaven knows his affection to you; let that endear the memorial, and recommend that conduct to his son, which will make his father's grey hairs go down to the grave in peace!" Tears were the only answer that either could give. Annesly embraced his son, and blessed him. Harriet blubbered on his neck! Twice he offered to go, and twice the agony of his sister pulled him back; at last she flung herself into the arms of her father, who beckoning to Sir Thomas Sindall, just then arrived, to carry off his companion, that young gentleman, who was himself not a little affected with the scene, took his friend by the hand, and led him to the carriage that waited them.

CHAP. XIII.

He reaches London, where he remains longer than was expected.—The Effects of his stay there.

IN a few days Annesly and his friend the baronet arrived in the metropolis. His father had been informed, that the gentleman

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whom he was to accompany in his travels was to meet him in that city, where they proposed to remain only a week or two, for the purpose of seeing any thing curious in town, and of settling some points of accommodation on their route through the countries they meant to visit; an intelligence he confessed very agreeable to him, because he knew the temptations to which a young man is exposed by a life of idleness in London.

But, in truth, the intention of Sir Thomas Sindall never was, that his present pupil (if we may so call him) should travel any farther. The young gentleman, for whose companion he had pretended to engage Annesly, was indeed to set out very soon after on the tour of Europe; but he had already been provided with a travelling governor, who was to meet him upon his arrival at Calais, (for the air of England agreed so ill with this gentleman's constitution, that he never crossed the channel.) and who had made the same journey several times before with some English young men of great fortunes, whom he had the honour of returning to their native country, with the same sovereign contempt for it, that he himself entertained. The purpose of Sindall was merely to remove the son to a still greater distance from his father, and to a scene where his own plan, of entire conversion, should meet with every aid which the society of the idle and the profligate could give it.

For some time, however, he found the disposition of Annesly averse to his designs. The figure of his father venerable in virtue,

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of his sister lovely in innocence, were printed on his mind; and the variety of public places of entertainment to which Thomas conducted him, could not immediately efface the impression.

But as their novelty at first delighted, their frequency at last subdued him; his mind began to accustom itself to the hurry of thoughtless amusement, and to feel a painful vacancy, when the bustle of the scene was at any time changed for solitude. The unrestrained warmth and energy of his temper yielded up his understanding of reformation to the society of the dissolute, because it caught the fervour of the present moment, before reason could pause on the disposal of the next; and, by the industry of Sindall, he found every day a set of friends, among whom the most engaging were always the most licentious, and joined to every thing which the good detest, every thing which the unthinking admire. I have often, indeed, been tempted to imagine that there is something unfortunate, if not blameable, in that harshness and austerity which virtue too often assumes; and have seen, with regret, some excellent men, the authority of whose wit, might have retained many a deserter under the banners of goodness, lose all that power of service by the unbending distance which they kept from the little pleasantries and sweetness of life. This conduct may be safe, but there is something ungenerous and cowardly in it; to keep their forces,

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like an over-cautious commander, in fastnesses and fortified towns, while they suffer the enemy to waste and ravage the campaign. Praise is indeed due to him who can any way preserve his integrity; but surely the heart that can retain it, even while it opens to all the warmth of social feeling, will be an offering more acceptable in the eye of Heaven.

Annesly was distant from any counsel or example, that might counterbalance the contagious influence of the dissolute society with which his time was now engrossed; but his seduction was not complete, till the better principles which his soul still retained, were made accessory to its accomplishment.

Sindall procured a woman infamous enough for his purpose, the cast mistress of one of his former companions, whom he tutored to invent a plausible story of distress and misfortune, which he contrived in a manner seemingly accidental, to have communicated to Annesly. His native compassion, and his native warmth, were interested in her sufferings, and her wrongs; and he applauded himself for the protection which he afforded her, while she was the abandoned instrument of his undoing. After having retained, for some time, the purity of her guardian and protector, in an hour of intoxication, he ventured to approach her on a looser footing; and she had afterwards the address to make him believe, that the weakness of her gratitude had granted to him, what to any other her virtue would have refused; and during the criminal intercourse in which he lived with

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her, she continued to maintain a character of affection and tenderness, which might excuse the guilt of her own conduct, and account for the infatuation of his.

In this fatal connexion, every remembrance of that weeping home which he had so lately left, with the resolutions of penitence and reformation, was erased from his mind; or, if at times it intruded, it came not that gentle guest, at whose approach his bosom used to be thrilled with reverence and love, but approached in the form of some ungracious monitor, whose business was to banish pleasure, and awaken remorse; and therefore the next amusement, folly, or vice, was called in to his aid to banish and expel it. As it was sometimes necessary to write to his father, he fell upon an expedient, even to save himself the pain of thinking so long as that purpose required, on a subject now grown so irksome to him, and employed that woman, in whose toils he was thus shamefully entangled, to read the letters he received, and dictate such answers as her cunning could suggest, to mislead the judgment of his unsuspecting parent.

All this while Sindall artfully kept so much aloof, as to preserve, even with the son, something of that character which he had acquired with the father. He was often absent from parties of remarkable irregularity, and sometimes ventured a gentle censure on his friend or having been led into them. But while he seemed to check their continuance under this mask of prudence, he encouraged it in the port he made of the voice of others; for while

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the scale of character for temperance, sobriety, and morals, sinks on one side, there is a balance of fame in the mouths of part of the world rising on the other. Annesly could bear to be told of his spirit, his generosity, and his honour.

CHAP. XIV.

He Feels the Distresses of Poverty — He is put on a Method of Relieving them. — An Account of its Success.

THE manner of life which Annesly now pursued without restraint, was necessarily productive of such expense as he could very ill afford. But the craft of his female associate was not much at a loss for pretences to make frequent demands on the generosity of his father. The same excuses which served to account for his stay in London, in some measure apologized for the largeness of the sums he drew for; if it was necessary for him to remain there, expense, if not unavoidable was at least difficult to be avoided; and for the causes of his stay in that city, he had only to repeat the accounts which he daily received from Sindall, of various accidents which obliged his young friend to postpone his intended tour.

Though in the country there was little opportunity of knowing the town irregularities of Annesly, yet there were not wanting surmises of it among some, of which it is likely his father might have heard enough to alarm him, had he not been at this time in such a state of health as prevented him from much society with his neighbours; a slow aguish

disorder, which followed those symptoms, her daughter's letter to her brother had done, having confined him to his chamber, and kept him constantly from the time of his son's death.

Annesly had still some blushes when he had pushed his father's in the article of supply, as far as share allow him, he looked round for some source whence present relief might be obtained without daring to consider how the affairs of the future should be cancelled. He at last for some time answered his exigencies with reluctance; but at last he informed his father, said, with regret, that he could not under particular circumstances afford him any immediate juncture, any farther than a small sum, which he then handed to Annesly's hands, and which the very next day was squandered by the prodigality of the young man.

The next morning he rose without any consideration how the wants of the day were to be supplied, and strolling out into one of his usual walks, gave himself up to all the reflections which the retrospect of the past, and the view of the present, suggested. But he was struck by that contrition which results from intense sorrow for our offences; his soul was visited by that gloomy demon, who looks on the sufferings and anguish of their punishment, and accuses the hand of Providence for calamity which has occasioned.

In this situation he was met by one of his new acquired friends, who was walking in the park, the impression of last night's riot. The holiness of his countenance was so evident

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servable, that it could not escape the notice of his companion, who rallied him on the seriousness of his aspect, in the cant phrase of those brutes of our species, who are professed enemies to the faculty of thinking. Though Annesly's pride for a while kept him silent, it was at last overcome by the other's importunity, and he confessed the desperation of his circumstances to be the cause of his present depression. His companion, whose purse, as himself informed Annesly, had been flushed by the success of the preceding night, animated by the liberality which attends sudden good fortune, freely offered him the use of twenty pieces till better times should enable him to repay them. "But," said he gayly, "it is a shame for a fellow of your parts to want money, when fortune has provided so many rich fools for the harvest of the wise and the industrious. If you'll allow me to be your conductor this evening, I will show you where, by the traffic of your wits, in a very short time you may convert these twenty guineas into fifty." "At play," replied Annesly coolly. "Ay, at play," returned the other, "and fair play too; 'tis the only profession left for a man of spirit and honour to pursue; to cheat as a merchant, to quibble as a lawyer, or to cant as a churchman, is confined to fellows who have no fire, and a fair throw for it, and then for the life of a lord, or the death of a gentleman." "I have had but little experience in the profession," said Annesly, "and should but

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throw away your money." "Never fear," replied the other; "do but mark me, and I will ensure you; I will show you our men; pigeons, mere pigeons, by Jupiter!"

It was not for a man of Annesly's situation to baulk the promise of such a golden opportunity; they dined together, and afterwards repaired to a gaming-house, where Annesly's companion introduced him as a friend of his just arrived from the country, to several young gentlemen, who seemed to be waiting his arrival.—"I promised you your revenge," said he, "my dears, and you shall have it; some of my friend's lady-day rents, too, have accompanied him to London: if you win you shall wear them. To business, to business."

In the course of their play, Annesly, though but moderately skilled in the game, discovered that the company to whom he had been introduced were in reality such bubbles as his companion had represented them; after being heated by some small success in the beginning, they began to bet extravagantly against every calculation of chances; and in an hour or two, his associate and he had stripped them of a very considerable sum, of which his own share though much the smaller, was upwards of threescore guineas. When they left the house, he offered his conductor the sum he had lent him, with a profusion of thanks both for the use and the improvement of it. "No, my boy," said he, "not now; your note is sufficient; I will rather call for it when I am at a pinch; you see now the road to wealth and

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independence; you will meet me here to-morrow." He promised to meet him accordingly.

They had been but a few minutes in the room this second night, when a gentleman entered, whom the company saluted with the appellation of Squire; the greater part of them seemed to be charmed with his presence, but the countenance of Annesly's companion fell at his approach; "Damn him," said he in a whisper to Annesly, "he's a knowing one."

In some degree, indeed, he deserved the title, for he had attained from pretty long experience, assisted by natural quickness of parts, a considerable knowledge in the science; and in strokes of genius, at games where genius was required, was excelled by few. But after all, he was far from being successful in the profession; nature intended him for something better; and as he spoiled wit, an orator, and perhaps a poet, by turning gambler, so he often spoiled a gambler by the ambition, which was not yet entirely quenched, of shining occasionally in those characters. And as a companion, he was too pleasing, and too well-pleased, to expect that cool indifference which is the characteristic of him who should always be possessed of himself, and consider every other only as the sponge from whom he is to squeeze advantage.

To the present party, however, he was unquestionably superior; and, of course, in short time began to levy large contributions, not only on the more inexperienced,

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whom Annesly and his co-
ed for their own booty, but
two gentlemen themselves
of the former evening we
nishing before the superior
antagonist.

But in the midst of his
interrupted by the arrival of
man, who seemed also to be
character in this temple of
saluted by the familiar name of
This man possessed an unmove
of temper and aspect; and th
he was of no very superior ab
acquired the reputation both
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think on his own interest, and
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which led to it, unsecluded by one
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Weakness.

In the article of gaming, wh
early pitched on as the means o
ment, he had availed himself of th
and saturnine complexion, to ac
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which indeed he had attained to a
markable degree of perfection.

Opposed to this man, even the sk
hitherto-successful squire was una
and consequently, he not only stripp
gentleman of the gains he had ma
gleaned whatever he had left in the
of the inferior members of the party, a
whom Annesly and his associates w
duced to their last guinea.

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This they agreed to spend together at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where they cursed fortune, their spoiler, and themselves, in all the bitterness of rage and disappointment. Annesly did not seek to account for their losses otherwise than in the real way, to wit, from the superior skill of their adversary; but his companion, who often boasted of his own, threw out some insinuations of foul play and connivance.

"If I thought that," said Annesly, laying his hand on his sword, while his cheeks burnt with indignation,—*"Poh!"* replied the other, *"'tis in vain to be angry; here's damnation to him in a bumper."*

The other did not fail his pledge; and by a liberal application to the bottle, they so far overcame their losses, that Annesly reeled home, singing a catch, forgetful of the past, and regardless of to-morrow.

CHAP. XV.

Another Attempt to retrieve his Circumstances, the Consequences of which are still more Fatal.

THOUGH the arrival of to-morrow might be overlooked, it could not be prevented. Annesly, one of the most wretched of mankind. Poverty, embittered by disgrace, now approaching him, who knew of no other way to ward off the blow, and had no confidence in himself by which it might be averted: if any thing could add to his present distress, it was increased by the absence of his friend, who was then in the country, and

herself had caused, and the extent herself had participated.

About mid-day, his last night's sufferer paid him a visit; their mutual meeting, from the recollection of the tune which it produced, was evident countenances; but it was not increased, when the other told Ann came to put him in mind of the sum advanced him two days before, for he had now very particular occasion.

He answered, that he had frankly told the state of his finances at the time of the loan, and accepted it on no condition of payment; that he had, that same day, offered to repay him when it was in his power, and that he could not but think the conduct ungentleman-like, at a time when he knew his utter inability to comply with the demand.

"Ungentlemanlike!" said the other, "I don't understand what you mean, such a phrase: will you pay me now or not?"—"I cannot."—"Then, I must expect me to employ some gentleman for the recovery of it, who will speak

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fineries his lady, as he termed her, had purchased; he was, with difficulty, dismissed.— In a quarter of an hour there was another call—"Twas a dun of a tailor for clothes to himself—he would take no excuse—"Come," said Annesly, with a look of desperation, "to-morrow morning, and I will pay you."

But how?—he stared wildly on the ground, then knocked his head against the wall, and acted all the extravagancies of a madman. At last, with a more settled horror in his eye, he put on his sword, and without knowing whither he should go, sallied into the street.

He happened to meet in his way some of those boon companions, with whom his nights of jollity had been spent; but their terms of salutation were so cold and forbidding, as obviously to show that the account of his circumstances had already reached them; and, with them, he who had every thing to ask, and nothing to bestow, could possess no quality attractive of regard. After sauntering from street to street, and from square to square, he found himself, towards the close of the day, within a few paces of that very gaming-house where he had been so unfortunate the evening before. A sort of malicious curiosity, and some hope of he knew not what, tempted him to re-enter it. He found much the same company he had seen the preceding night, with the exception, however, of his former associate, and one or two of the younger members of their party, whom the same cause prevented from attending.

Strolling into another room, he found a

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inferior set of gamesters, whose stakes were lower, though their vociferation was infinitely more loud. In the far corner sat a man, who preserved a composure of countenance, undisturbed by the clamour and confusion that surrounded him. After a little observation, Annesly discovered that he was a money-lender, who advanced certain sums at a very exorbitant premium to the persons engaged in the play. Some of those he saw, who could offer no other security satisfying to this usurer, procure a few guineas from him, on pawning a watch, ring, or some other appendage of former finery. Of such he had before divested himself for urgent demands, and had nothing superfluous about him but his sword, which he had kept the latest, and which he had now deposited in the hands of the old gentleman in the corner, who furnished him with a couple of pieces upon it, that with them he might once more try his fortune at the table.

The success exceeded his expectation; it was so rapid, that in less than an hour he had increased his two guineas to forty, with which he determined to retire contented; but when he would have redeemed his sword, he was informed that the keeper of it was just gone into the other room, where, as he entered to demand it, he unfortunately overheard the same gentleman who had gained his money the former night, offering a bet, to the amount of the sum Annesly then possessed, on a cast where he imagined the chance to be much *against it*. Stimulated with the desire of *doubling his gain*, and the sudden provocation

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as it were, of the offer, he accepted it; and in one moment, lost all the fruits of his former good fortune.—The transport of his passion could not express itself in words; but taking up one of the dice, with the seeming coolness of exquisite anguish, he fairly bit it in two, and casting a look of frenzy on his sword, which he was now unable to ransom, he rushed out of the house, uncovered as he was, his hat hanging on a peg in the other apartment.

The agitation of his mind was such as denied all attention to common things, and, instead of taking the direct road to his lodgings, he wandered off the street into an obscure alley, where he had not advanced far, till he was accosted by a fellow, who, in a very peremptory tone, desired him to deliver his money, or he would instantly blow out his brains, presenting a pistol at less than half a yard's distance.—“I can give you nothing,” said Annesly, “because I have nothing to give.”—“Damn you,” returned the other, “do you think I’ll be fobbed off so? your money and be damn’d to you, or I’ll send you to hell in a twinkling,”—advancing his pistol, at the same time, within a hand’s breadth of his face. Annesly, at that instant, struck up the muzzle with his arm, and laying hold of the barrel, by a sudden wrench forced the weapon out of the hands of the villain, who, not choosing to risk any farther combat, made the best of his way down the alley, and left Annesly master of his arms. *He stood for a moment entranced in thought.* “Whoever thou art,” said he, “I thank thee.

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by Heaven, thou instructest and arimest me; this may provide for to-morrow, or make its provision unnecessary." He now returned with a hurried pace to the mouth of the alley, where in a shade of a jutting wall he could mark, unperceived, the objects on the street. He had stood there but a few seconds, and began already to waver in his purpose, when he saw come out of the gaming-house which he had left, the very man who had plundered him of his all. The richness of the prize, with immediate revenge, awakened together in his mind; and the suspicion of foul play, which his companion had hinted the night before, gave him a sanction of something like justice; he waited till the chair, in which the gamester was conveyed, came opposite to the place where he stood; then covering his face with one hand, and assuming a tone different from his natural, he pulled out his pistol, and commanded the leading chairman to stop. This effected, he went up to the chair, and the gentleman within having let down one of the glasses to know the reason of its stop, the stopper clapped the pistol to his breast, and threatened him with instant death if he did not deliver his money. The other, after some little hesitation, during which Annesly repeated his threats with the most horrible oaths, drew a purse of gold from his pocket, which Annesly snatched out of his hand, and running down the alley, made his escape at the other end; and, after turning through several streets, in different directions, so as to elude pursuit, arrived safely at home with the booty he had taken.

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Meantime, the gamester returned to the house he had just quitted, with the account of his disaster. The whole fraternity, who could make no allowance for a robber of this sort, were alarmed at the accident; every one was busied in inquiry, and a thousand questions were asked about his appearance, his behaviour, and the rout he had taken. The chairmen, who had been somewhat more possessed of themselves, at the time of the robbery, than their master, had remarked the circumstance of the robber's wanting his hat: this was no sooner mentioned, than a buzz ran through the company, that the young gentleman, who had gone off a little while before, had been observed to be uncovered when he left the house; and upon search made, his hat was actually found with his name marked on the inside. This was a ground of suspicion too strong to be overlooked: messengers were dispatched in quest of the friend who had introduced him there the preceding night; upon his being found, and acquainting them of Annesly's lodgings, proper warrants were obtained for a search.

When that unfortunate young man arrived at home, he was met on the stairs by the lady we have formerly mentioned, who, in terms of the bitterest reproach, interrupted with tears, inveighed against the cruelty of his neglect, in thus leaving her to pine alone, without even the common comforts of a miserable life. Her censure, indeed, was the more violent, as there was little reason for its violence; for she had that moment dismissed at a back door, a gallant who was more attentive than An-

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nesly. He, who could very well allow the grounds of her complaint, only pleaded necessity for his excuse; he could but mutter this apology in imperfect words, for the perturbation of his mind almost deprived him of the powers of speech. Upon her taking notice of this, with much seeming concern for his health, he beckoned her into a chamber, and dashing the purse on the floor, pointed to it with a look of horror, as an answer to her upbraidings.

"What have you done for this?" said she, taking it up: He threw himself into a chair, without answering a word.

At that moment, the officers of justice, who had lost no time in prosecuting their information, entered the house; and some of them, accompanied by an attorney, employed by the gentleman who had been robbed, walked softly up stairs to the room where Annesly was, and bursting into it before he could prepare for any defence, laid hold of him in rather a violent manner, which the lawyer observing, desired them to use the gentleman civilly, till he should ask him a few questions. "I will answer none," said Annesly; "do your duty." "Then, Sir," replied the other, "you must attend us to those who can question you with better authority; and I must make bold to secure this lady, till she answer some questions also." The lady saved him the trouble; for being now pretty well satisfied, that her hero was at the end of his career, she thought it most prudent to break off a connexion where nothing was to be gained, and make a merit of contributing her endeavours to bring

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the offender to justice. She called, therefore, this leader of the party into another room, and being informed by him that the young gentleman was suspected of having committed a robbery scarce an hour before, she pulled out the purse which she had just received from him, and asked the lawyer, if it was that which had been taken from his client? "Ay, that it is, I'll be sworn," said he; "and here (pouring out its contents) is the ring he mentioned at the bottom."—"But," said she, pausing a little, "it will prove the thing as well without the guineas." "I protest," returned the lawyer, "thou art a girl of excellent invention—Hum—here are fourscore: one half of them might have been spent—or dropt out by the way, or—any thing may be supposed; and so we shall have twenty a-piece.—Some folks, to be sure, would take more, but I love conscience in those matters."

Having finished this transaction, in such a manner as might give no offence to the conscience of this honest pottifogger, they returned to the prisoner, who contented himself with darting a look of indignation at his female betrayer; and, after being some time in the custody of the lawyer and his assistants, he was carried, in the morning, along with her before a magistrate. The several circumstances I have related being sworn to, Annesly was committed to Newgate, and the gamester bound over to prosecute him at the next sessions, which were not then very distant.

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CHAP. XVI.

The Miseries of him whose Punishment is inflicted by Conscience.

THOUGH Annesly must have suffered much during the agitation of these proceedings, yet that was little to what he felt, when left to reflection, in the solitude of his new abode. Let the virtuous remember, amidst their afflictions, that though the heart of the good man may bleed even to death, it will never feel a torment equal to the rendings of remorse.

For some time the whirling of his brain gave him no leisure to exercise any faculty that could be termed thinking; when that sort of delirium subsided, it left him only to make room for more exquisite though less turbulent anguish.

After he had visited every corner of resource, and found them all dark and comfortless, he started at last from that posture of despair in which he sat, and turning the glare of his eye intently upwards:—

“Take back,” said he, “thou Power that gavest me being! take back that life which thou didst breathe into me for the best of purposes, but which I have profaned by actions equally mischievous to thy government, and ignominious to myself. The passions which thou didst implant in me, that reason which should balance them, is unable to withstand: from one only I received useful admonition; the shame that could not prevent, now punishes my crimes. Her voice for once I will obey; and leave a state, in

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which, if I remain, I continue a blot to nature, and an enemy to man."

He drew a penknife, now his only weapon from its sheath—he bared his bosom for the horrid deed—when the picture of his father, which the good man had bestowed on him at parting, and he had worn ever since in his bosom, struck his eye—(it was drawn in the mildness of holy meditation, with the hands folded together, and the eyes lifted to heaven,) "Merciful God!" said Annesly—he would have uttered a prayer; but his soul was wound up to a pitch that could but one way be let down—he flung himself on the ground, and burst into an agony of tears.

The door of the apartment opening, discovered the jailor, followed by Sir Thomas Sindall—"My friend in this place!" said he to Annesly,—who covered his face with his hands, and replied only by a groan.

Sindall made signs for the keeper of the prison to leave them;—"Come," said he, "my dear Annesly, be not so entirely overcome; I flatter myself, you know my friendship too well to suppose that it will desert you even here. I may, perhaps, have opportunities of comforting you in many ways; at least I shall feel and pity your distresses."—"Leave me," answered the other, "leave me: I deserve no pity, and methinks there is a pride in refusing it."—"You must not say so; my love has much to plead for you; nor are you without excuse even to the world."—"Oh! Sindall," said he, "I am without excuse to myself! when I look back to that peace of mind, to that happiness I

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have squandered!—I will not curse, but—Oh! Fool, fool, fool!”—“I would not,” said Sir Thomas, “increase that anguish which you feel, were I not obliged to mention the name of your father.”—“My father!” cried Annesly; “O hide me from my father!”—“Alas!” replied Sindall, “he must hear of your disaster from other hands; and it were cruel not to acquaint him of it in a way that should wound him the least.”—Annesly gazed with a look of entrancement on his picture; “Great God!” said he, “for what hast thou reserved me? Sindall, do what thou wilt—think not of such a wretch as I am; but mitigate, if thou canst, the sorrows of a father, the purity of whose bosom must bleed for the vices of mine.”—“Fear not,” returned Sir Thomas; “I hope all will be better than you imagine. It grows late, and I must leave you now; but promise me to be more composed for the future. I will see you again early to-morrow; nor will I let a moment escape that can be improved to your service.”—“I must think,” said Annesly, “and therefore I must feel; but I will often remember your friendship, and my gratitude shall be some little merit left in me to look upon without blushing.”

Sindall bade him farewell, and retired; and at this instant he was less a villain than he used to be. The state of horror to which he saw this young man reduced, was beyond the limits of his scheme; and he began to look upon the victim of his designs with that pity which depravity can feel, and that remorse which it cannot overcome.

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CHAP. XVII.

His Father is acquainted with Annesly's situation.—His behaviour in consequence of it.

THAT letter to old Annesly, which Sindall had undertaken to write, he found a more difficult task than at first he imagined. The solicitude of his friendship might have been easily expressed on more common occasions, and hypocrisy to him was usually no unpleasant garb; but at this crisis of Annesly's fate, there were feelings he could not suppress: and he blushed to himself, amidst the protestation of concern and regard, with which his account of his misfortune (as he termed it) was accompanied.

Palliated, as it was, with all the art of Sir Thomas, it may be easily conceived what effect it must have on the mind of a father; a father at this time labouring under the pressure of disease, and confined to a sick bed, whose intervals of thought were now to be pointed to the misery, the disgrace, perhaps the disgraceful death, of a darling child. His Harriet, after the first shock which the dreadful tidings had given her, sat by him, stifling the terrors of her gentle soul, and speaking comfort when her tears would let her.

His grief was aggravated, from the consideration of being at present unable to attend a son, whose calamities, though of his own procuring, called so loudly for support and assistance.

"Unworthy as your brother is, my Har-

riet," said he, "he is my son and your brother still; and must he languish amid the horrors of a prison, without a parent or a sister to lessen them? The prayers which I can put up from this sick-bed are all the aid I can minister to him; but your presence might soothe his anguish, and alleviate his sufferings. With regard to this life, perhaps—Do not weep my love—But you might lead him to a reconciliation with that Being whose sentence governs eternity! Would it frighten my Harriet to visit a dungeon?"—"Could I leave my dearest father," said she, "no place could frighten me where my poor Billy is——" "Then you shall go, my child, and I shall be the better for thinking that you are with him. Tell him, though he has wrung my heart, it has not forgotten him. That he should have forgotten me, is little; let him but now remember, that there is another Father whose pardon is more momentous."

Harriet having therefore intrusted her father to the friendship of Mrs. Wistanly, set out, accompanied by a niece of that gentleman's, who had been on a visit to her aunt, for the metropolis, where she arrived a few days before that which was appointed for the trial of her unhappy brother.

Though it was late in the evening when they reached London, yet Harriet's impatience would not suffer her to sleep till she had seen the poor prisoner; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of her companion, to whom her aunt had recommended the tenderest concern about her young friend, she called a hackney coach immediately, to convey her

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to the place in which Annesly was confined : and her fellow-traveller, when her dissuasions to going had failed, very obligingly offered to accompany her.

They were conducted, by the turnkey, through a gloomy passage, to the wretched apartment which Annesly occupied ; they found him sitting at a little table on which he leaned, with his hands covering his face. When they entered, he did not change his posture ; but on the turnkey's speaking, for his sister was unable to speak, he started up, and exhibited a countenance pale and haggard, his eyes bloodshot, and his hair dishevelled. On discovering his sister, a blush crossed his cheek, and the horror of his aspect was lost in something milder and more piteous—"Oh ! my Billy !" she cried, and sprung forward to embrace him : "This is too much," said he ; "leave and forget a wretch unworthy the name of thy brother."—"Would my Billy kill me quite ? this frightful place has almost killed me already ! Alas ! Billy, my dearest father !"—"Oh ! Harriet, that name, that name ! speak not of my father !"—"Ah !" said she, "if you knew his goodness ; he sent me to comfort and support my brother ; he sent me from himself, stretched on a sick-bed where his Harriet should have tended him."—"Oh ! cursed, cursed !"—"Nay, do not curse, my Billy, he sends you none ; his prayers, his blessings, rise for you to heaven ; his forgiveness he bade me convey you, and tell you to seek that of the *Father of all goodness* !"—His sister's hands were clasped in his ; he lifted both together

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"If thou canst hear me," said he, "I dare not pray for myself; but spare a father whom my crimes have made miserable; let me abide the wrath I have deserved, but weigh not down his age for my offences; punish it not with the remembrance of me!" He fell on his sister's neck, and they mingled their tears; nor could the young lady who attended Harriet, or the jailor himself, forbear accompanying them; this last, however, recovered himself rather sooner than the other, and reminded them it was late, and that he must lock up for the night.—"Good night then, my Harriet," said Annesly. "And must we separate?" answered his sister; "could I not sit and support that distracted head, and close those haggard eyes?"—"Let me intreat you," returned her brother, "to leave me, and compose yourself after the fatigues of your journey, and the perturbation of your mind; I feel myself comforted and refreshed by the sight of my Harriet. I will try to sleep myself, which I have not done those four gloomy nights, unless, perhaps, for a few moments, when the torture of my dreams made waking a deliverance. Good night, my dearest Harriet." She could not say good night, but she wept it.

CHAP. XVIII.

His Sister pays him another visit.—A description of what passed in the Prison.

It was late before Harriet could think even of going to bed, and later before her mind could be quieted enough to allow her any sleep. But nature was at last worn out;

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and the fatigue of her journey, together with the conflict of her soul in the visit she had just made, had so exhausted her, that it was towards noon next day before she awaked. After having chid herself for her neglect, she hurried away to her much-loved brother, whom she found attended by that baronet, to whose good offices I have had so frequent occasion to show him indebted in the course of my story.

At sight of him, her cheek was flushed with the mingled glow of shame for her brother, and gratitude towards his benefactor. He advanced to salute her; when, with the tears starting into her eyes, she fell on her knees before him, and poured forth a prayer of blessings on his head. There could not, perhaps, be a figure more lovely or more striking than that which she then exhibited. The lustre of her eyes, heightened by those tears with which the overflowing of her heart supplied them; the glow of her complexion, animated with the suffusion of tenderness and gratitude; these, joined to the easy negligence of her dark brown locks, that waved in ringlets on her panting bosom, made altogether such an assemblage as beauty is a word too weak for. So forcibly indeed, was Sindall struck with it, that some little time passed before he thought of lifting her from the ground; he looked his very soul at every glance: but it was a soul unworthy of the object on which he gazed, brutal, unfeeling, and inhuman; he considered her, at that moment, as already within the reach of his

machinations, and feasted the gross fancy with the anticipation of her n

And here let me pause a little, to that account of pleasure which the voluptuousness have frequently allowed for all the delight which Sir experience for the present, or hope in the future. I consider it from its consequences, and I will affirm, that there is a truer, and more site voluptuary than he.—Had you now looking on the figure of beautiful innocence I have attempted to draw the purpose of benevolence beam eye!—Its throb is swelling in his He clasps her to his bosom;—he falling drops from her cheek;—with her;—and the luxury of his to description.

But whatever were Sir Thomas's sensations at the sight of Harriet, they were interrupted by the jailor, who now entered the room, and informed him that a gentleman without was earnest to speak with him. "Who can it be?" said Sir Thomas, what peevishly. "If I am not mistaken," replied the jailor, "it is a gentleman of the name of Camplin, a lawyer, who has been seen here with some of the prisoners."—"This is he of whom I talked to you," said the baronet, "I will introduce him to you."—"I have no resolution," returned Annesly, "I have no need of lawyers for my case."—"It must not be," rejoined the jailor, "going out of the room, he presented

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Mr. Camplin. All this while, Harriet's face betrayed the strongest symptoms of terror and perplexity ; and when the stranger appeared, she drew nearer and nearer to her brother, with an involuntary sort of motion, and she had twined his arm into her's, and pressed herself between him and Camplin. He last observed her fears, for indeed she cast her eyes most fixedly upon him ; and giving her a bow, " Be not afraid, Miss," he, " here are none but friends. I learn, that your day is now very near, and that it is time to be thinking of the business of it." " Good Heavens !" cried Harriet, " what business ?" " Make yourself easy, Madam," continued Camplin ; " being the first trip, I hope you may fall soft for this time ; I believe nobody doubts my abilities ; I have saved you by a brave man from the gallows, whose case was more desperate than I take this young gentleman's to be."—The colour which had been varying on her cheek during this speech, now left it for a dead pale ; and turning her languid eyes upon her brother, she sunk motionless into his arms. He supported her to a chair that stood near him, and darting an indignant look at the lawyer, begged of the jailor to procure her some immediate assistance. Sindall, who was kneeling on the other side of her, ordered Camplin, who was offering to make offer of his services too, to be gone, and send them the first surgeon he could find. A surgeon, indeed, had been already procured, who officiated in the prison, the best of all reasons, because he was not at liberty to leave it. The jailor now made

one hand, and some water in the other. Followed by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, striding up to Harriet, applied a small volatile salt to her nose, and chafing her temples, soon brought her to sense and consciousness. Annesly, pressing her to his bosom, begged her to recollect herself, and forget her present situation. "Pardon this weakness, my dear Harriet," she, "I will try to overcome it: is my father gone? who is this gentleman?" "The honour to be a doctor of physic," said he, clapping at the same time his fingers to her pulse; "here is a full call for venesection." So without delay he pulled out a case of lancet, which was with rust, and spotted with the blood of former patients. "Oh! for Heaven's sake, no bleeding," cried Harriet, "indeed, there is no occasion for it." "How, no?" exclaimed the other; "I have heard of some ignorants condemn phlebotomy in such cases; but it is my practice, and I am well able to defend it.—It will be better for you that in plethoric habits"—"Spare me this demonstration," interrupted Annesly.

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into his hand. He immediately retired, looking at the unusual appearance of the gold with a joy that made him forget the obstinacy of his patient, and her rejection of his assistance.

Annesly, assisted by his friend, used every possible argument to comfort and support his sister. His concern for her had indeed banished for a while the consideration of his own state; and when he came to think of that solemn day, on which the trial for his life was appointed, his concern was more interested for its effect on his Harriet, than for that it should have on himself.

After they had passed great part of the day together, Sir Thomas observed, that Miss Annesly's present lodgings (in the house of her fellow-traveller's father,) were so distant, as to occasion much inconvenience to her in her visits to her brother; and very kindly made offer of endeavouring to procure her others but a few streets off, under the roof of a gentlewoman, he said, an officer's widow of his acquaintance, who, if she had any apartment unoccupied at the time, he knew would be as attentive to Miss Annesly as if she were a daughter of her own.

This proposal was readily accepted; and Sir Thomas having gone upon the inquiry, returned in the evening with an account of his having succeeded in procuring the lodgings; that he had taken the liberty to call and fetch Miss Annesly's baggage from those she had formerly occupied, and that every thing was ready at Mrs. Eldridge's (that was the

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widow's name) for her reception. After supper he conducted her thither accordingly.

As he was going out, Annesly whispered him to return for a few minutes after he had set down his sister, as he had something particular to communicate to him. When he came back, "You have heard, I fancy, Sir Thomas," said he, "that the next day but one is the day of my trial. As to myself, I wait it with resignation, and shall not give any trouble to my country by a false defence; but I tremble for my sister's knowing it. Could we not contrive some method of keeping her in ignorance of its appointment till it be over, and then prepare her for the tortures of without subjecting her to the tortures of anxiety and suspense?" Sindall agreed in the propriety of the latter part of his scheme, and they resolved to keep his sister that day at home, on pretence of a meeting in the prison between the lawyers of Annesly, and those of his prosecutor. But he warmly insisted, that Annesly should accept the services of Camplin towards conducting the cause on his part. "Endeavour not to persuade me, my friend," said Annesly; "for I now rest satisfied with my determination. I thank Heaven, which has enabled me to rely on its goodness, and meet my fate with the full possession of myself. I will not disdain the mercy which my country may think I merit; but I will not entangle myself in chicanery and insincerity to avoid her justice."

CHAP. XIX.

the Fate of Annesly determined.—Sindall's Friendship, and the Gratitude of Harriet.

NOTHING remarkable happened till that day when the fate of Annesly was to be determined by the laws of his country. The object formed by Sindall and himself, for keeping his sister ignorant of its importance, succeeded to their wish; she spent it at home, comforting herself with the hope, that the meeting she understood to be held on it, might turn out advantageously for her brother, and soothed by the kindness of her landlady, who had indeed fully answered Sir Thomas's expectations in the attention she had shown her.

Meanwhile her unfortunate brother was brought to the bar, indicted for the robbery committed on the gamester. When he was asked, in the customary manner, to plead, he stood up, and addressing himself to the judge—

"I am now, my lord," said he, "in a situation of all others the most solemn. I stand in the presence of God and my country, and am called to confess or deny that crime for which I have incurred the judgment of death. If I have offended, my lord, I am not yet an obdurate offender; I fly not to the shelter of villainy, though I have fallen from the dignity of innocence; and I will not screen a life which my crimes have discoloured, by a coward lie to prevent their de-

tection. I plead guilty, my lord; the judgment of that law, which I have violated, I have not forgotten.

When he ended, a confused murmur ran through the court, and for some time the judge in his reply. Silence of the upright magistrate, worthy the name, spoke to this effect:

"I am sincerely sorry, young man, to see one of your figure at this bar, with a crime for which the public have been obliged to award an exemplary punishment. Much as I admire the candour of your confession, I will not suffer it to be taken of it to your prejudice on the consequences of a plea of guilty. I take from you all opportunity of a defence, and speak again, as your own friends, may best advise." "I humbly thank your lordship," said Annesley, "for the candour and independence which you show me; but I have spoken the truth, and will not allow myself to retracting it." "I am here," returned the judge, "as the dispenser of justice, and I can give nothing but justice; if, upon inquiry, mercy is in other hands; if, upon inquiry, the case is circumstanced as I wish it to be, my recommendation shall not be wanting to enforce an application there." Annesley then convicted of the robbery, and the sentence of the law passed upon him.

But the judge before whom he was tried was not unmindful of his promise; and having satisfied himself, that though guilty in this instance, he was not habitually flagitious

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isted so warmly the applications which through the interest of Sindall, (for Sindall was in this sincere,) were made in his behalf, that a pardon was obtained for him, on the condition of his suffering transportation for the term of fourteen years.

This alleviation of his punishment was procured, before his sister was suffered to know of his trial had ever come on, or what had been its event. When his fate was by this means determined, Sindall undertook to instruct the lady in whose house he had placed her, that Miss Annesly should be acquainted with the circumstances of it in such a manner, as might least discompose that delicacy and tenderness of which her mind was so susceptible. The event answered his expectation; that good woman seemed possessed of much address as humanity; and Harriet, by the intervention of both, was led to the knowledge of her brother's situation with so much prudence, that she bore it at first with indignation, and afterwards looked upon it with thankfulness.

After that acknowledgment to Providence, which she had been early instructed never to forget, there was an inferior agent in this affair, to whom her warmest gratitude was devoted. Besides that herself had the highest opinion of Sindall's good offices, her obliging mother had taken every opportunity, since their acquaintance began, to sound forth his praises in the most extravagant strain; and, on the present occasion, her encomiums were equal, in proportion as Harriet's happiness was concerned in the event.

Sir Thomas, therefore, began to be considered by the young lady as the worthiest of friends ; his own language bore the strongest expressions of friendship—of friendship, and no more ; but the widow would often insinuate that he felt more than he expressed ; and when Harriet's spirits could bear a little raillery, her landlady did not want for jokes on the subject.

These suggestions of another have a greater effect than is often imagined ; they are heard with an ease which does not alarm, and the mind habituates itself to take up such a credit on their truth as it would be sorry to lose, though it is not at the trouble of examining. Harriet did not seriously think of Sindall as of one that was her lover ; but she began to make such arrangements, as not to be surprised if he should.

One morning, when Sir Thomas had called to conduct her on a visit to her brother, Mrs. Eldridge rallied him at breakfast on his being still a bachelor. "What is your opinion, Miss Annesly," said she ; "is it not a shame for one of Sir Thomas's fortune not to make some worthy woman happy in the participation of it?" Sindall submitted to be judged by so fair an arbitress ; he said "the manners of the court-ladies, whose examples had stretched unhappily too far, were such as made it a sort of venture to be married ;" he then paused for a moment, sighed and fixing his eyes upon Harriet, drew such a picture of the woman whom he would choose for a wife, that she must have had some sillier qualities than mere modesty above

er, not to have made some guess at his meaning.

In short, though she was as little wanting in delicacy as most women, she began to feel a certain interest in the good opinion of Mr. Endall, and to draw some conclusions from his deportment, which, for the sake of my dear readers, I would have them remember, is better to be slowly understood than hastily indulged.

CHAP. XX.]

An Accident, which may possibly be imagined somewhat more than accidental.

THOUGH the thoughts of Annesly's future situation could not but be distressful to his sister and him, yet the deliverance from greater evils, which they had experienced, served to enliven the prospect of those they feared. His father, whose consolation always attended the calamity he could neither prevent nor cure, exhorted his son (in an answer to the account his sister and he had transmitted him of the events contained in the preceding chapter) to have a proper sense of the mercy of his God and his king, and to bear what was a mitigation of his punishment with a fortitude and resignation becoming the subject of both. The same letter informed his children, that though he was not well enough recovered to be able to travel, yet he was gaining ground on his distemper, and hoped, as the season advanced, to get the better of it altogether. He sent that blessing to his son, which he was prevented

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from bestowing personally, with a credit for any sum which he might have occasion for against his approaching departure.

His children received additional comfort from the good accounts of their father which this letter contained ; and even in Annesly's prison, there were some intervals in which they forgot the fears of parting, and indulged themselves in temporary happiness.

It was during one of these, that Sindall observed to Harriet, how little she possessed the curiosity her sex was charged with, who had never once thought of seeing any thing in London, that strangers were most solicitous to see ; and proposed that very night to conduct her to the playhouse, where the royal family were to be present, at the representation of a new comedy.

Harriet turned a melancholy look towards her brother, and made answer, that she could not think of any amusement that should subject him to hours of solitude in a prison.

Upon this, Annesly was earnest in pressing her to accept Sir Thomas's invitation ; he said she knew how often he chose to be alone, at times when he could most command society ; and that he should find an additional pleasure in theirs, when they returned to him, fraught with the intelligence of the play.

"But there is something unbecoming in it," said Harriet, "in the eyes of others."

"That objection," replied Sindall, "will be easily removed ; we shall go, accompanied by Mrs. Eldridge, to the gallery, where even those who have many acquaintance in

are dressed so much in the incognito as never to be discovered."

imesly repeated his entreaties, Mrs. Eldridge seconded, Sindall enforced them; and free urged so many arguments, that Harriet was at last overcome; and to the play they accordingly went.

ough this was the first entertainment of the sort at which Harriet had ever been present, yet the thoughts of her absent brother, whose company all her former amusements had been enjoyed, so much damped the pleasure she should have felt from this, that as soon as the play was over, she begged of the conductor to return, much against the desire of Mrs. Eldridge, who intreated them to stay and see her by staying the farce. But Harriet seemed so uneasy at the thoughts of her absence from her brother, that the latter's solicitations were at last over-ruled; making shift to get through the crowd, she left the house, and set out in a hackney-coach in their return.

They had got the length of two or three streets on their way, when the coachman, who indeed had the appearance of being exceedingly drunk, drove them against a post, by which accident one of the wheels was broken to pieces, and the carriage itself immediately overturned. Sindall had luckily thrown down the glass on that side but a moment before, to look at something, so that he escaped any mischief which might have resulted from breaking of it; and, except the passengers being extremely frightened, no bad consequences followed. This disaster hap-

pened just at the door of a tavern; the mistress of which, seeing the discomposure of the ladies, very politely begged them to step into her own room, till they could re-adjust themselves, and procure another coach from a neighbouring stand, for which she promised immediately to dispatch one of her servants. All this while Sir Thomas was venting his wrath against the coachman, continuing to cane him most unmercifully, till stopped by the intercession of Harriet and Mrs. Eldridge, and prevailed upon to accompany them into the house at the obliging request of its mistress. He asked pardon for giving way to his passion, which apprehension for their safety, he said, had occasioned; and taking Harriet's hand, with a look of the utmost tenderness, inquired if she felt no hurt from the fall? Upon her answering, that, except the fright, she was perfectly well; "then all is well," said he, pressing her hand to his bosom, which rose to meet it with a sigh.

He then called for a bottle of Madeira, of which his companions drank each a glass; but upon his presenting another, Mrs. Eldridge declared she never tasted any thing between meals and Harriet, said that her head was already affected by the glass she had taken. This, however, he attributed to the effects of the overturn, for which another bumper was an infallible remedy; and, on Mrs. Eldridge's setting the example, though with the utmost reluctance, Harriet was prevailed upon to follow it.

She was seated on a settee at the upper end of the room, Sindall sat on a chair by her, and

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Mrs. Eldridge, from choice, was walking about the room; it somehow happened that, in a few minutes, that last mentioned lady left her companions by themselves.

Sindall, whose eyes had not been idle before, cast them now to the ground with a look of the most feeling discomposure; and gently lifting them again, "I know not," said he, "most lovely of women, whether I should venture to express the sensations of my heart at this moment; that respect which ever attends a love so sincere as mine, has hitherto kept me silent; but the late accident, in which all that I hold dear was endangered, has opened every sluice of tenderness in my soul, and I were more or less than man, did I resist the impulse of declaring it." "This is no place, Sir,"—said Harriet, trembling, and covered with blushes.—"Every place," cried Sindall, "is sacred to love, where my Harriet is." At the same time he threw himself on his knees before her, and imprinted a thousand burning kisses on her hand. "Let go my hand, Sir Thomas," she cried, her voice faltering, and her cheek overspread with a still higher glow: "Never, thou cruel one," said he, (raising himself gently till he had gained a place on the settee by her side,) "never, till you listen to the dictates of a passion too violent to be longer resisted."—At that instant some bustle was heard at the door, and presently after, a voice, in a country accent, vociferating, "It is my neighbour's own daughter, and I must see her immediately."—The door burst open, and discovered Jack Ryland, Mrs. Eldridge follow-

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him, with a countenance not the most expressive of good-humour.

"Ryland!" exclaimed the baronet, "what is the meaning of this?" advancing towards him with an air of fierceness and indignation, which the other returned with a hearty shake by the hand, saying he was rejoiced to find Miss Harriet in so good company.—"Dear Mr. Ryland," said she, a little confusedly, "I am happy to see you; but it is odd—I cannot conceive—tell us, as Sir Thomas was just now asking, how you came to find us out here?"

"Why, you must understand, Miss," returned Jack, "that I have got a little bit of a legacy left me by a relation here in London; as I was coming on that business, I thought I could do no less than ask your worthy father's commands for you and Mr. William. So we settled matters, that, as our times, I believe, will agree well enough, I should have the pleasure, if you are not otherwise engaged, of conducting you home again. I came to town only this day, and after having eat a mutton-chop at the inn where I lighted, and got myself into a little decent trim, I set out from a place they call Piccadilly, I think, asking every body I met which was the shortest road to Newgate, where I understood your brother was to be found. But I was like to make a marvellous long journey on't; for besides that it is a huge long way, as I was told, I hardly met with one person that would give a mannerly answer to my questions: to be sure they are the most humourous people in London, that I ever saw in my life;

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when I asked the road to Newgate, one told me, I was not likely to be long in finding it; another bade me cut the first throat I met, and it would show me; and a deal of such out-of-the-way jokes. At last, while I was looking round for some civil-like body to inquire of, who should I see whip past me in a coach, but yourself with that lady, as I take it; upon which I hallooed out to the coachman to stop, but he did not hear me, as I suppose, and drove on as hard as ever. I followed him close at the heels for some time, till the street he turned into being much darker than where I saw you first, by reason there were none of your torches blazing there, I fell headlong into a rut in the middle of it, and lost sight of the carriage before I could recover myself. However, I ran down a right-hand road, which I guessed you had taken, asking anybody I thought would give an answer, if they had seen a coach with a handsome young woman in't, drawn by a pair of dark bays; but I was only laughed at for my pains, till I fell in, by chance, with a simple countryman like myself; who informed me, that he had seen such a one overturned just before this here large house; and the door being open, I stept in without more ado, till I happened to hear this lady whispering something to another about Sir Thomas Sindall, when I guessed that you might be with him, as acquaintances will find one another out, you know; and so here I am, at your service and Sir Thomas's."

This history afforded as little entertainment to its hearers as it may have done to

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greatest part of my readers ; but it gave Sir Thomas and Harriet time enough to recover from that confusion into which the appearance of Ryland had thrown both of them ; though with this difference, that Harriet's was free from the guilt of Sindall's, and did not even proceed from the least suspicion of anything criminal in the intentions of that gentleman.

Sir Thomas pretended great satisfaction in having met with his acquaintance, Mr. Ryland ; and, having obtained another hackney-coach, they drove together to Newgate, where Jack received a much sincerer welcome from Annesly, and they passed the evening with the greatest satisfaction. ^a

Not but that there was something unusual in the bosom of Harriet, from the declaration of her lover, and in his, from the attempt which Providence had interposed to disappoint. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection, that he had not gone such a length as to alarm her simplicity, and took from the mortification of the past, by the hope of more successful villany.

CHAP. XXI.

Account of Annesly's Departure.

It was not long before the time arrived, in which Annesly was to bid adieu to his native country, for the term which the mercy of his sovereign had allotted for his punishment. He behaved, at this juncture, with a determined sort of coolness, not easily expected from one of his warmth of feelings, at a time of life when these are in their fullest vigour.

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His sister, whose gentle heart began to droop under the thoughts of their separation, he employed every argument to comfort. He bade her remember, that it had been determined he should be absent for some years before this necessity of his absence had arisen. "Suppose me on my travels," said he, "my Harriet, but for a longer term, and the sum of this calamity is exhausted; if there are hardships awaiting me, think how I should otherwise expiate my follies and my crimes. The punishments of Heaven, our father has often told us, are mercies to its children; mine, I hope, will have a double; to wipe away my former offences, and prevent my offending for the future."

He was actuated by the same steadiness of spirit in the disposal of what money his father's credit enabled him to command. He called in an exact account of his debts, those to Sindall not excepted, and discharged them in full, much against the inclination of Sir Thomas, who insisted, as much as in decency he could, on cancelling every obligation of that sort to himself. But Annesly was positive in his resolution; and after having cleared these incumbrances, he embarked, with only a few shillings in his pocket, saying, that he would never pinch his father's age to mitigate the punishment which his son had more than deserved.

There was another account to settle, which he found a more difficult task. The parting with his sister, he knew not how to accomplish, without such a pang as her tender frame could very ill support. At length he resolved to take at least from its solemnity, if he

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could not alleviate its anguish. Having sat therefore, with Harriet, till past midnight, on the eve of his departure, which he employed in renewing his arguments of consolation, and earnestly recommending to her, to keep up those spirits which should support her father and herself, he pretended a desire to sleep, appointed an hour for breakfasting with her in the morning; and so soon as he could prevail on her to leave him, he went on board the boat, which waited to carry him, and some unfortunate companions of his voyage, to the ship destined to transport them.

Sir Thomas accompanied him a little way down the river, till, at the earnest desire of his friend, he was carried ashore in a sculler, which they happened to meet on their way. When they parted, Annesly wrung his hand, and dropping a tear on it, which hitherto he had never allowed himself to shed, "To my faithful Sindall," said he, "I leave a trust more precious to this bosom than every other earthly good. Be the friend of my father, as you have been that of his undeserving son, and protect my Harriet's youth, who has lost that protection a brother should have afforded her. If the prayers of a wretched exile in a foreign land can be heard of Heaven, the name of his friend shall rise with those of a parent and a sister in his hourly benedictions; and if at any time you shall bestow a thought upon him, remember the only comfort of which adversity has not deprived him, the confidence of his Sindall's kindness to those whom he has left weeping behind him."

Such was the charge which Annesly gave

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and Sindall received; he received it with a tear; a tear, which the better part of his nature had yet reserved from the ruins of principle, of justice, of humanity. It fell involuntarily at the time, and he thought of it afterwards with a blush.—Such was the system of self-applause which the refinements of vice had taught him, and such is the honour she has reared for the worship of her votaries!

Annesly kept his eyes fixed on the lights of London, till the increasing distance deprived them of their object. Nor did his imagination fail him in the picture, after that help was taken from him. The form of the weeping Harriet, lovely in her grief, still swam before his sight; on the back ground stood a venerable figure, turning his eyes to heaven, while a tear that swelled in each dropped for the sacrifice of his sorrow, and a bending angel accepted it as incense.

Thus, by a series of dissipation, so easy in its progress, that, if my tale were fiction, it would be thought too simple, was this unfortunate young man lost to himself, his friends, and his country. Take but a few incidents away, and it is the history of thousands. Let not those, who have escaped the punishment of Annesly, look with indifference on the participation of his guilt, nor suffer the present undisturbed enjoyment of their criminal pleasures, to blot from their minds the idea of future retribution.

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CHAP. XXII.

Harriet is informed of her Brother's Departure.—She leaves London on her return Home.

SINDALL took upon himself the charge of communicating the intelligence of Annesly's departure to his sister. She received it with an entrancement of sorrow, which deprived her of its expression; and when at last her tears found their way to utter it, "Is he gone?" said she, "and shall I never see him more? cruel Billy! Oh! Sir Thomas, I had a thousand things to say! and has he left me without a single adieu?"—"It was in kindness to you, Miss Annesly," answered the baronet, "that he did so."—"I believe you," said she, "I know it was; and yet, methinks, he should have bade me farewell—I could have stood it, indeed I could—I am not so weak as you think me; yet Heaven knows I have need of strength"—and she burst into tears again.

Sir Thomas did not want for expressions of comfort or of kindness, nor did he fail, amidst the assurances of his friendship, to suggest those tender sensations which his bosom felt on account of Miss Annesly. She gave him a warmth of gratitude in return, which, though vice may sometimes take advantage of it, virtue can never blame.

His protestations were interrupted by the arrival of Ryland, who had accidentally heard of Annesly's embarkment. Jack had but few words to communicate his feelings by; but his

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helped them out with an honest tear. "My brother, I hear, is gone, Miss Har-," said he; "well, Heaven bless him ever he goes!"

Marriet begged to know when it would suit convenience to leave London, saying, that the day she stayed there now, would reach her absence from her father. Jack answered, that he could be ready to attend her at an hour's warning; for that his business in London was finished, and as for money, he could find none in it. It was decided, therefore, contrary to the zealous advice of Sir Thomas and Mrs. Eldridge, that they should set off, accompanied by Mr. Ryland, the very next morning.

Their resolution was accomplished, and they set out by the break of day. Sindall accompanied them on horseback several stages, they dined together about forty miles from London. Here having settled their route according to a plan of Sir Thomas's, who seemed to be perfectly versant in the geography of the country through which they were to pass, he prevailed on, by the earnest entreaty of Marriet, to return to London, and leave them to perform the rest of the journey under the protection of Mr. Ryland.

On their leaving the inn at which they were, there occurred an incident, of which, though the reader may have observed me not to dwell on trifling circumstances, I cannot help taking notice. While they were sitting down to dinner, they were frequently disturbed by the boisterous mirth of a company in the room immediately adjoining. This, one of

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the waiters informed them, proceeded from a gentleman, who, he believed, was travelling from London down into the country, and, having no companion, had associated with the landlord over a bottle of claret, which, according to the waiter's account, his honour had made so free with, as to be in a merrier, or, as that word may generally be translated, a more noise-making mood than usual. As Sindall was handing Harriet into the post-chaise, they observed a gentleman, whom they concluded to be the same whose voice they had so often heard at dinner, standing in the passage that led to the door. When the lady passed him, he trod, either accidentally or on purpose, on the skirt of her gown behind; and as she turned about to get rid of the stop, having now got sight of her face, he exclaimed, with an oath, that she was an angel; and, seizing the hand with which she was disengaging her gown, pressed it to his lips in so rude a manner, that even his drunkenness could not excuse it, at least it could not to Sindall; who, stepping between him and Miss Annesly, laid hold of his collar, and shaking him violently, demanded how he dared to affront the lady; and insisted on his immediately asking her pardon. "Damme," said he, hiccuping, "not on compulsion, damme, for you nor any man, damme." The landlord and Mr. Ryland now interposed, and, with the assistance of Harriet, pacified Sir Thomas, from the consideration of the gentleman's being in a temporary state of insanity; Sindall accordingly let go his hold, and went on with Harriet to the chaise, while the other, re-

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sting his neckcloth, swore that he would another peep at the girl notwithstanding. When Harriet was seated in the chaise, Sindall took notice of the flutter into which this silent had thrown her; she confessed that she had been a good deal alarmed, lest there should have been a quarrel on her account, and begged Sir Thomas, if he had any regard for her ease of mind, to think no more of vengeance against the other gentleman. "Far not, my adorable Harriet," whispered Sir Thomas; "if I thought there were one remembrance of Sindall in that heavenly form." — the chaise drove on — she made a reply to this unfinished speech, and ended, smiling, to its author.

CHAP. XXIII.

Harriet proceeds on her Journey with Ryland.—A very daring Attack is made upon them.—The Consequences.

NOTHING further happened worthy of relating, till towards the close of that journey in Sir Thomas's direction had marked out their first day's progress. Ryland had been observed, that Sir Thomas's short roads turned out very sorry ones; and when it was to be dark, Harriet's fears made her take notice, that they had got upon a large common, where, for a great way round, there was not a house to be seen. Nor was she at all relieved by the information of the post-boy, upon being interrogated by Ryland as to the safety of the road, answered, "To be sure, my dear, I've known some highwaymen fre-

quent this common, and there stands a gibbet hard by, where of two them have hung these three years." He had scarcely uttered this speech, when the noise of horsemen was heard behind them, at which Miss Annesly's heart began to palpitate, nor was her companion's free from unusual agitation. He asked the post-boy in a low voice, if he knew the riders who were coming up behind; the boy answered in the negative, but that he needed not be afraid, as he observed a carriage along with them.

The first of the horsemen now passed the chaise in which Ryland and Harriet were, and at the distance of a few yards they crossed the road, and made a halt on the other side of it. Harriet's fears were now too much alarmed to be quieted by the late assurance of the post-boy; she was not, indeed, long suffered to remain in a state of suspense; one of those objects of her terror called to the driver to stop; which the lad had no sooner complied with, than he rode up to the side of the carriage where the lady was seated, and told her, in a tone rather peremptory than threatening, that she must allow that gentleman (meaning Ryland) to accept of a seat in another carriage, which was just behind, and do him and his friends the honour of taking one of them for her companion. He received no answer to this demand, she to whom it was made having fainted into the arms of her terrified fellow-traveller. In this state of insensibility, Ryland was forced, by the inhuman ruffian and his associates, to leave her, and enter a chaise which now drew w

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to receive him; and one of the gang, whose appearance bespoke something of a higher rank than the rest, seated himself by her, and was very assiduous in using proper means for her recovery. When that was effected, he begged her in terms of great politeness, not to make herself in the least uneasy, for that no harm was intended.—“Oh heaven!” she cried, “where am I? What would you have? Whither would you carry me? Where is Mr. Ryland?”—“If you mean the gentleman in whose company you were, Madam, you may be assured that nothing ill shall happen to him any more than to yourself.”—“Nothing ill?” said she; “merciful God! What do you intend to do with me?”—“I would not do you a mischief for the world,” answered he, “and if you will be patient for a little time, you shall be satisfied that you are in danger of none.”—All this while they forced the post-boy to drive on full speed; and there was light enough for Harriet to discover, that the road they took had so little the appearance of a frequented one, that there was but a very small chance of her meeting with any relief. In a short time after, however, when the moon shining out made it lighter, she found they were obliged to slacken their pace, from being met, in a narrow part of the road, by some persons on horseback. The thoughts of relief recruited her exhausted spirits; and having got down the front-glass, she called out as loud as she was able, begging their assistance to rescue a miserable creature from ruffians. One, who attended the carriage by way of guard, exclaimed, that

whom her friends were conveying to
of security: but Harriet, notwithstanding
some endeavours of the man in the
prevent her, cried out with greater violence
than before, entreating them, for God's sake
to pity and relieve her. By this time
who had been formerly behind, came to the
front of the party they had met, and
hearing this last speech of Harriet's, "O
God!" said he, "can it be Miss Anne?"
Upon this, her companion in the carriage
jumped out with a pistol in his hand, and
scarcely she heard the report of fire, when
which the horses taking fright, ran wildly
across the fields for a considerable way, till
their driver was able to stop them. He had
scarcely accomplished that, when he was
assaulted by a servant in livery, who
showed no fear, for that his master had
ordered the villains to make off.—"Eternal
damnation on him!" cried Harriet, "and to
the vengeance whose instrument he is."—
He had been of any service to Miss Annesley,
a gentleman who now appeared by the
horse, "rewards itself."—It was

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particular path, which would lead him to a small inn, where he had sometimes passed the night when a-hunting.

When he pulled up the glass, "Tell me, tell me, Sir Thomas," said Harriet, "what guardian angel directed you so unexpectedly to my relief?"—"That guardian angel, my dear, which I trust will ever direct us to happiness; my love, my impatient love, that could not bear the tedious days which my dear Harriet's presence had ceased to brighten."—"When she would have expressed the warmth of her gratitude for his services: speak not of them," said he; "I only risked life in thy defence, which, without thee, it was nothing to possess."

They now reached that inn to which Sinclair had directed them; where if they found a stranger, yet it was a cordial reception. The landlady, who had the most obliging and attentive behaviour in the world, having heard of the accident which had befallen the lady, procured some waters which, she said, were highly cordial, and begged Miss Annesly to take a large glass of them; informed her, that they were made after a recipe of her grandmother, who was one of the most notable distillers in the country. Sir Thomas, however, was not satisfied with this prescription alone, but dispatched one of his servants to fetch a neighbouring surgeon, as Miss Annesly's alarm, he said, might have more serious consequences than people, ignorant of such things, could imagine. For this surgeon, indeed, there seemed more employments than

one; the sleeve of Sir Thomas's shirt was discovered to be all over blood, owing, as he imagined, to the grazing of a pistol-ball which had been fired at him. This himself treated very lightly, but it awakened the fears and tenderness of Harriet in the liveliest manner.

The landlady now put a question, which indeed might naturally have suggested itself before; to wit, Whom they suspected to be the instigators of this outrage? Sir Thomas answered, that, for his part, he could form no probable conjecture about the matter; and, turning to Miss Annesly, asked her opinion on the subject; "Sure," said he, "it cannot have been that ruffian who was rude to you at the inn where we dined." Harriet answered, that she could very well suppose it might; adding, that though in the confusion she did not pretend to have taken very distinct notice of things, yet she thought there was a person standing at the door, near to that drunken gentleman, who had some resemblance of the man that sat by her in the chaise.

— They were interrupted by the arrival of the surgeon, which, from the vigilance of the servant, happened in a much shorter time than could have been expected; and Harriet peremptorily insisted, that, before he took any charge of her, he should examine and dress the wound on Sir Thomas's arm. To this, therefore, the baronet was obliged to consent; and after having been some time with the operator in an adjoining chamber, they returned together, Sir Thomas's arm being slung in a piece of crape, and the sur-

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geon declaring highly to Miss Annesly's satisfaction, that with proper care there was no sort of danger; though he added, that if the shot had taken a direction but half an inch more to the left, it would have shattered the bone to pieces. This last declaration drove the blood again from Harriet's cheek, and contributed, perhaps, more than any thing else, to that quickness and tremulation of pulse which the surgeon on applying his finger to her wrist, pronounced to be the case. He ordered his patient to be undressed; which was accordingly done, the landlady accommodating her with a bedgown of her own; and then, having mulled a little wine, he mixed in it some powders of his own composition, a secret, he said, of the greatest efficacy in re-adjusting any disorders in the nervous system; of which draught he recommended a large tea-cupful to be taken immediately. Harriet objected strongly against these powders, till the surgeon seemed to grow angry at her refusal, and recapitulated, in a very rapid manner, the success which their administration had in many great families who did him the honour of employing him. Harriet, the gentleness of whose nature could offend no one living, overcame her reluctance, and swallowed the dose that was offered her.—

— The indignation of my soul has with difficulty submitted so long to this cool description of a scene of the most exquisite villany. The genuineness of my tale needs not the aid of surprise to interest the feelings of my readers. It is with horror I tell them, that the various incidents, which this and the preceding chapter

contain, were but a prelude of a design by Sindall for the destruction of the cence, which was the dowry of A daughter. He had contrived a rout proper for the success of his mach which the ignorance of Ryland was p on to follow: he had bribed a set of to execute that sham rape, which his valour was to prevent; he had scratched his wrist with a pen-knife, to make the chance of being wounded in the cause trained his victim to the house of whom he had before employed for of a similar kind; he had dressed his own creatures to personate a surgeon, that surgeon, by his directions, had added certain powders, of which the effects were to assist the execution of the villany.

Beset with toils like these, his help was, alas! too much in his power to chance of escape; and that guilty night completed the ruin of her, whom, but before, the friend of Sindall, in the of his soul, had recommended to his protection.——

Let me close this chapter on the deed!—That such things are, is a treassful to humanity——their detail can no mind that deserves to be gratified

CHAP. XXIV.

The Situation of Harriet, and the Conduct of Sindall.—They proceed Homeward.—Some Incidents in their Journey.

* I WOULD describe, if I could, the anguish which the recollection of the succeeding day brought on the mind of Harriet Annesly.—But it is in such passages, that the expression of the writer will do little justice even to his own feelings; much must therefore be left to those of the reader.

The poignancy of her own distress was doubled by the idea of her father's; — a father's, whose pride, whose comfort, but a few weeks ago, she had been, to whom she was now to return deprived of that innocence which could never be restored. I should rather say that honour; for guilt it could not be called, under the circumstances into which she had been betrayed; but the world has little distinction to make; and the fall of her whom the deepest villany has circumvented, it brands with that common degree of infamy, which, in its justice, it always imputes to the side of the less criminal party.

Sindall's pity (for we will do him no injustice) might be touched; his passion was but little abated; and he employed the language of both to comfort the affliction he had caused. From the violence of what, by the perversion of words, is termed love, he excused the guilt of his past conduct, and protested his readiness to wipe it away by the future. He begged that Harriet would not suffer her de

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leacy to make her unhappy under the sentiment of their connexion; he vowed that he considered her as his wife, and that, as soon as particular circumstances would allow him, he would make her what the world called so, though the sacredness of his attachment was above being increased by any form whatever.

There was something in the mind of Harriet which allowed her little ease under all these protestations of regard; but they took off the edge of her present affliction, and she heard them, if not with a warmth of hope, at least with an alleviation of despair.

They now set out on their return to the peaceful mansion of Annesly. How blissful, in any other circumstances, had Harriet imagined the sight of a father, whom she now trembled to behold!

They had not proceeded many miles, when they were met by Ryland, attended by a number of rustics, whom he had assembled for the purpose of searching after Miss Annesly. It was only indeed by the lower class that the account he gave had been credited, for which those who did not believe it cannot much be blamed, when we consider its improbability, and likewise that Jack's persuasive powers were not of a sort that easily induce persuasion, even when not disarranged by the confusion and fright of such an adventure.

His joy at finding Harriet safe in the protection of Sir Thomas, was equally turbulent with his former fears for her welfare. After rewarding his present associates with the greatest part of the money in his pocket, he

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eded, in a manner not the most distinct, to give an account of what befel himself subsequent to that violence which had torn him from his companion. The chaise, he said, into which he was forced, drove, by several crosses, about three or four miles from the place where they were first attacked; it then stopping, his attendant commanded him to get out, and pointing to a farm-house, which by the light of the moon was discernible at some distance, told him, that, if he went thither, he should find accommodation for the night, and then pursue his journey with safety in the morning.

He now demanded, in his turn, a recital of Harriet of her share of their common calamity, which she gave him in the few words the present state of her spirits could afford. When she had ended, Ryland fell on his knees in gratitude to Sir Thomas for her deliverance. Harriet turned on Sindall a look entirely expressive, and it was followed by a falling tear.

They now proceeded to the next stage on their way homeward, Sindall declared, that, whatever had happened, he would, on no account, leave Miss Annesly, till he had delivered her safe into the hands of her father. She uttered this speech with a sigh so deep, that Ryland had possessed much penetration, would have made conjectures of something uncommon on her mind; but he was guiltless of imputing to others, what his honesty never experienced in himself. Sir Thomas observed her, and gently chid it by squeezing her hand.

At the inn where I met with a gentleman of a fourth person to officer who was going of the country on recreation to be a particular Thomas Sindall: his name

He afforded to their of which at present it seemed much in need; to wit, a plenty and humour, for which a profusion of animal spirits fitted him. She had not perceived him much sterling wit; but him abundance of that commodity which frequently passes for the real. In this company, had associated him, he had advantage from the presence of he very soon discovered to be men called Butts, those easy borrow a metaphor of Otway's wits of the world repose and

Besides all this, he had a fullness arising from the adventures which, according to his own account, passed equally in the perils of luxuries of peace; his memoirs repeated instances of his valour in the field, his address in the society and his gallantry in connexions with. But lest the reader should in the real portraiture of this gentleman be found in those lineaments which of himself, I will take the liberty though briefly, to communicate

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lars relating to his quality, his situation, and his character.

He was the son of a man who called himself an attorney, in a village adjoining to Sir Thomas Sindall's estate. His father, Sir William, with whom I made my readers a little acquainted in the beginning of my story, had found this same lawyer useful in carrying on some proceedings against his poor neighbours, which the delicacy of more established practitioners in the law might possibly have boggled at; and he had grown into consequence with the baronet, from that pliancy of disposition which was suited to his service. Not that Sir William was naturally cruel or oppressive, but he had an exalted idea of the consequence which a great estate confers on its possessor, which was irritated beyond measure when any favourite scheme of his was opposed by a man of little fortune, however just or proper his reasons for opposition might be; and, though a *good sort of man*, as I have before observed, his vengeance was implacable.

Young Camplin, who was nearly of an age with Master Tommy Sindall, was frequently at Sir William's in quality of a dependant companion to his son; and, before the baronet died, he had procured him an ensign's commission in a regiment, which some years after was stationed in one of our garrisons abroad, where Camplin, much against his inclination, was under a necessity of joining it.

Here he happened to have an opportunity of obliging the chief in command, by certain little offices, which, though not strictly honour-

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able in themselves, a
favour and countenance
men; and so much did
mander to the ensign,
very soon promoted by
rank of a lieutenant, and
enabled to make a very
chase of a company.

With this patron also
land, and was received in
familiar manner into his
the honour of carving got
was sometimes permitted
at jokes which he was soon
make, and carried an ob
all companies, who were
such extraordinary respect
approach.

About this time, his father
in the country had not incurred
death of Sir William Sindall
London, where the reader will
having met with him in a
but the captain, during his pa
there, lived too near St. Ja
many visits to Gray's Inn; and
the gentleman left the town, he continued
amidst a circle of men of fashion
he contrived to live in a manner
been often defined by the expression
body knows how;" which sort of
followed uninterruptedly without
his regiment, till he was now ordered
change of a colonel, to take some
in his turn, and was ordered to
I have taken notice to relate.

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In this company did Harriet return to her father. As the news of disaster is commonly speedy in its course, the good man had already been confusedly informed of the attack which had been made on his daughter. To him, therefore, this meeting was joyful, as almost to blot from his remembrance the calamities which had lately befallen his family. But far different were the sensations of Harriet; she shrunk from the sight of a parent, of whose purity she now conceived herself unworthy, and fell blushing on his neck, which she bathed with a profusion of tears. This he imagined to proceed from her sensibility of those woes which her unhappy brother had suffered; and he forbore to take notice of her distress, any otherwise than by maintaining a degree of cheerfulness himself, much above what the feelings of his heart could warrant.

He was attended, when her fellow-travellers accompanied Miss Annesly to his house, by a gentleman, whom he now introduced to her by the name of Rawlinson, saying he was a very worthy friend of his, who had lately returned from abroad. Harriet indeed, recollected to have heard her father mention such a one in their conversation before. Though a good deal younger than Annesly, he had been a very intimate school-fellow of his in London, from which place he was sent to the East Indies, and returned, as was common in those days, with some thousand pounds and a good conscience, to his native country. A genuine plainness of manners, and a warm benevolence of heart, neither the refinements of life, nor the van-

ties of traffic, had been able to weaken in Rawlinson; and he set out, under the impression of both, immediately after his arrival in England, to visit a companion, whose virtues he remembered with veneration, and the value of whose friendship he had not forgotten. Annesly received him with that welcome which his fire-side ever afforded to the worthy; and Harriet, through the dimness of her grief, smiled on the friend of her father.

CHAP. XXV.

Something further of Mr. Rawlinson.

RAWLINSON found his reception so agreeable, that he lengthened his visit much beyond the limits which he at first intended it; and the earnest request of Annesly, to whom his friend's company was equally pleasing, extended them still a little farther.

During this period, he had daily opportunities of observing the amiable dispositions of Harriet. He observed, indeed, a degree of melancholy about her, which seemed extraordinary in one of her age; but he was satisfied to account for it, from the relation, which her father had given him, of the situation of his son, and that remarkable tenderness of which his daughter was susceptible. When viewed in this light, it added to the good opinion which he already entertained of her.

His esteem for Miss Annesly showed itself by every mark of attention, which a regard for the other sex unavoidably prompts in ours; and a young woman, or her father, who had no more penetration in those matters than is

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common to many, would not have hesitated to pronounce, that Rawlinson was already the lover of Harriet. But as neither she nor her father had any wishes pointing that way, which had been one great index for discovery, they were void of any suspicion of his intentions, till he declared them to Annesly himself.

He did this with an openness and sincerity conformable to the whole of his character. He told his friend, that he had now made such a fortune as enabled him to live independently, and that he looked for a companion to participate it, whose good sense would improve what were worthy, and whose good-nature would bear what were imperfect in him. He had discovered, he said, so much of both in the mind of Miss Annesly, that there needed not the recommendation of being the daughter of his worthiest friend to determine his choice; and that, though he was not old enough to be insensible to beauty, yet he was wise enough to consider it as the least of her good qualities. He added, that he made this application to her father, not to ask a partial exertion of his interest in his favour, but only as the common friend of both, to reveal his intentions to Miss Harriet. "She has seen me," said he, "as I am; if not a romantic lover, I shall not be a different sort of being, should she accept of me for a husband; if she does not, I promise you, I shall be far from being offended, and will always endeavour to retain her for my friend, whom I have no right to blame for not choosing to be my wife."

surances of a speedy reparation of her injuries, prevailed on her to give him something like a promise of secrecy.

Her answer to this offer of Mr. Rawlinson's, expressed her sense of the obligation she lay under to him, and to her father; she avowed an esteem for his character equal to its excellence, but that it amounted not to that tender regard which she must feel for the man whom she could think of making her husband.

Rawlinson received his friend's account of this determination without discomposure. He said, he knew himself well enough to believe that Miss Annesly had made an honest and a proper declaration; and begged to have an interview with herself, to show her that he conceived not the smallest resentment at her refusal, which, on the contrary, though it destroyed his hopes, had increased his veneration for her.

"Regard me not," said he to her, when they met, "with that aspect of distance, as if you had offended or affronted me; let me not lose that look of kindness, which, as the friend of your father and yourself, I have formerly experienced. I confess there is one disparity between us, which we elderly men are apt to forget, but which I take no offence at being put in mind of. It is more than probable that I shall never be married at all. Since I am not a match for you, Miss Annesly, I would endeavour to make you somewhat better, if it is possible, for another: do me the favour to accept of this paper, and let it speak for me, that I would contribute to

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your happiness, without the selfish consideration of its being made one with my own." So saying, he bowed, and retired to an adjoining apartment, where his friend was seated. Harriet, upon opening the paper, found it to contain bank-bills to the amount of a thousand pounds. Her surprise at this instance of generosity held her, for a few moments, fixed to the spot; but she no sooner recollected herself, than she followed Mr. Rawlinson, and putting the paper, with its contents, into his hand, "Though I feel, Sir," said she, "with the utmost gratitude, those sentiments of kindness and generosity you have expressed towards me, you will excuse me, I hope, from receiving this mark of them."—Rawlinson's countenance betrayed some indications of displeasure.—"You do wrong," said he, "young lady, and I will be judged by your father——This was a present, Sir, I intended for the worthiest woman; the daughter of my worthiest friend; she is a woman still, I see, and her pride will no more than her affections submit itself to my happiness." Annesly looked upon the bank-bills. "There is a delicacy, my best friend," said he, "in our situation: the poor must ever be cautious, and there is a certain degree of pride which is their safest virtue."—"Let me tell you," interrupted the other, "this is not the pride of virtue. It is that fantastic nicety which is a weakness in the soul, and the dignity of great minds is above it. Believe me, the churlishness which cannot oblige, is little more selfish, though in a different mode,

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the haughtiness which will not be
ged."

"We are instructed, my child," said An-
y, delivering her the paper; "let us show
Rawlinson that we have not that narrow-
of mind which he has censured; and
we will pay that last tribute to his worth
ch the receiving of a favour bestows."

"Indeed, Sir," said Harriet, "I little de-
e it; I am not, I am not what he thinks
—I am not worthy of his regard." And
burst into tears. They knew not why she
it; but their eyes shed each a sympathetic
p, without asking their reasons' leave.

Mr. Rawlinson speedily set out for Lon-
y, where his presence was necessary to-
ds dispatching some business he had left
nished, after his return to England.

He left his friend, and his friend's am-
e daughter, with a tender regret; while
y, who, in their humble walk of life, had
to whom that title would belong, felt his
ence with an equal emotion. He pro-
ed, however, at his departure, to make
m another visit with the return of the spring.

CHAP. XXVI.

*Captain Camplin is again introduced.—
The Situation of Miss Annesly, with
that Gentleman's concern in her Affairs.*

Its place was but ill supplied, at their
ter's fire-side, by the occasional visits of
uplin, whom Sindall had introduced to
nesly's acquaintance. Yet, though this
a character on which Annesly could not

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bestow much of his esteem, it had some good-humoured qualities, which did not fail to entertain and amuse him. But the captain seemed to be less agreeable in that quarter to which he principally pointed his attention, to wit, the opinion of Harriet, to whom he took frequent occasion to make those speeches, which have just enough of folly in them to acquire the name of compliments, and sometimes even ventured to turn them in so particular a manner, as if he wished to have them understood to mean somewhat more.

The situation of the unfortunate Harriet was such as his pleasantry could not divert, and his attachment could only disgust. As she had lost that peace of mind which inward satisfaction alone can bestow, so she felt the calamity doubled, by that obligation to secrecy she was under, and the difficulty which her present condition (for she was now with child) made such a concealment be attended with. Often had she determined to reveal, either to her father or to Mrs. Wistanly, who, of her own sex, was her only friend, the story of her dishonour; but Sindall, by repeated solicitations when in the country, and a constant correspondence when in town, conjured her to be silent, for some little time, till he could smooth the way for bestowing his hand on the only woman whom he had ever sincerely loved. One principal reason for his postponing their union, had always been the necessity for endeavouring to gain over the assent of his grandfather by the mother's side, from whom Sindall had great expectations; he had, from time to time, suggested

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difficult, and only to be attempted on, from the proud and touchy disposition of the old gentleman. He now regarded him as in a very declining state, and that, probably, in a very short death would remove this obstacle to the best wish of a heart that was ever true to his Harriet. The flattering language of his letters could not arrest the progress of that time, which must divulge the secret he had undone; but they soothed the feelings of a soul to whom his villany was unknown, and whose affection his appearance of worth, of friendship, and nobleness, had but too much entangled. He had imperfectly accounted for the delay of a marriage, which he always professed intention to perform, the delusion which he had kept up in the expectations of Harriet, the period began to draw near, when it was impossible any longer to conceal from the world the effects of their intimacy. Indeed, her uneasiness was not to be accounted for by such excuses as Sindall had before used to her artless confidence to believe. He gave her, therefore, an answer to a number of the most earnest as well as tender solicitations, informing her, of his determination to run any risk of inconvenience to himself, rather than suffer her to longer in a state, such as she had formerly indeed described: That he was about to be in a few days for the country, to himself indissolubly her's; but that it was absolutely necessary that she should accompany him to conduct their marriage in a par-

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ticular manner, which he would communicate to her on his arrival; and begged, as she valued his peace and her own, that the whole matter might still remain inviolably secret, as she had hitherto kept it.

In a few days after the receipt of this letter, she received a note from Camplin, importing his desire to have an interview with her on some particular business, which related equally to her and to Sir Thomas Sindall. The time appointed was early in the morning of the succeeding day; and the place, a little walk, which the villagers used to frequent in holiday-times, at the back of her father's garden. This was delivered to her in a secret manner, by a little boy, an attendant of that gentleman's, who was a frequent guest in Annesly's kitchen, from his talent at playing the flageolet, which he had acquired in the capacity of a drummer to the regiment to which his master belonged. Mysterious as the contents of this note were, the mind of Harriet easily suggested to her, that Camplin had been, in some respect at least, let into the confidence of Sir Thomas. She now felt the want of that dignity which innocence bestows; she blushed and trembled, even in the presence of this little boy, because he was Camplin's; and, with a shaking hand, scrawled a note in answer to that he had brought her, to let his master know that she would meet him at the hour he had appointed.—She met him accordingly.

He began by making many protestations of his regard, both for Miss Annesly and her father, which had induced him, he said

he himself to the service of both in
 , though it was a matter of such
 s he would not otherwise have
 interfere in; and, putting into her
 ter from Sindall, told her, he had
 asures for carrying into execution
 e it contained.

med her that Sir Thomas was in
 of an old domestic at some miles
 where he waited to be made her's:
 had for this secrecy many reasons,
 he could not by such a conveyance
 acquainted, but which her own pru-
 dence probably suggest. He con-
 cluded recommending her to the care
 tion of Camplin, whose honour he
 valued.

used a moment on the perusal of
 —“Oh! heavens!” said she “to
 e I reduced myself! Mr. Camplin,
 to do? Whither are you to carry
 on my confusion—I scarce know
 to you.”

“A chaise-and-four ready,” an-
 swered Camplin, “at the end of the lane, which
 is or two, Madam, will convey you
 to Sir Thomas Sindall.”—“But my father!
 How can I leave my father?”—“Con-
 sider, Madam, it is but for a little while.
 I shall carry a note to acquaint him
 you are gone on a visit, and will return
 in a few days.”—“Return! methinks I feel
 that I shall never return.”—
 She took a piece of paper and a pencil into her
 hand, and a note was written, and dispatched by
 the man to whom he beckoned at some dis-

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tance where he had waited. — "Now, Madam," said he, "let me conduct you." — Her knees knocked so against each other, that it was with difficulty she could walk, even with the support of his arm. They reached the chaise; a servant, who stood by it, opened the door to admit her; she put her foot on the step, then drew it back again. "Be not afraid, Madam," said Camplin, "you go to be happy." She put her foot up again, and stood in that attitude a moment; she cast back a look to the little mansion of her father, whence the smoke was now rolling its volumes in the calm of a beautiful morning. A gush of tenderness swelled her heart at the sight. — She burst into tears — But the crisis of her fate was come — and she entered the carriage, which drove off at a furious rate, Camplin commanding the postilion to make as much speed as possible.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Effects which the Event contained in the preceding Chapter had on Mr. Annesly.

THE receipt of that note which Harriet was persuaded by Camplin to write to her father, (intimating, that she was gone upon a visit to a family in the neighbourhood, and not to return till the evening,) though her time of going abroad was somewhat unusual, did not create any surprise in the mind of Annesly; but it happened that Mrs. Wistanly, who called in the afternoon to inquire after her young friend, had just left the very house

her message imported her visit to be

This set her father on conjecturing, without much anxiety, and no suspicion; his fears were redoubled when, having till a very late hour, no tidings arrived of his daughter. He went to bed, however, but it could not afford him sleep; at every bark of the village-dogs his heart bounded at the hopes of her return; but the morning broke, and did not restore him his Harriet.

His uneasiness had been observed by his servants, to whom he was too indulgent a master to have his interests considered by them with less warmth than their own. Abraham, therefore, who was coeval with his master, and had served him ever since he was married, had sallied forth by day-break in quest of intelligence. He was met accidentally by a huntsman of Sir Thomas Sintram, who informed him, that as he crossed the meadow at the back of the village the morning before, he saw Miss Annesly leaning on Captain Camplin's arm, and walking with him towards a chaise-and-four, which stood at the door of it. Abraham's cheeks grew pale at this intelligence, because he had a sort of instinctive error for Camplin, who was in use to display his awkward simplicity a fund for the jests and tricks of mischief, during his visits to Annesly. He hastened home to communicate this discovery to his master, which he did with a faltering tongue, and many exclamations of fear and surprise. Annesly received it with less emotion, though not without an increase of uneasiness. "Yonder," said Abraham, "is the captain's little boy;"

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and he ran out of the room to bring him to an examination. The lad, upon being interrogated, confessed that his master had sent him to hire a chaise, which was to be in waiting at the end of that lane I have formerly mentioned, at an early hour in the morning, and that he saw Miss Annesly go into it attended by the captain, who had not, any more than Miss Harriet, been at home or heard of since that time. This declaration deprived Annesly of utterance; but it only added to the warmth of Abraham's inquisition, who now mingling threats with his questions, drew from the boy the secret of his having privately delivered a letter from his master to Miss Annesly, the very night preceding the day of their departure; and that a man of his acquaintance, who had stopt about mid-day at the ale-house where he was quartered, told him, by way of conversation, that he had met his master with a lady, whom he supposed, jeeringly, he was running away with, driving at a great rate on the road towards London. Abraham made a sign to the boy to leave the room.—“My poor dear young lady!” said he, as he shut the door, and the tears gushed from his eyes. His master's were turned upwards to that Being to whom calamity ever directed them.—The maid-servant now entered the room, uttering some broken exclamations of sorrow, which a violent sobbing rendered inarticulate.—Annesly had finished his account with Heaven; and addressing her with a degree of calmness, which the good man could derive only thence, asked her the cause of her being afflicted in so un-

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usual a manner. "Oh, Sir!" said she, stifling her tears, "I have heard what the captain's boy has been telling; I fear it is but too true, and worse than you imagine! God forgive me, if I wrong Miss Harriet; but I suspect—I have suspected for some time—she burst into tears again—that my young lady is with child."—Annesly had stretched his fortitude to the utmost—this last blow overcame it, and he fell senseless on the floor! Abraham threw himself down by him, tearing his white locks, and acting all the frantic extravagancies of grief. But the maid was more useful to her master; and having raised him gently, and chafed his temples, he began to show some signs of reviving, when Abraham collected himself so far as to assist his fellow-servant in carrying him to his chamber, laying him on his bed, where he recovered the powers of life, and the sense of his fortune.

Their endeavours for his recovery were aided by Mrs. Wistanly, who had made an early visit to satisfy some doubts which, as well as Annesly, had conceived, even the information of the preceding day. When he first regained the use of speech, he laboured of a violent shivering, for which the good lady, from the little skill she possessed in physic, prescribed some simple remedies, and at the same time dispatched him for an apothecary in the neighbourhood, who commonly attended the family. Before this gentleman arrived, Annesly received so much temporary relief from

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Mrs. Wistanly's prescriptions, as to be able to speak with more ease, than the incessant quivering of his lips had before allowed him to do. "Alas!" said he, "Mrs. Wistanly, have you heard of my Harriet?"—"I have, Sir," said she, "with equal astonishment and sorrow; yet let me intreat you not to abandon that hope which the present uncertainty may warrant. I cannot allow myself to think that things are so ill as your servants have informed me."—"My foreboding heart," said he, "tells me they are; I remember many circumstances now, which all meet to confirm my fears. Oh! Mrs. Wistanly, she was my darling, the idol of my heart! perhaps too much so—the will of Heaven be done!"—

The apothecary now arrived, who, upon examining into the state of his patient, ordered some warm applications to remove that universal coldness he complained of, and left him with a promise of returning in a few hours, when he had finished some visits, which he was under a necessity of making in the village.

When he returned, he found Mr. Annesly altered for the worse; the cold which the latter felt before, having given place to a burning heat. He therefore told Mrs. Wistanly, at going away, that in the evening he would bring a physician, with whom he had an appointment at a gentleman's not very distant, to see Mr. Annesly, as his situation appeared to him to be attended with some alarming circumstances.

His fears of danger were justified by the event. When these gentlemen saw Mr. An-

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the evening, his fever was increased. y, after a restless night, they found ad symptom confirmed ; they tried ethod which medical skill could sug- his relief, but, during four successive eir endeavours proved ineffectual ; he expiration of that time, they told id, Mrs. Wistanly, who had enjoyed s little sleep as the sick man whom hed, that unless some favourable crisis appen soon, the worst consequences ch to be feared.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Arrival of Mr. Rawlinson.—Annesly's nurse with him.—That Gentleman's account of his Friend's Illness, and its consequences.

is melancholy period it happened that vlinson arrived in pursuance of that which Annesly had obtained from the time of his departure for London. e needed not that warmth of heart formerly described in this gentleman, he accumulated distress to which his friend was reduced. Nor was his ment at the account which he received iet's elopement less than his pity for rings it had brought upon her father. the present situation of Annesly's e did not choose to incommode them y trouble of provision for him. He his quarters, therefore, at the only altry one indeed, which the village , and resolved to remain there till he

saw what issue his friend's present illness should have, and endeavour to administer some comfort, either to the last moment of his life, or to that affliction which his recovery could not remove.

In the evening of the day on which he arrived, Annesly seemed to feel a sort of relief from the violence of his disease. He spoke with a degree of coolness which he had never before been able to command; after having talked some little time with his physician, he told Abraham, who sat by his bed-side, that he thought he had seen Mr. Rawlinson enter the room in the morning, though he was in a confused state at the time, and might have mistaken a dream for the reality. Upon Abraham's informing him that Mr. Rawlinson had been there, he had left the house but the moment before, and that he was to remain in the village some time, he expressed the warmest satisfaction at the intelligence; and having requested Abraham to fetch him a paper which lay in his bureau, sealed up in a particular manner, he dispatched him to the inn where his friend was, with a message, importing an earnest desire to see him as soon as should be convenient.

* Rawlinson had already returned to his house, and was by this time stealing up stairs to watch at the bed-side of his friend, a task which Mrs. Wistanly's former uneasiness and solicitude had now rendered her unfit to perform.

He was met by Abraham with a gleam of joy on his countenance, from the happy change which he thought he observed in his ma-

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d was conducted to the side of the bed by that faithful domestic, who placed him in a chair that the doctor had just occupied by his patient.

Annesly stretched out his hands, and squeezed that of Rawlinson between them for some time, without speaking a word. "I bless God," said he at last, "that he has sent me a comforter, at a moment when I so much needed one. You must by this time have heard, my friend, of that latest and greatest of my family-misfortunes, with which Providence has afflicted me."—"You know, my dear sir," answered Rawlinson, "that no one could more sincerely feel for your sorrows than I; but at present it is a subject too tender for you."—"Do not say so," replied his friend; "it will ease my labouring heart to speak of it to my Rawlinson; but in the first place I have a little business which I will now dispatch. Here is a deed, making over all my effects to you, Sir, and at your death, to any one you shall name your executor in that trust for my children—if I have any children remaining!—Into your hands I deliver it with a peculiar satisfaction, and I now there will not need the desire of a dying friend to add to your zeal for their service.—Why should that word startle you? Death is to me a messenger of consolation." He paused!—Rawlinson put up the paper in silence; for his heart was too full to allow him the use of words for an answer.

"When I lost my son," continued Annesly, "I suffered in silence; and though it preyed on me in secret, I bore up against the weight

myself and my, which I feel for
for my Harriet.—She was then re-
maining comfort, saved like some
treasure from the shipwreck of
and I fondly hoped that my age
down smoothly to its rest, amidst the
ments of a father's care.—I have
to see the last resting-place which
could find in this world, laid waste
solate!—yet to that Being, whose
is infinite as his ways are inscrutable
bend in reverence! I bless his name
has not yet taken from me that treasure
which to lose is the only irremediable
It is now indeed that I feel its effect
when every ray of human comfort
guished. As for me—my deliverer
hand; I feel something here at my
tells me I shall not have long to
insufferable affliction. My poor
daughter—I commit to thee, Father
by whom the wanderings of thy un-
dren are seen with pity, and to
return cannot be too late to be
my friend should live to see her

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termining its recital at the close of this pathetic address of his friend.

As I had been told (says this gentleman) that he had not enjoyed one sound sleep since his daughter went away, I left him now to compose himself to rest, desiring his servant

to call me instantly, if he observed any thing particular about his master. He whispered

me, "that when he sat up with him in the night before, he could overhear him at times talk wildly, and mutter to himself like one speaking in one's sleep; that then he would start, sigh deeply, and seem again to recollect himself." I went back to his master's bedside,

and begged him to endeavour to calm his mind so much, as not to prevent that repose which he stood so greatly in need of. "I have

revelled on my physician," answered he, "to give me an opiate for that purpose, and I think I now feel drowsy from its effects." I

wished him good night.—"Good night," said he,—

"but give me your hand; it is perhaps

the last time I shall ever clasp it!" He lifted

up his eyes to heaven, holding my hand in his, then turned away his face, and laid his

head upon his pillow.—I could not lay mine

rest. Alas! said I, that such should be

the portion of virtue like Annesly's; yet to

contemn the distribution of Providence, had

been to forget that lesson which the best of

men had just been teaching me;—but the

subtleties of feeble man, still hung the dark-

ness about my heart.

When I sent in the morning, I was told

that he was still asleep, but that his rest was

never served to be frequently disturbed by groans.

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and startings, and that he breathed much thicker than he had ever hitherto done. I went myself to get more perfect intelligence: his faithful Abraham met me at the door.—“Oh! Sir,” said he, “my poor master!”—“What is the matter?”—“I fear, Sir, he is not in his perfect senses; for he talks more wildly than ever, and yet he is broad awake.”—He led me into the room; I placed myself directly before him; but his eye, though it was fixed on mine, did not seem to acknowledge his object. There was a glazing on it that deadened its look.

He muttered something in a very low voice. “How does my friend?” said I.—He suffered me to take his hand, but answered nothing.—After listening some time, I could hear the name of Harriet. “Do you want any thing, my dear Sir?” He moved his lips, but I heard not what he said.—I repeated my question; he looked up pitcously in my face, then turned his eye round as if he missed some object on which it meant to rest.—He shivered, and caught hold of Abraham’s hand, who stood at the side of the bed opposite to me. He looked round again, then uttered with a feeble and broken voice, “Where is my Harriet? lay your hand on my head—this hand is not my Harriet’s—she is dead, I know;—you will not speak—my poor child is dead! yet I dreamed she was alive, and had left me; left me to die alone!—I have seen her weep at the death of a linnet! poor soul! she was not made for this world—we shall meet in heaven!—Bless her! bless her! there! may you be as virtuous as your mother, and

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fortunate than your father has been!—
head is strangely convulsed!—but, tell
when did she die? you should have waked
at I might have prayed by her.—Sweet
ence, she had no crimes to confess!—I
speak but ill, for my tongue sticks to my
t.—Yet—oh!—Most Merciful, strength-
d support.”—He shivered again—
thy hands!”——He groaned and

fall! and ye who like Sindall—but I
t speak! speak for me their consciences!

CHAP. XXIX.

*What befel Harriet Annesly on her
Leaving her Father.*

AM not in a disposition to stop in the
of this part of my recital, solicitous to
lish, or studious to arrange it. My
rs shall receive it simple, as becomes a
f sorrow, and I flatter myself, they are
moment readier to feel than to judge it.
ey have seen Harriet Annesly, by the
e of Sindall, and the agency of Camplin,
ed to leave the house of her father, in
of meeting the man who had betrayed
nd of receiving that only reparation for
juries which it was now in his power to

Sir Thomas never entertained the most
t thought of that marriage, with the
of which he had deluded her. Yet,
a he was not subject to the internal prin-
of honour or morality, he was man of
rld enough to know their value in the

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estimation of others. The virtues of Annesly had so much endeared him to every one within their reach, that this outrage of Sindall's against him, under the disguise of sacred friendship and regard, would have given the interest and character of Sir Thomas such a blow, as he could not easily have recovered, nor conveniently borne. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that he wished for some expedient to conceal it from the eyes of the public.

For this purpose he had formed a scheme, which all the knowledge he had of the delicacy of Harriet's affection for him, did not prevent his thinking practicable, (for the female who once falls from innocence, is held to be sunk into perpetual debasement); and that was to provide a husband for her in the person of another. And for that husband he pitched on Camplin, with whose character he was too well acquainted, to doubt the bringing him over to any baseness which danger did not attend, and a liberal reward was to follow. Camplin, who at this time was in great want of money, and had always an appetite for those pleasures which money alone can purchase, agreed to his proposals; they settled the dowry of his future wife, and the scheme which he undertook to procure her. Part of its execution I have already related; I proceed to relate the rest.

When they had been driven with all the fury which Camplin had enjoined the postilion, for about eight or nine miles, they stopt at an inn, where they changed horses. Harriet expressed her surprise at their not having

ly reached the place where Sir Thomas d them : on which Camplin told her, it was not a great way off, but that the were very bad, and that he observed the s to be exceedingly jaded.

ter having proceeded some miles fur- on a road still more wild and less fre- ed, she repeated her wonder at the r of the way ; on which Camplin, en- ng her pardon for being concerned in- now deceiving her, confessed that Sir as was at a place much further from her r's than he had made her believe ; which t he had begged of him (Camplin) to se, that she might not be alarmed at the ice, which was necessary, he said, for plan of secrecy Sir Thomas had formed is marriage. Her fears were sufficiently d at this intelligence, but it was now te to retreat, however terrible it might go on.

me time after they stopt to breakfast, hanged horses again, Camplin informing that it was the last time they should have ion to do so. Accordingly in little more an hour, during which the speed of their ress was nowise abated, they halted at floor of a house, which Harriet, upon ng out of the chaise, immediately recol- d to be that fatal one to which Sindall efore conveyed her. She felt, on en- g it, a degree of horror, which the re- brance of that guilty night she had before d under its roof, could not fail to suggest, it was with difficulty she dragged her lling steps to a room above stairs, whi-

ther the landlady, with a profusion of civility, conducted her.

Where is Sir Thomas Sindall? said she, looking about with terror on the well-remembered objects around her. Camplin, shutting the door of the chamber, told her, with a look of the utmost tenderness and respect, that Sir Thomas was not then in the house, but had desired him to deliver her a letter, which he now put into her hand for her perusal. It contained what follows :

“It is with inexpressible anguish I inform my ever-dearest Harriet, of my inability to perform engagements, of which I acknowledge the solemnity, and which necessity alone has power to cancel. The cruelty of my grandfather is deaf to all the remonstrances of my love; and having accidentally discovered my attachment for you, he insists upon my immediately setting out on my travels;—a command which, in my present situation, I find myself obliged to comply with. I feel, with the most poignant sorrow and remorse, for that condition to which our ill-fated love has reduced the loveliest of her sex. I would, therefore, endeavour if possible, to conceal the shame which the world arbitrarily affixes to it. With this view, I have laid aside all selfish considerations, so much as to yield to the suit of Mr. Camplin that hand, which I had once the happiness of expecting for myself. This step the exigency of your present circumstances renders highly eligible, if your affections can bend themselves to a man, of whose honour and good qualities I have had the strongest proofs, and who has generosity

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enough to impute no crime to that ardency of the noblest passion of the mind, which has subjected you to the obloquy of the undiscerning multitude. As Mrs. Camplin, you will possess the love and affection of that worthiest of my friends, together with the warmest esteem and regard of your unfortunate, but ever devoted, humble servant,

“THOMAS SINDALL.”

Camplin was about to offer his commentary upon this letter; but Harriet, whose spirits had just supported her to the end of it, lay now lifeless at his feet. After several successive faintings, from which Camplin, the landlady, and other assistants, with difficulty recovered her, a shower of tears came at last to her relief, and she became able to articulate some short exclamations of horror and despair! Camplin threw himself on his knees before her. He protested the most sincere and disinterested passion; and that, if she would bless him with the possession of so many amiable qualities as she possessed, the uniform endeavour of his life should be to promote her happiness.—“I think not of thee,” she exclaimed; “Oh! Sindall! perfidious, cruel, deliberate villain!” Camplin again interrupted her, with protestations of his own affection and regard. “Away!” said she, “and let me hear no more! Oh, if thou wouldst show thy friendship, carry me to that father from whom thou stolest me.—You will not—but if I can live so long, I will crawl to his feet, and expire before him.”

She was running towards the door; Camp-

“Annesly,” said he, “recollect your moment; let me conjure you to your own welfare, and of that father’s so justly love. For these alone Thomas Sindall have thought of the consent which he proposes. If you come the wife of your adoring Cyprian, the time of the celebration of our marriage will not be told to the world: under the influence of that holy tie, every circumstance will be overlooked, and that which has made long and happy, which your rashness would cut off from your young father.”—Harriet had listened to this speech; but the swelling of her eyes had subsided; she threw herself back, and burst again into tears. Cyprian came nearer, and pressing her hand, she drew it hastily from him: “If you have pity,” she cried, “I entreat you to leave me.” He bowed and retired, desiring the landlady to attend Miss Annesly, and endeavour to give her some assistance and consolation. She had, indeed, more occa-

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esses on its cheeks, and forgot the shame
ling its birth, in the natural meltings of
her.

about a week after her delivery she
red tolerably well, and indeed those
her spared no pains or attention to
oute towards her recovery; but, at the
f that period, an accident threw her
he most dangerous situation. She was
in a slumber, with a nurse watching her,
a servant of Sir Thomas Sindall's, whom
aster had employed very actively in the
ess of his designs on Miss Annesly,
ed the room with a look of the utmost
ernation and horror; the nurse beckoned
o make no noise, signifying, by her ges-
that the lady was asleep; but the open-
f the door had already awakened her,
she lay listening, when he told the cause
emotion. It was the intelligence which
d just accidentally received of Mr. An-
s death. The effect of this shock on
fortunate daughter may be easily ima-
; every fatal symptom, which sudden
or surprise causes in women at such
son of weakness, was the consequence,
next morning a delirium succeeded them.
e was not however without intervals of

have any friend sent for, who might alleviate her distress; upon which she had command enough of herself to die to Mrs. Wistanly, reciting briefly she had endured, and asked with dence, however, of obtaining, pardon her offences so far, as to receive the parting breath of her cent and much-loved Harriet. She was accordingly dispatched; and she felt a relief from having accomplished but her reason had held out beyond usual limits of exertion; and after she relapsed into her former disconnectedness.

Soon after the birth of her daughter, according to his instructions, he proposed sending it away, under the care of a nurse whom the landlady had procured from a small hamlet, where she resided at a considerable distance. But this the mother opposed with such earnestness, that the purpose was delayed till now, when it was left to the care of this woman, accompanied by a considerable sum of money to procure her a suitable nurse in the most

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Camplin had provided for her, and reached the house, to which it conveyed her on the morning of the following day, her impatience not suffering her to consider either the danger or inconvenience of travelling all night.—From her recital, I took down the account contained in the following chapter.

CHAP. XXX.

Mrs. Wistanly's Recital.—Conclusion of the First Part.

WHEN I entered the house, and had got upon the stairs leading to the room in which Harriet lay, I heard a voice enchantingly sweet, but low, and sometimes broken, singing snatches of song, varying from the sad to the gay, and from the gay to the sad: it was she herself, sitting up in her bed, fingering her pillow as if it had been a harpsichord. It is not easy to conceive the horror I felt on seeing her in such a situation! She seemed unconscious of my approach, though her eye was turned towards me as I entered; only that she stopt in the midst of a quick and lively movement she had begun, and looking wistfully upon me, breathed such a note of sorrow, and dwelt on it with a cadence so mournful, that my heart lost all the firmness I had resolved to preserve, and I flung my arms round her neck, which I washed with my bursting tears!—The traces which her brain could now only recollect, were such as did not admit of any object long; I had passed over it in the moment of my entrance, and it now wandered from the idea; she paid me

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regard to my caresses, but pushed me gently from her, gazing steadfastly in an opposite direction towards the door of the apartment. A servant entered with some medicine he had been sent to procure; she put it by when I offered it to her, and kept looking earnestly upon him; she ceased her singing too, and seemed to articulate certain imperfect sounds. For some time I could not make them out into words, but at last she spoke more distinctly, and with a firmer tone——

“ You saved my life once, Sir, and I could then thank you, because I wished to preserve it;—but now—no matter, he is happier than I would have him,—I would have nursed the poor old man till he had seen some better days! bless his white beard!—look there! I have heard how they grow in the grave!—poor old man!”——

You weep, my dear Sir; but had you heard her speak these words! I can but coldly repeat them.

All that day she continued in a state of delirium and insensibility to every object around her; towards evening she seemed exhausted with fatigue, and the tossing of her hands, which her frenzy had caused, grew languid, as of one breathless and worn out; about midnight she dropt asleep.

I sat with her during the night, and when she waked in the morning, she gave signs of having recovered her senses, by recollecting me, and calling me by my name. At first, indeed, her questions were irregular and wild; but in a short time she grew so distinct, as to thank me for having complied with the

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of her letter: "'Tis an office of unkindness, which," said she, (and I serve her let fall a tear,) "will be the unwearied friendship for me will bestow." I answered, that I hoped Ah! Mrs. Wistanly," she replied, you hope so? you are not my friend if I wished to avoid a subject which I was little able to bear, and therefore no other return than by kissing her which she had stretched out to me as she

at moment we heard some unusual low stairs, and, as the floor was thin and, the word *child* was very distinctly from every tongue. Upon this she up in her bed, and with a look piteous and beyond description, exclaimed, my God! what of my child!"—She scarcely uttered the words, when the entered the room, and showed sufficiently by her countenance that she had some dreadful to tell. By signs I begged her content.—"What is become of my infant?" Harriet.—"No ill, Madam, (answered I, faltering,) is come to it, I hope." "Alas," said she, "I charge you, for I know the worst: speak, as you would give to my departing soul!" springing up, and grasping the woman's hands with her force.—It was not easy to resist on a charge.—"Alas!" said the woman, "I fear she is drowned; for the cloak and the child's wrapper have been found in some ooze which the river had washed down below the ford."—She let go

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the woman's hands, and wringing her own together, threw up her eyes to heaven, till their sight was lost in the sockets.—We were supporting her, each of us holding one of her arms.—She fell on her knees between us, and dropping her hands for a moment, then raising them again, uttered with a voice, that sounded hollow, as if sunk within her:

“Power Omnipotent! who wilt not lay on thy creatures calamity beyond their strength to bear! if thou hast not yet punished me enough, continue to pour out the phials of thy wrath upon me, and enable me to support what thou inflictest! But if my faults are expiated, suffer me to rest in peace, and graciously blot out the offences which thy judgments have punished here!”—She continued in the same posture for a few moments; then, leaning on us as if she meant to rise, bent her head forward, and, drawing her breath strongly, expired in our arms.

Such was the conclusion of Mrs. Wistanly's tale of woe!

Spirits of gentleness and peace! who look with such pity as angels feel, on the distresses of mortality! often have ye seen me labouring under the afflictions which Providence had laid upon me. Ye have seen me in a strange land, without friend, and without comforter, poor, sick, and naked; ye have seen me shivering over the last faggot which my last farthing had purchased, moistening the crust that supported nature with the tears which

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her miseries shed on it! yet have ye seen me
look inward with a smile, and overcome them.
—If such shall ever be my lot again, so let me
alleviate its sorrows; let me creep to my bed
of straw in peace, after blessing God that I
am not a Man of the World.





THE MAN OF THE W

PART SECOND.

INTRODUCTION

I WAS born to a life of wandering, yet my heart was ever at home ! though the country that gave me birth gave me but few friends, and of those few the greatest part were early lost, yet the remembrance of her was present with me in every clime to which my fate conducted me ; and the idea of those, whose ashes reposed in that humble spot, where they had often been the companions of my infant sports, hallowed it in my imagination, with a sort of sacred enthusiasm.

I had not been many weeks an inhabitant of my native village, after that visit to the lady mentioned in the first part, which procured me the information I have there laid before my readers, till I found myself once more obliged to quit it for a foreign country. My parting with Mrs. Wistanly was more solemn and affecting than common souls will easily imagine it could have been, upon an acquaintance, accidental in its beginning, and short, in its duration ; but there was something tender and melancholy in the cause of it, which gave an impression to our thoughts of one another, more sympathetic,

perhaps, than what a series of mutual obligations could have effected.

Before we parted, I could not help asking the reason of her secrecy with regard to the story of Annesly and his daughter. In answer to this, she informed me, that besides the danger to which she exposed herself by setting up in opposition to a man, in the midst of whose dependants she proposed ending her days, she was doubtful if her story would be of any service to the memory of her friend; that Camplin (as she supposed by the direction of Sir Thomas Sindall, who was at that time abroad) had universally given out, that Miss Annesly's elopement was with an intention to be married to him; on which footing, though a false one, the character of that young lady stood no worse than if the truth were divulged to those, most of whom wanted discernment, as well as candour, to make the distinctions which should enable them to do it justice.

Several years elapsed before I returned to that place, whence, it is probable, I should have emigrated no more. My friend Mrs. Wistaria was one of the persons after whom I first inquired on my arrival. I found her subject to the common debility, but not to any of the acuter distresses of age; with the same power of reason, and the same complacency of temper, I had seen her before enjoy. "These," she said, "are the effects of temperance without austerity, and ease without indolence; we have nothing now to do, but to live with the solicitude of life, and to die without fear of dying."

At one of our first interviews, I found her accompanied by a young lady, who, besides a great share of what is universally allowed the name of beauty, had something in her appearance which calls forth the esteem of its beholders, without their pausing to account for it. It has sometimes deceived me, yet I am resolved to trust it to the last hour of my life; at that time I gave it unlimited confidence, and I had spoken the young lady's eulogium before I had looked five minutes in her face.

Mrs. Wistanly repeated it to me after she was gone. "That is one of my children," said she, "for I adopt the children of virtue; and she calls me her mother, because I am old, and she can cherish me."—"I could have sworn to her goodness," I replied, "without any information besides what her countenance afforded me."—"Tis a lovely one," said she, "and her mind is not flattered in its portrait. Though she is a member of a family with whom I have not much intercourse, yet she is a frequent visitor at my little dwelling; her name is Sindall."—"Sindall!" I exclaimed. "Yes," said Mrs. Wistanly, "but she is not therefore the less amiable. Sir Thomas returned from abroad soon after you left this place; but for several years he did not reside here, having made a purchase of another estate in a neighbouring county, and busied himself, during that time, in superintending the improvement of it. When he returned hither, he brought this young lady, then a child, along with him, who, it seems, was left to his care by her father, &

friend of Sir Thomas's, who died abroad and she has lived with his aunt, who kept his house for him ever since that period."

The mention of Sir Thomas Sindall naturally recalled to my mind the fate of the worthy, but unfortunate Annesly.

Wistanly told me, she had often been anxious in her inquiries about his son William, the only remaining branch of her friend's family, but that neither she, nor Mr. Rawlinson, with whom she had corresponded on the subject, had been able to procure any account of him: whence they concluded, that he had died in the plantations to which he was transported in pursuance of his mitigated sentence.

She further informed me, "that Sir Thomas had shown some marks of contrition at the tragical issue of the scheme he had carried against the daughter's innocence and her father's peace; and to make some atonement to the dead for the injuries he had done to the living, had caused a monument to be erected over their graves in the vicar's church-yard, with an inscription, set forth the piety of Annesly, and the virtue and beauty of Harriet. But whatever he may have felt at the time," continued she, "the impression was not lasting."

From the following chapters, containing some further particulars of that gentleman's life, which my residence in his neighbourhood, and my acquaintance with some of the persons immediately concerned in them, afforded me an opportunity of learning, my readers will judge if Mrs. Wistanly's conclusion be just one.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

PART SECOND.

CHAP. I.

Some Account of the Persons of whom Sir Thomas Sindall's Family consisted.

THE baronet's family consisted, at this time, of his aunt, and the young lady mentioned in the Introduction, together with a cousin of his, of the name of Bolton, who was considered as presumptive heir of the Sindall estate, and whose education had been superintended by Sir Thomas.

This young gentleman had lately returned from the university, to which his kinsman had sent him. The expectations of his acquaintance were, as is usually the case, sanguine in his favour; and, what is something less usual, they were not disappointed. Beside the stock of learning which his studies had acquired him, he possessed an elegance of manner, and a winning softness of deportment, which a college-life does not often bestow, but proceeded in him, from a cause the least variable of any, a disposition in-

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instinctively benevolent, and an exquisite sensibility of heart.

With all his virtues, however, he was a dependant on Sir Thomas Sindall; and their exercise could only be indulged so far as his cousin gave him leave. Bolton's father, who had married a daughter of the Sindall family, had a considerable patrimony left him by a parent, who had acquired it in the sure and common course of mercantile application.

With this, and the dowry he received with his wife, he might have lived up to the limits of his utmost wish, if he had confined his wishes to what are commonly considered the blessings of life, but, though he was not extravagant to spend, he was ruined by an avidity to gain. In short, he was of that order of men, who are known by the name of projectors; and wasted the means of present enjoyment in the pursuit of luxury to come. To himself, indeed, the loss was but small; while his substance was mouldering away by degrees, its value was annihilated in his expectations of the future; and he died amidst the horrors of a prison, smiling at the prospect of ideal wealth and visionary grandeur.

But with his family it was otherwise. His wife, who had often vainly endeavoured to prevent, by her advice, the destructive scheme of her husband, at last tamely yielded to her fate, and died soon after him of a broken heart, leaving an only son, the Bolton who is now introduced into my story.

The distresses of his father had been always ridiculed by Sir Thomas Sindall, as

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proceeding from a degree of whim and madness, which it would have been weakness to pity : his aunt, Mrs. Selwyn, joined in the sentiment ; perhaps it was really her own ; but, at any rate, she was apt to agree in opinion with her nephew Sir Thomas, and never had much regard for her sister Bolton, for some reasons no less just than common. In the first place, her sister was handsomer than she ; secondly, she was sooner married, and, thirdly, she had been blessed with this promising boy, while Mrs. Selwyn became a widow without having had a child.

There appeared, then, but little prospect of protection to poor Bolton from this quarter ; but, as he had no other relation in any degree of propinquity, a regard to decency prompted the baronet to admit the boy into his house. His situation, indeed, was none of the most agreeable ; but the happy dispositions which nature had given him, suited themselves to the harshness of his fortune ; and, in whatever society he was placed, he found himself surrounded with friends. There was not a servant in the house, who would not risk the displeasure of their master or Mrs. Selwyn, to do some forbidden act of kindness to their little favourite Harry Bolton.

Sir Thomas himself, from some concurring accidents, had his notice attracted by the good qualities of the boy ; his indifference was conquered by degrees, and at last he began to take upon himself the charge of rearing him to manhood. There wanted only *this to fix his attachment ; benefits to those whom we set apart for our own management*

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and assistance, have something so particular in their nature, that there is scarce a selfish passion which their exercise does not gratify. Yet I mean not to rob Sindall of the honour of his beneficence ; it shall no more want my praise, than it did the gratitude of Bolton.

CHAP. II.

Some further Particulars of the Persons mentioned in the foregoing Chapter.

BOLTON, however, felt that uneasiness which will ever press upon an ingenuous mind along with the idea of dependence. He had therefore frequently hinted, though in terms of the utmost modesty, a desire to be put into some way of life that might give him an opportunity of launching forth into the world, and freeing his cousin from the incumbrance of a useless idler in his family.

Sir Thomas had often made promises of indulging so laudable a desire ; but day after day elapsed without his putting any of them in execution. The truth was, that he had contracted a sort of paternal affection for Bolton, and found it a difficult matter to bring himself to the resolution of parting with him.

He contented himself with employing the young man's genius and activity in the direction and superintendence of his country-affairs ; he consulted him on plans for improving his estate, and entrusted him with the care of their execution ; he associated him with himself in matters of difficult discussion as a magistrate ; and in the sports of the field, he was his constant companion.

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as a long time before Mrs. Selwyn, from
of the reasons I have hinted, could look
rry with a favourable eye. When Sir
as first began to take notice of him, she
strated on the danger of spoiling boys
ulgence, and endeavoured to counter-
e the estimation of his good qualities,
recital of little tales, which she now
en picked up against him.

as not till some time after his return
he university, that Harry began to gain
l in the lady's esteem. That attachment
eference to the softer sex, which, at a
age, is habitual to ours, is reckoned
nacy amongst boys, and fixes a stain
heir manhood. Before he went to the
sity, Harry was under this predica-
but, by the time of his return, he had
ed the period of refinement, and show-
aunt all those trifling civilities, which it
prerogative of the ladies to receive :
hich Mrs. Selwyn was often more ready
and, than some males of her acquaint-
were to pay. In truth, it required a
edge of many feminine qualities, which
dy doubtless possessed, to impress the
with an idea of that courtesy which is
the sex ; for her countenance was not
ssive of much softness, the natural
th of her features being commonly
ened by the assistance of snuff, and
nversation generally turning on points
ntroversy in religion and philosophy,
, requiring an intense exertion of
it, are therefore, I presume, from the
e of the fair in general, no way fa

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avourable to the preservation or the improvement of beauty.

It was, perhaps, from this very inclination for investigating truth, that Bolton drew advantage in his approaches toward esteem. As he was just returned from a seat of learning, where discussions of this sort are common, she naturally applied to him for assistance in her researches. Assistance, I mean opposition; it being a quality of that desire after knowledge, which this lady was endued, to delight in nothing so much, as in having its own doctrines confronted with opposite ones, till pommel and belabour one another with impunity; the contest having one advantage peculiar to battles of this kind, that the party, far from being weakened by exertion, commonly appears to have gained strength, as well as honour, from the encounter.

Bolton, indeed, did not possess quite so much of this quality as his antagonist; but he could not, in common good-breeding, refuse her challenge; but he often maintained conflict in a manner rather dastardly than a philosopher. He gave, however, full allowance to the lady's arguments; and sometimes showed an unwillingness to dispute, which she considered it as a testimony of her victory. But she was generous in her triumphs. Whenever she conceived them to be completely obtained, she celebrated the profit of her adversary, and allowed him all the wisdom which retreats from the force of argument cannot defend.

...taining the reasonable principles of philosophy, which increased Bolton's willingness to indulge that lady, in becoming a party to her disquisitions. There was a spectatress of the combat, whose company might have been purchased at the expense of sitting to hear Aquinas himself dispute upon theology—Miss Lucy Sindall. My readers have been acquainted, in the Introduction, with my prepossession in her favour, and the character Mrs. Wistanly gave in justification of it. They were deceived by neither.

With remarkable quickness of parts, and the liveliest temper, she possessed all that tenderness which is the chief ornament of the female character; and, with a modesty that seemed to shrink from observation, she united an ease and a dignity that universally commanded it. Her vivacity only rose to be amiable; no enemy could ever repeat her wit, and she had no friend who did not boast of her good humour.

I should first have described her person:

passages of books, when a weakness in her own sight made reading uneasy to her. The subjects were rarely of the entertaining kind; yet Harry never complained of their length. This she attributed to his opinion of their usefulness; Lucy called it good-nature; he thought so himself at first; but he soon began to discover that it proceeded from some different cause; for when Miss Lucy was, any accident, away, he read with very little complacency. He never suspected it to be love; much less did Lucy; they owned each other for friends; and when Mrs. Selwyn used to call them children, Bolton would call Lucy sister; yet he was often not displeased to remember, that she was not his sister indeed.

CHAP. III.

A Natural Consequence of some Particulars contained in the last.

THE state of the mind may be often disguised, even from the owner, when he meets to inquire into it; but a very trifle will throw it from its guard, and betray its situation when a formal examination has failed to cover it.

Bolton would often catch himself sighing when Miss Sindall was absent, and feel his cheeks glow at her approach; he wondered what it was that made him sigh and blush.

He would sometimes take solitary walks without knowing why he wandered out alone. He found something that pleased him in the melancholy of lonely recesses, and half-paths, and his day-dreams commonly ex-

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some idea of Miss Sindall, though he meant nothing less than to think of such an object.

He had strayed, in one of those excursions, about half a mile from the house, through a copse at the corner of the park, which opened into a little green amphitheatre, in the middle of which was a pool of water, formed by a rivulet that crept through the matted grass, till it fell into this bason by a gentle cascade.

The sun was gleaming through the trees, which were pictured on the surface of the pool beneath ; and the silence of the scene was only interrupted by the murmurs of the waterfall, sometimes accompanied by the querulous note of the wood pigeons who inhabited the neighbouring copse.

Bolton seated himself on the bank, and listened to their dirge. It ceased ; for he had disturbed the sacred, solitary haunt. " I will give you some music in return," said he, " and drew from his pocket a small piped flute, which he frequently carried with him in his evening walks, and serenaded the lonely shepherd returning from his fold. He played a little plaintive air which himself had composed ; he thought he had played it by chance ; but Miss Sindall had commanded it the day before ; the recollection of Miss Sindall accompanied the sound, and he had drawn her portrait listening to its close. *

She was indeed listening to its close ; for accident had pointed her walk in the very same direction with Bolton's. She was just coming out of the wood, when she heard the *soft notes of his flute* ; they had something of *fairy music* in them that suited the scene,

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and she was irresistibly drawn nearer the place where he sat, though some wayward feeling arose, and whispered, that she should not approach it. Her feet were approaching it whether she would or no; and she stood close by his side, while the last cadence was melting from his pipe.

She repeated it after him with her voice. "Miss Sindall!" cried he, starting up with some emotion. "I know," said she, "you will be surprised to find me here; but I was enchanted hither by the sound of your flute. Pray touch that little melancholy tune again." He began, but he played very ill. "You blow it," said she, "not so sweetly as before; let me try what tone I can give it."—She put it to her mouth, but she wanted the skill to give it voice—"There cannot be much art in it!"—she tried it again—"and yet it will not speak at my bidding."—She looked stedfastly on the flute, holding her fingers on the stops; her lips were red from the pressure, and her figure altogether so pastoral and innocent, that I do not believe the kisses with which the poets make Diana greet her sister huntresses, were ever more chaste than that which Bolton now stole from her by surprise.

Her cheeks were crimson at this little violence of Harry's. "What do you mean, Mr. Bolton?" said she, dropping the flute to the ground. "'Twas a forfeiture," he replied, stammering, and blushing excessively, "for attempting to blow my flute."—"I don't understand you," answered Lucy, and turned towards the house, with some marks of resentment on her countenance. Bolton was

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for some time rivetted to the spot; when he recovered the use of his feet, he ran after Miss Sindail, and gently laying hold of her hand, "I cannot bear your anger," said he, "though I own your displeasure is just; but forgive, I intreat you, this unthinking offence of him, whose respect is equal to his love."—"Your love, Mr. Bolton!"—"I cannot retract the word, though my heart has betrayed from me the prudence which might have stifled the declaration. I have not language, Miss Lucy, for the present feelings of my soul; till this moment I never knew how much I loved you, and never could I have expressed it so ill."—He paused—she was looking fixedly on the ground, drawing her hand softly from his, which refused, involuntarily, to quit its hold.—"May I not hope?" said he,—"*You have my pardon, Mr. Bolton.*"—"But,"—"I beg you," said Lucy, interrupting him, "to leave this subject; I know your merit, Mr. Bolton—my esteem—you have thrown me into such confusion—nay, let go my hand."—"Pity, then, and forgive me."—She sighed—he pressed her hand to his lips—she blushed,—and blushed, in such a manner—They have never been in Bolton's situation, by whom that sigh, and that blush, would not have been understood.

CHAP. IV.

Bolton is separated from Miss Sindall.

THERE was too much innocence in the breast of Lucy, to suffer it to be furnished

with disguise. I mean no imputation on that female deity Milton expresses it,

—would he wou'd, and not u

This, in truth, cannot be called nature has given it to all he it simply proceed from modesty never go too far; but the always the consequence of weakness or cruelty in the heart.

I believe Miss Sindall to be subject to neither; she did not feel the pride of indifference or the feebleness of attachment of Bolton's; and he had soon found, that his affection, which increased, was not lavished without return.

But he did not seem to be so, meanwhile, in the estimation of the family: Sir Thomas had lately shown that cordiality with which he had been wont to treat him. As Harry was unconscious of this, he could have given for it, this cousin's behaviour was, for the most part, altogether unnoticed by him: he was forced to observe it only in relation to no particular cause, but merely the effect of some accidental chagrin: nor did he ever give his opinion, even when Lucy expressed her fears on the subject, as to recollect, if he had, obliged his cousin, whose be-

mentary against him.

Not long after, the baronet informed his family of his intention of changing their place of residence, for some time, from Sindall-park to his other estate, where, he said, he found his presence was become necessary; and at the same time communicated to Bolton his desire, that he should remain behind, to superintend the execution of certain plans which he had laid down with regard to the management of some country-business at the first-mentioned place. Harry thought this sufficiently warranted his expressing a suspicion, that his company had not, of late, been so agreeable to Sir Thomas as it used to be, and begged to be informed in what particular he had offended him. "Offended me! my dear boy," replied Sir Thomas; "never in the least.—From what such an idea could have arisen, I know not: if from my leaving you here behind, when we go to Bilswood, it is the most mistaken one in the world: 'tis but for a few months, till those affairs I talked to you of are finished; and I hope there to have opportunity of showing, that in your absence, I shall be far from forgetting you."

During the time of their stay at Sindall-park, he behaved to Harry in so courteous and obliging a manner, that his suspicions were totally removed; and he bore with less regret than he should otherwise have done, a separation from his Lucy, which he considered as temporary; besides that his stay behind was necessary to him, whose countenance and friendship his attachment to that

young lady had now rendered in his estimation. Love increased our dependencies; I mean in argument against the passion; the power it establishes, vassals to no pursuit but what

Their farewell-scene passed at the spot which I have described in the last letter, as witness to the declaration of the passion. Their farewell—feelings say much, and the description will seldom succeed.

Their separation, however, was by the hope, that it was not of long continuance; Sir Thomas, of his intending that Harry should return in a few months, was not the intermediate days were so the anticipation of the pleasant period should produce.

In the mean time, they took the pain of absence by a correspondence. These letters I describe things little in themselves, and Lucy they were no trifle; their importance would not permit. One recital only I have ventured for the perusal of the reader to serve, that it strongly affected this instance, were interesting to any to whom the feelings were known; and some of my readers have the advantage of not being unacquainted with the person who speaks.

CHAP. V.

*An Adventure of Miss Sindall's at
Bilswood.*

To assume her semblance, is a tribute which vice must often pay to virtue. There are popular qualities which the world looks for, because it is aware, that it may be sometimes benefited by their exertions. Generosity is an excellence, by the apparent possession of which, I have known many worthless characters buoyed up from their infamy; though with them it was but thoughtless profusion: and on the other hand, I have seen amiable men marked out with a sneer by the million, from a temperance or reservedness of disposition, which shuns the glare of public, and the pleasures of convivial life, and gives to modesty and gentle manners the appearance of parsimony and meanness of spirit.

The imputation of merit with mankind, Sindall knew to be a necessary appendage to his character; he was careful, therefore, to omit no opportunity of stepping forth to their notice as a man of generosity. There was not a gentleman's servant in the county, who did not talk of the knight's munificence in the article of vails; and a park-keeper was thought a happy man, whom his master sent with a haunch of venison to Sir Thomas. Once a-year, too, he feasted his tenants, and indeed the whole neighbourhood, on the large lawn in the front of his house, where the strong beer ran cascade-wise from the mouth of a leaden triton.

But there were objects of relief would not have figured in the public, on whom he was for bestowing his liberality. complained, were perpetual fruit, and destroying his shrubs fore kept a wolf-dog to give answer at the gate; and some the village on his estate had to beggary by prosecutions of offence which every county bound, in honour, to punish severity of the law; and could without a breach of that honour a weak and ill-judged exercise

Miss Lucy, however, as strongly feel the offence, and contribute to lessen the rigourment by making small presents and children of the delinquents one evening, by the door of one of those pensioners on whom she observed, standing before a full lap-dog, with a collar and led much beyond the trapping that could belong to the household circumstance her curiosity was when she was not a little surprised young lady in a most elegant on a joint-stool by the fire children of the family on her expressed mutual astonishment tenances at this meeting, woman of the house, running clasping a hand of each in her said she, "thousands of

! a lovelier couple, or a better, my eyes
er looked on."—The infant clapped its
ls as if instinctively.—"Dear heart!"
inued its mother, "look, if my Tommy be
thanking you too! well may he clap his
ls: if it had not been for your gracious
es, by this time his hands would have been
clay! (numbling his fingers in her mouth,
bathing his arms with her tears;) when
strictly forbade me to tell mortal of your
urs, Oh! how I longed to let each of you
w, that there was another lady in the
ld as good as herself."

he stranger had now recovered herself
ugh to tell Miss Lucy, how much it de-
ted her to find, that a young lady of her
re did not disdain to visit affliction, even
ongst the poor and the lowly. "That re-
tion," answered the other, "applies more
ongly to the lady who makes it, than to
who is the occasion of its being made.
ave not, madam, the honour of your ac-
intance; but methinks, pardon my bold-
s, that I feel as if we were not strangers; at
st I am sure that I should reckon it a piece
singular good fortune, if this interview
ld entitle me to call you stranger no
ger." Their landlady cried and laughed
turns; and her two guests were so much
ased with this meeting, that they appoint-
a renewal of it, at an hour somewhat
lier the subsequent evening.

Lucy came a few minutes before the time
appointment; when she learned, that the
nger was the daughter of a neighbouring
tleman, whom a difference of disposition

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from that of Sir Thomas Sindall, arising at last to a particular coolness, had entirely estranged for many years from the baronet, and prevented all intercourse between the families.

When this lady arrived, she brought such tidings along with her, that I question, if in all the sumptuous abodes of wealth and grandeur, there was to be found so much sincerity of joy, as within the ragged and mouldering walls of the hovel which she graced with her presence. She informed the grateful mistress of it, that by her intercession with some justice of the peace, who made part of the judicature before whom the poor woman's husband was brought, his punishment had been mitigated to a small fine, which she had undertaken to pay, and that he would very soon be on his way homewards. The joy of the poor man's family at this intelligence was such as they could not, nor shall I, attempt to express. His deliverance was indeed unexpected, because his crime was great: no less than that of having set a gin in his garden, for some cats that used to prey on a single brood of chickens, his only property; which gin had, one night, wickedly and maliciously hanged a hare, which the baronet's gamekeeper next morning discovered in it.

His wife and little ones seemed only to be restrained by the respected presence of their guests, from running out to meet a husband and a father restored to them from captivity. The ladies observing it, encouraged them in the design; and having received the

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woman's benediction on her knees, they
 d out together; and leaving the happy
 on the road to the prison, turned down
 ling romantic walk, that followed the
 of a rill, in an opposite direction.
 y, whose eyes had been fixed with re-
 ul attention on her fair companion, ever
 her arrival at the cottage, now dropped
 from each. "You will not wonder at
 tears, madam," said she, "when you
 that they are my common sign of joy
 admiration; they thank you on behalf
 self and my sex, whose peculiar beauty
 ts in those gentle virtues you so emi-
 possess: my heart feels not only plea-
 but pride, in an instance of female
 so exalted. Though the family in which
 from some cause unknown to me, have
 ie happiness of an intercourse with
 yet your name is familiar to my ear,
 urries with it the idea of every amiable
 ngaging quality."—"Nor am I," re-
 l the other, "a stranger to the name,
 worth, of Miss Sindall, and I reckon
 singularly fortunate, not only to have
 ntally made an acquaintance with her,
 have made it in that very style, which
 ally secures the esteem her character
 rmerly impressed me with."—"Bene-
 e, indeed," replied Lucy, "is a virtue,
 ch the possession may entitle to an
 ntance with one to whom that virtue
 rticularly known." "It is no less a
 re than a duty," rejoined her compa-
 "but, I, Miss Sindall, have an addi-
 ncitement to the exercise of it, which,

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perhaps, as the tongue of curiosity is at one time as busy as its ear is attentive at another, you may ere this have heard of. That ancient building, to which the walk we are on will in a few minutes conduct us, was formerly in the possession of one, in whose bosom resided every gentle excellence that adorns humanity; he, Miss Sindall,—why should I blush to tell it? —in the sordid calculation of the world, his attachment was no enviable; the remembrance of it, though it wrings my heart with sorrow, is yet my pride and my delight! your feelings, Miss Lucy, will understand this—the dear youth left me executrix of that philanthropy which death alone could stop in its course. To discharge this trust, is the business of my life; for I hold myself bound to discharge it.”

They had now reached the end of the walk, where it opened into a little circle, surrounded with trees, and fenced by a rail, in front of an antique-looking house, the gate of which was ornamented with a rudely-sculptured crest, cyphered round with the initials of some name, which time had rendered illegible; but, a few paces before it, was placed a small urn, of modern workmanship, and, on a tablet beneath, was written,

To the Memory

OF

WILLIAM HARLEY.

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stepped up to read this inscription; "hey!" said she, "how I blush to think I have scarcely ever heard of the name!" "alas!" said Miss Walton, "his actions are not of a kind that is loudly talked of: what is the fame of the world? by him its name could not now be heard!" There was a silent earnestness in her look, even amidst the melancholy with which her countenance was impressed. "There is a blank at the top of the tablet," said Lucy: her companion smiled gloomily at the observation, leaning on the urn in a pensive attitude, and said, "that it should one day be filled up." They now heard the tread of feet approaching the place: Lucy was somewhat alarmed at the sound; but her fears were removed, when she discovered it to proceed from a venerable old man, who advancing towards her, accosted Miss Walton by her name, and in her turn, pronounced the word Peter. In a tone of surprise. She stretched out her hand, which he clasped in his, and looked at her face with a certain piteous wistfulness, while a tear was swelling in his eye. "dear lady," said he, "I have travelled a long mile since I saw your ladyship last; God's blessing I have succeeded very well in the business your ladyship helped me to set up; and having some dealings with a merchant in London, I have been as far as Italy and back again; and, said I to myself, if I could venture on such a journey for the sake of gain, may I not take a shorter for the sake of thanking my benefactress, and

good Mrs. Stargery, and my de-
master.—God forgive me for we
he was too good for this world!
tears of Miss Walton and Lucy ac-
his.—“Alack-a-day!” continued P
think how things will come to pass!
tree was planted by his own sweet
remember it well, he was then but
stood behind him, holding the pla
apron thus:—“Peter,” said he, as h
to stick it in the ground, “perhaps
live to see this grow!”—“God g
honour may,” said I, “when I am
gone!” and I lifted up the apron to m
my heart grew big at his words; bu
in my face, and said, “We shall
Peter, and that will be best.”—Al
thought then, Miss Walton, I little
—and he shook his thin grey lo
heart of apathy itself could not h
stood it; Miss Walton’s and Lucy
and tender at all times, were quite

They stood some time silent; Mi
at last recollected herself: “Pardon
Sindall,” said she, “I was lost in

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CHAP. VI. *

A Change in Bolton's Situation.

THE reader will pardon the digression I have made; I would not, willingly, lead him out of his way, except into some path, where his feelings may be expanded, and his heart improved.

He will remember, that I mentioned, in the fourth chapter, the expectation which Bolton entertained, of seeing his Lucy at a period not very remote.

But that period was not destined to arrive so soon. When he expected Sir Thomas's commands, or rather his permission, to visit the family at Bilswood, he received a letter from that gentleman, purporting, that he had at last been able to put him in the way of attaining that independence he had so often wished for, having just procured him a commission in a regiment then stationed at Gibraltar; that though he, (Sir Thomas,) as well as Mrs. Selwyn and Lucy, was exceedingly desirous to have an opportunity of bidding him farewell, yet he had persuaded on himself to wave that pleasure, from the consideration of its inconvenience to Harry, as it was absolutely necessary that he should join his regiment immediately. He enclosed letters of introduction to several gentlemen of his acquaintance in London, remitted him drafts on that place for a considerable sum, to fit him out for his intended expedition, and begged that he might lose no time in repairing thither for that purpose. He ended with assuring

The effect which this letter had on Bolton, as he was then circumstanced, can easily be imagined. There was accompanied it—a note from his father, intended it for comfort, for its language of consolation; but the glow of her own spirits was visible, and the hopes with which she meant to be reconciled to Bolton.

With this letter for its text, his imagination run over all the delights of the past, and compare them with the disappointments of the present. Yet those tender feelings, the better part of our nature, have something in them to blunt the pain they inflict, and confer on the sorrow a sensation that borders on pleasure. He visited the walks which he had trod, the trees under which she had sat, the prospects they had marked together. He would not have exchanged his present situation for all that luxury could give, or festivity could afford. Nor did he part with the idea as if it was removed; but, even on the

CHAP. VII.

His Arrival, and Situation in London.

WHEN Bolton reached the metropolis, he applied, without delay, to those persons for whom he had letters from Sir Thomas Sin-
gell, whose instructions the baronet had directed him to follow, in that course of military duty which he had now enabled him to pursue.

In the reception he met with, it is not surprising that he was disappointed. He looked for that cordial friendship, that warm attachment, which is only to be found in the smaller circles of private life, which is lost in the bustle and extended connexion of large societies. The letters he presented were read with a civil indifference, and produced the meaningless professions of ceremony and politeness. From some of those to whom they were addressed, he had invitations, which he accepted with diffidence, to feasts which he took with disgust; where he sat, amidst a profusion of ostentatious wealth, surrounded with company he did not know, and listening to discourse in which he was not qualified to join.

A plain honest tradesman, to whom he was opened to carry a commission from Mrs. Stanly, was the only person who seemed to take an interest in his welfare. At this man's house he received the welcome of a favoured acquaintance, he ate of the family dinner, and heard the jest which rose for their amusement; for ceremony did not regulate the

figure of their table, nor had he the language of nature from under this man's guidance, he little business his situation resembled frequently conducted by him doors, whose lordly owners in that manner, which grandeur titled to assume, and deprestrained to endure.

After some days of inquiry he learned, that it was not now to join his regiment so speedmas's letter had induced him

Upon obtaining this information he immediately communicated it to his father, who signified at the same time, that he was not to prove that time, which this was for him for his stay in England, his family at Bilswood. But when his cousin's ideas did not at all agree with his, he wrote Harry an answer disapproving his intentions of leaving London, and laid down a plan for his improvement in science, which could only be obtained in the metropolis. Here was another argument; but Harry considered it as a duty to obey.

What he felt, however, was not to be determined from the following letter, which was brought by Miss Sindall, by the post which brought him the instant answer of Thomas.

"As I found, soon after my departure, that the necessity of joining my regiment immediately was superseded, I have this time, to have informed you

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my intended departure from London, to be once more restored to her and the country.

"I have suffered the mortification of another disappointment: Sir Thomas's letter is now before me, which fixes me here for the winter; I confess the reasonableness of his opinion; but reason and Sir Thomas cannot prevail like Bolton.

"When we parted last, we flattered ourselves with other prospects; cruel as the reflection is, I feel a sort of pleasure in recalling it; especially when I venture to believe, that my Lucy has not forgotten our parting.

"To-morrow is Christmas-day; I call to remembrance our last year's holidays; may these be as happy with you, though I am not to partake them. Write me every particular of these days of jollity; fear not, as your last letter expresses it, tiring me with trifles; nothing is a trifle in which you are concerned. While I read the account, I will fancy myself

at Bilswood: here I will walk forth, an unnoticed thing amidst the busy crowd that surrounds me: your letters give me some interest to myself; because they show me that I am doing something to my Lucy; she is every thing to me."

"BOLTON."

CHAP. VIII.

Filial Piety.

BOLTON had a disposition towards society, but did not allow him an indifference about any thing of human form with whom he could have an opportunity of intercourse. He was

He had not long possessed his town, till he cultivated an acquaintance with his landlord and landlady; the latter to be the representative of the family, whose power of loquacity very much suited the husband, who seemed to be perfectly happy under what might, not improperly, be termed her government.

To Mrs. Terwitt, therefore, (the lady's name,) did Bolton address his approaches towards an acquaintance with her; he had the good fortune to meet with a favourable reception, and so intimate the second week of his residence in the house, that she told him of the transactions of her life, and consulted him upon the disposal of her eldest daughter in marriage, whom a young tradesman had been in suit of ever since the Easter-holidays preceding. "I will give her," added she, "something handsome enough for a portion; and the old man above stairs has promised her to marry her on her wedding-day."

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place, for he has been but poorly of late ; Heaven preserve his life ! for he is a good friend of ours, and of many one's else who stand in need of his friendship. He has an estate, Sir, of a thousand pounds a-year, and money besides, as I have been told ; yet he chooses to live private, as you will see ; and spends, I believe, the most of his income in charitable actions."

"I did indeed," said Harry, "observe a young man come to the door this morning at an early hour, and I heard him ask if the gentleman was returned ; but I did not then know that he meant any person who lodged here."

"Ay, sure enough he meant Mr. Rawlinson," said Mrs. Terwitt, "and I wish he may not feel his absence much ; for he has called here frequently of late, and, the last time, when he was told of his not being yet returned, Betty observed that the tears gushed from his eyes." "When he calls again," said Bolton, "I beg that I may be informed of it."

Next morning he heard somebody knock at the door, much about the time he had seen the young man approach it the preceding day : upon going to the window, he observed the same stripling, but his dress was different : he had no coat to cover a thread-bare waistcoat, nor had he any hat. Bolton let the maid know, that he was aware of his being at the door, and resumed his own station at the window. The youth repeated his inquiries after Mr. Rawlinson, and, upon receiving the same answer, cast up to heaven a look of resignation and retired.

Bolton slipped down stairs and followed

went on without stopping till
Pancras church-yard. He stood
entranced, over a new-covered
end of it. Harry placed himself
cover of a tomb hard by, where
mark him unperceived.

He held his hands clasped in prayer
and the tears began to trickle
cheeks. Bolton stole from out
place, and approached towards
The poor lad began to speak, as if
himself to the dead beneath.

"Thou canst not feel their cold
shall the winds of winter chill thee
do thy wretched son ;—inhuman
but these shall cover thee."—He
self on the ground, and spread himself
the grave, on which he wept.

Bolton stooped down to raise the
earth ; he turned, and gazed on the
look bewildered and piteous.
stranger, young man," said Bolton
cannot but be interested in your story
not entitled to ask its cause, yet
small with the hope of something

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Heaven had sent us a friend in that best of men, Mr. Rawlinson. He came accidentally to the knowledge of our sufferings, and took on himself the charge of relieving them, which the cruelty of our own connexions had abandoned! but, alas! when, by his assistance, my father was put into a way of earning his bread, he was seized with that illness of which he died. Some small debts, which his short time in business had not yet allowed him to discharge, were put in suit against him by his creditors. His sickness and death, which happened a few days ago, did but hasten their proceedings; they seized, Sir, the very covering of that bed on which his body was laid. Mr. Rawlinson was out of town, and I fancy he never received those letters I wrote him to Bath. I had no one from whom to expect relief; every thing but these rags on my back, I sold to bury the best of fathers; but my little all was not enough! and the man whom I employed for his funeral, took yesterday, from off these clods, the very sod which had covered him, because I had not wherewithal to pay its price." Bolton fell on his neck, and answered him with his tears.

He covered the dust of the father, and clothed the nakedness of the son; and, having placed him where it was in his power to make future inquiries after his situation, left him to bless Providence for the aid it had sent, without knowing the hand through which its bounty had flowed. That hand, indeed, the grateful youth pressed to his lips as parting, and begged earnestly to know the

name of his benefactor. "said Bolton, "of Mr. Rawlinnity."

CHAP. IX.

A very alarming Accident by the means of Bolton's get with his Fellow-Lodger.

WHEN Bolton returned, from those labours of charity taken, he found that the family supping, in a body, with the maid sat up to wait their and Bolton, who had more lively inclination to sleep, be meditation.

It was now near midnight of Betty's spinning-wheel, frequently intermitted before, silent, when Bolton was alarmed by a loud knocking of the watchmen and presently a confused voices crying out. "Fire! from one end of the street. Upon opening his window, he plainly the reasons of the alarm were already appearing at the ground-floor, to which probably been communicated by the maid had burning by her below.

She had now at last awakened, running about before the door, wringing her hands, and shouting to the few who were a

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outcry, without having recollection enough to endeavour to save any thing belonging to herself or her master.

Bolton, who had more the possession of his faculties, entreating the assistance of some watchmen, whom the occasion had drawn together, made shift to convey into the street, a few things which he took to be the most valuable; desiring Betty to be so much mistress of herself, as to keep an eye upon them for her master's benefit.

She continued, however, her broken exclamations of horror and despair, till, at last starting as it were into the remembrance of something forgot, she cried out vehemently, "Oh! my God! where is Mr. Rawlinson?"

Bolton caught the horrid meaning of her question, and pushing through the flames which had now taken hold of the staircase, forced his way into the bed-chamber occupied by the old gentleman, who had returned from the country that very evening, and, being fatigued with his journey, had gone to bed before his fellow-lodger's arrival at home.

He had not waked till the room under that where he lay was in a blaze, and, on attempting to rise, was stifled with the smoke that poured in at every cranny of the floor, and fell senseless at his bed side, where Bolton found him upon entering the room.

On endeavouring to carry him down stairs, he found it had now become impracticable, several of the steps having been quite burnt away, and fallen down in flaming brands, since the moment before, when he had ascended.

He had presence of mind enough left to observe, that the back-part of the house was not so immediately affected by the flame; he carried Mr. Rawlinson therefore into a room on that side, and, having beat out the sash, admitted air enough to revive him. The latter presently recollected his situation and asking Harry, if it was possible to get down stairs, heard him answer in the negative with remarkable composure. "As for me," said he, "I shall lose but few of my days but I fear, Sir, your generous concern for a stranger, has endangered a life much more valuable than mine: let me beg of you to endeavour to save yourself, which your strength and agility may enable you to do without regarding a poor, worn-out, old man who would only encumber you in the attempt." Bolton, with a solemn earnestness declared, that no consideration should tempt him to such a desertion.

He had, before this, vainly endeavoured to procure a ladder, or some other assistance from the people below; the confusion of the scene prevented their affording it: he considered, therefore, if he could not furnish some expedient from within, and having united the cordage of a bed, which stood in the room, he found it would make a sufficient length of rope to reach within a few feet of the ground. This he fastened round Mr. Rawlinson's waist, in such a way that his arms should support part of the weight of his body, and sliding it over the edge of the window, so as to cause somewhat more resistance in the descent, he let him down, in that manner.

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ner, till he was within reach of some assistance below, who caught him in their arms; then fastening the end of the rope round the post of the bed, he slid so far down upon it himself, that he could safely leap to the ground.

He conveyed Mr. Rawlinson to other lodgings hard by, which then happened to be vacant; and having got him accommodated with some clothes belonging to the landlord, he returned to see what progress the fire had been making, when he found, that, happily, from a piece of waste ground laying between the house where it broke out, and the other to the leeward, it was got so much under, as to be in no danger of spreading any further.

Upon going back to Mr. Rawlinson, he found him sitting in the midst of the family with whom he had lodged, ministering comfort to their distresses; the unfortunate Betty, whom, as she stood self-condemned for her neglect, he considered as the greatest sufferer, he had placed next him. "You shall not," said he, addressing himself to the old folks, "interrupt the happiness of my friend Nancy or her lover here, with wailing your misfortune, or chiding of Betty. I will become bound to make up all your losses, provided your good humour is not of the number.

"But who," continued the old gentleman, "shall reward Mr. Bolton for the service he has done us all?" "May Heaven reward him!" cried Mrs. Terwitt, and all her audience answered, "Amen!" "You pray well," said Mr. Rawlinson, "and your petition is heard; on him, to whom the disposition

of benevolence is given, its recompence is already bestowed."

CHAP. X.

Effects of his Acquaintance with Mr. Rawlinson.

SUCH was Bolton's introduction to Mr. Rawlinson's acquaintance; and from the circumstance of its commencement, my readers will easily believe, that neither party could be indifferent to its continuation. Rawlinson saw his own virtues warm and active in the bosom of his young friend; while Harry contemplated with equal delight, that serenity which their recollection bestowed on the declining age of Rawlinson.

In one of his visits to the old gentleman, some time after the accident related in the foregoing chapter, he found with him that very youth, whose sorrow, over the grave of his father, he had so lately been the means of alleviating. The young man was, indeed, in the midst of their recital as Bolton entered the room, and had just mentioned with regret his ignorance of his benefactor, when the door opened and discovered him. Bolton could not help blushing at the discovery; the other, starting from his seat, exclaimed, "It is he, it is himself," threw himself on his knees before Harry, with tears in his eyes, and poured out some broken expressions of the warmest gratitude. "It was you then," said Mr. Rawlinson, "who were the comforter of my poor boy, who covered the grave of his unfortunate father! I will not thank

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you, for Jack is doing it better with his tears; but I will thank Heaven, that there are some such men to preserve my veneration for the species." "I trust, my dear Sir," said Bolton, "there are many to whom such actions are habitual."—"You are a young man," interrupted the other, "and it is fit you should believe so; I will believe so too, for I have sometimes known what it is to enjoy them.—Go, my boy," turning to the lad, "and wish for the luxury of doing good; remember Mr. Bolton, and be not forgetful of Providence."

"The father of that young man," said Mr. Rawlinson, when he was gone, "was a school-fellow of mine here in town, and one of the worthiest creatures in the world; but, from a milkiness of disposition, without the direction of prudence, or the guard of suspicion, he suffered himself to become a dupe to the artifices of some designing men; and when, some time ago, I discovered his place of abode in an obscure village in the country, I found him stripped of his patrimony, and burthened with the charge of that boy, who has just now left us, whose mother, it seems, had died when he was a child. Yet, amidst the distresses of his poverty, I found that easiness of temper, which had contributed to bring them on, had not forsaken him; he met me with a smile of satisfaction, and talked of the cruel indifference of some wealthy relations, without the emotions of anger, or the acrimony of disappointment. He seemed, indeed, to feel for his child; but comforted himself at the same time with the reflection, that

him in a way of living with s
nor had I even an opportunity
common offices of friendship
ments, my health having obli
down to Bath, whence I had
Bristol, and did not receive
his illness till my return to Lon
your debt, Mr. Bolton, for so
his son: let me know what th
we may clear the account." I
that he hoped Mr. Rawlinson
to deprive him of the pleasure
reflection of having assisted
piety in distress. "It shall be
way," said the old gentleman
such a niggard as to grudge y
tunity; yet I cannot but regret
when I should have closed the
Jennings. He was the last o
panions of my childhood, whose
I had occasion to be acquaint
rest, Mr. Bolton, had already
me, and I am now left within
grave, without a friend (exce

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are two papers, Sir, which, on mature deliberation, I have judged it proper to commit to your custody; that in the parchment-cover, which is not labelled, my death alone will authorise you to open; the other marked 'Trust deed by Mr. Annesly,' I can explain to you now. That man, Mr. Bolton, who is now a saint in heaven, was prepared for it by the severest calamities on earth; the guilt and misfortune of two darling children, cut short the remnant of a life, whose business it was to guide, and whose pleasure to behold them in the paths of virtue and of happiness. At the time of his death they were both alive; one, alas! did not long survive her father; what has become of her brother, I have never been able to learn; but this trust put into my hands in their behalf, may still be of importance to him or his, and to you, therefore, I make it over for that purpose; for though by Mr. Annesly's settlement, the subject of trust accrues to me on the failure of his own issue, yet would I never consider it as mine, while the smallest chance remained of his son, or the descendants of his son, surviving; and even were the negative certain, I should then only look on myself as the steward of my friend, for purposes which his goodness would have dictated, and it becomes his trustee to fulfil. In such a charge I will not instruct my executor; I have been fortunate enough to find one whose heart will instruct him."

Bolton, while he promised an execution of this trust, worthy of the confidence reposed in him, could not help expressing his surprise

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at Mr. Rawlinson's choice of him for that purpose. "I do not wonder," replied the other, "that you should think thus, for this has custom taught us to think; I have told you how friendless and unconnected I am; but while we trace the relatives of birth and kindred, shall we allow nothing to the ties of the heart, or the sympathy of virtue?"

CHAP. XI.

A remarkable Event in the History of Bolton.—His Behaviour in consequence of it.

THE provisions which Mr. Rawlinson had made, for an event of which he had accustomed himself to think with composure, were but too predictive of its arrival. That worthy man lived not many weeks after the conversation with Bolton which I have just recorded.

Bolton was affected with the most lively sorrow for his death. This friendship, though but lately acquired, had something uncommonly ardent in its attachment, and liberal in its confidence. Harry, who had returned it in the most unreserved manner, felt the want both of that kindness which soothed, and that wisdom which instructed him.

Upon opening the sealed paper which had been formerly put into his hands by Mr. Rawlinson, it was found to be that gentleman's will, devising his whole estate, real and personal, to Mr. Bolton. The reason given for this, in the body of the paper itself, was expressed in the following words: "Because I know no man who has deserved more of my-

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self; none who will deserve more of mankind, in the disposal of what I have thus bequeathed him."

Bolton was fully sensible of the force of this recommendation to the exercise of a virtue which he had always possessed, and had only wanted power to practise. He acted as the almoner of Mr. Rawlinson, and justified his friend's method of benefaction, (for so this disposal of his affairs might be called,) by joining with the inclination to do good, that choice of object, and that attention to propriety, which dignifies the purpose, and doubles the use of beneficence.

Having settled accounts of this kind in town (amongst which those of young Jennings and the Terwitt family were not forgotten,) he set out for that estate which had now devolved to him by the will of Mr. Rawlinson. With what ideas he made this visit, and in what manner he expressed them on his arrival, I shall allow his own words to describe, in the following letter to Miss Sindall

"Wilbrook.

"My Lucy will not blame me for want of attention, because she has heard of what the world will call my good fortune, only from the relation of others. To her I could not address those short letters of recital, which I was obliged to write to Sir Thomas. She will not doubt her Harry's remembrance at all times; it is only with relation to those we love that prosperity can produce happiness, and our virtues themselves are nourished from the consciousness of some favourite

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suffrage. The length of this letter shall make up for a silence occasioned by various interruptions. I have had a good deal of business for the present; I have been forming some projects for the future; the idea of my Lucy was absent from neither.

"After the death of Mr. Rawlinson, the friend of mankind as well as of your Harry, there were some offices of duty which the successor of such a man was peculiarly bound to perform. Though I could discover no relation of his but one, (whose fortune, as it had formerly taught him to overlook his kinsman, stood not now in need of that kinsman's acknowledgment,) yet there were numbers whom humanity had allied to him. Their claim of affinity was now upon me, and they provision a debt which I was called upon to discharge; this kept me some time in London. I have another family here whom it was also necessary to remember; I had been among them a week, and we have been unhappy.

"When I looked into the conveyance of this estate, I found it had been once transferred, in a manner not very common to the disposal of modern property. Its immediately preceding Mr. Rawlinson, friend and companion of his, who had gone out to India some years later than he, by his assistance, had been put in the way of acquiring a very large fortune. The part of this he remitted to his former factor in England, to be laid out in a chase near the place of his nativity, which seems was a village but a few miles

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from Wilbrook. This estate was then in the possession of a gentleman, whose London expenses had squandered the savings of four or five generations; and, after having exhausted every other resource, he was obliged to sell this inheritance of his family. Mr. Rawlinson gave him the price he asked, and made a present of a considerable sum besides, to a very deserving woman, who had the misfortune to be the wife of this spendthrift. His friend ratified the bargain with thanks; but he lived not to enjoy his purchase. A fever carried him off in his passage to England, and he bequeathed his estate to him, by whose former good offices he had been enabled to acquire it.

"The new proprietor took a singular method of improving its value. He lowered the rents, which had been raised to an extravagant height, and recalled the ancient tenants of the manor, most of whom had been driven from the unfriendly soil, to make room for desperate adventurers, who undertook for rents they could never be able to pay. To such a man was I to succeed, and I was conscious how much was required of his successor.

"The third day after my arrival, I gave a general invitation to my tenants and their families to dine with me. The hall was trimmed for their reception, and some large antique pieces of plate, with which Mr. Rawlinson had furnished his cupboard, were

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chose to drink of it, dispensed by an old, but jolly-looking servant, whose face was the signal of welcome.

"I received my guests as friends and acquaintance; asked the names of their children, and praised the bluntness of the boys, and the beauty of the girls. I placed one of the most matronly wives in the wicker chair at the head of the table; and, occupying the lowest place myself, stationed the rest of the company, according to their age, on either side.

"The dinner had all the appearance of plainness and of plenty; amongst other dishes, four large pieces of roast beef were placed at uniform distances, and a plum-pudding, of a very uncommon circumference, was raised conspicuous in the middle. I pressed the bashful among the girls, commended the frankness of their fathers, and pledged the jolliest of the set in repeated draughts of strong beer.

"But though this had the desired effect with some, I could observe in the countenances of others evident marks of distrust and apprehension. The cloth, therefore, was no sooner removed, and the grace-cup drank, than I rose up in my place, and addressed my guests to the following purpose:

"The satisfaction, my worthy friends, with which I now meet you, is damped by the recollection of that loss we have sustained in the death of your late excellent master. He was to me, as to you, a friend and a father: so may Heaven supply the want to me, as will endeavour to fill his place to you.

you to witness, that I hold his estate by her title.

I have given orders to my steward to give such of your leases as are near expiring at the rent which you have heretofore

If there is an article of encouragement or convenience wanting to any of you, let him apply to myself, and I will immediately insert it into it. No man is above the business of doing good.

It is customary, I believe, on such occasions, for the tenant to pay a certain fine or premium to the landlord. I too, my friends, expect one; you and your families shall contribute to it—be industrious, be virtuous, be happy.

An exclamation of joy and applause, which the last part of my speech had scarcely been able to stifle, now burst forth around me.

I need not tell my Lucy what I felt; her heart can judge of my feelings; she will believe me when I say, that I would not have exchanged them for the revenue of a monarch. The rest of the day was spent in all the lively festivity of happy spirits. I had engaged a room adjoining to the hall, by pulling down a partition at one end; and ended the entertainment with a dance, which I supported myself with the rosy-cheeked daughter of one of my principal tenants.

This visit I have already returned to several of those honest folks. I found their dwellings clean and comfortable, and their cheerfulness and good-humour seemed the guests of honour to them all. I have commonly observed

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cleanliness and contentment to be companion amongst the lower ranks of the country people; nor is it difficult to account for this there is a self-satisfaction in contented mind which disposes to activity and neatness whereas, the reckless lassitude that weighs down the unhappy, seldom fails to make drunkards of the men, and slatterns of the women. I commended highly the neatness which I found in the farm-houses on my estate; and made their owners presents of various household ornaments by way of encouragement.

"I know the usual mode of *improving* estates; I was told by some sagacious advisers in London that mine was *improveable*, but I am too selfish to be contented with money; I would increase the *love of my people*.

"Yesterday, and to-day, I have been employed in surveying the grounds adjoining to the house. Nature here reigns without control; for Mr. Rawlinson did not attend very much to her improvement; and I have heard him say, that he conceived a certain esteem for an old tree, or even an old wall that would hardly allow him to think of cutting the one, or pulling down the other. Nature, however, has been liberal of her beauties; but these beauties I view not with partial an eye as the scenes I left at Sinda park. Were my Lucy here to adorn the landscape!—but the language of affection like mine is not in words. She will not need them to believe how much I am her

"HENRY BOLTON."

CHAP. XII.

A Change in the Family of Sir Thomas Sindall.—Some Account of a Person whom that Event introduces to Miss Lucy's Acquaintance.

THE answer which Bolton received to the foregoing letter, contained a piece of intelligence material to the situation of Miss Sindall; it conveyed to him an account of the death of Mrs. Selwyn.

Though that lady was not possessed of many amiable or engaging qualities, yet Lucy, to whom she had always shown as much kindness as her nature allowed her to bestow on any one, felt a very lively sorrow for her death, even exclusive of the immediate consequences which herself was to expect from that event.

These, indeed, were apparently momentous. Mrs. Selwyn had been her guardian and protectress from her infancy; and, though Sir Thomas Sindall had ever behaved to her like a father, yet there was a feeling in the bosom of Lucy that revolted against the idea of continuing in his house after his aunt's decease. By that lady's will, she was entitled to a legacy of six hundred pounds; by means of this sum she had formed a scheme, which, though it would reduce her to a state very different from the ease and affluence of her former circumstances, might yet secure her from the irksomeness of dependence, or the accusation of impropriety; this was, to appropriate two-thirds of the

of independence from the hopes
ful to Lucy; but he had her
overcome. She would not thro
this moment of necessity, in the
man whom fortune had now place
She adhered to her first resolution

But the kindness of Sir Tho
rendered it unnecessary; for a
after Mrs. Selwyn's death, when
communicated to him her intentio
his house, he addressed her in t
terms: "I have always looked up
Lucy, as a daughter; and, I
has been no want of tenderness
on the side of my aunt or myself,
vented your regarding us as pare
same time, I know the opinions o
mistaken and illiberal as they
there is a deference which we a
pay them. In your sex the sense
should be ever awake; even in
would not attempt to plead again
but I hope I have hit on a metho
perfectly reconcile propriety and

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on her husband's death, which happened about five years after their marriage, the state of his affairs was found to be such, that she stood but too much in need of that assistance which her relations denied her. At the time of her giving the family this offence, she was a boy; and I scarce ever heard of her till I was apprised of her misfortunes. Whatever services I have been able to do

I have found repaid by the sincerest gratitude, and improved to the worthiest purposes. Upon the late event of my aunt's death, I was naturally led to wish her place supplied by Mrs. Boothby; she has done me the favour to accept of my invitation, and I expect her here this evening. Of any thing but authority in this house, Miss Lucy, you must always be independent; but I flatter myself she has qualities sufficient to merit your friendship." Lucy returned such an answer as the kindness and delicacy of this speech deserved; and, it was agreed, that, for the present, her purpose of leaving Bilsland should be laid aside.

In the evening the expected lady arrived; she seemed to be about the age of fifty, with an impression of melancholy on her countenance that appeared to have worn away her youth before the usual period. Some smiles, however, still remained, and her eyes, when they met the view of the world, which she but seldom discovered a brilliancy not extinguished by her sorrow.

Her appearance, joined to the knowledge of her story, did not fail to attract Miss Sinclair's regard; she received Mrs. Boothby

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with an air, not of civility, but friendship; and the other showed a sense of the obligation conferred on her by a look of that modest, tender sort, which equally acknowledges and solicits our kindness.

With misfortune a good heart easily makes an acquaintance. Miss Sindall endeavoured, by a thousand little assiduities, to show this lady the interest she took in her welfare. That reserve, which the humility of affliction, not an unsocial spirit, seemed to have taught Mrs. Boothby, wore off by degrees; their mutual esteem increased as their character opened to each other; and, in a short time their confidence was unreserved, and the friendship appeared to be inviolable.

Mrs. Boothby had now the satisfaction pouring the tale of her distresses into the of sympathy and friendship. Her story melancholy, but not uncommon; the wretchedness of her husband's affairs, by a mind too enlarged for his fortune, and an indulgent inclinations laudable in their kind, but in relation to the circumstances of their own.

In the history of her young friend there were but few incidents to communicate in return. She could only say, that she remembered herself, from her infancy orphan, under the care of Sir Thomas and his aunt; that she had lived with in a state of quiet and simplicity, having seen much of the world, or will see it. She had but one secret to tell in earnest of her friendship; it had for some time on her lips; at last she

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to let Mrs. Boothby know it—her attachment to Bolton. †

“From this intelligence the other was led to an inquiry into the situation of that young gentleman. She heard the particulars I have formerly related, with an emotion not suited to the feelings of Miss Sindall: and the sincerity of her friendship declared the fears which her prudence suggested.

She reminded Lucy of the dangers to which youth and inexperience are exposed by the acquisition of riches; she set forth the many disadvantages of early independence, and hinted the inconstancy of attachments, formed in the period of romantic enthusiasm, in the scenes of rural simplicity, which are afterwards to be tried by the maxims of the world, amidst the society of the gay, the thoughtless, and the dissipated. From all this followed conclusions, which it was as difficult as disagreeable for the heart of Lucy to form; it could not untwist those tender ties which linked it to Bolton; but it began to tremble for itself and him.

CHAP. XIII.

Certain Opinions of Mrs. Boothby.—An Attempt to account for them.

FROM the particulars of her own story, and of Bolton's, Mrs. Boothby drew one conclusion common to both; to wit, the goodness of Sir Thomas Sindall. This, indeed, a laudable gratitude had so much impressed on her mind, that the praises she frequently bestowed on him, even in his own presence would

have savoured of adulation to one, who had not known the debt which this lady owed to his beneficence.

Lucy, to whom she would often repeat her eulogium of the baronet, was ready enough to own the obligations herself had received and to join her acknowledgments to those of her friend. Yet there was a want of warmth in her panegyric, for which Mrs. Boothby would sometimes gently blame her; and one day, when they were on that subject, she remarked, with a sort of jocular air, the difference of that attachment which Miss Sindall felt, in return for so much unwearied kindness as Sir Thomas had shown her, and that which a few soft glances had procured to the more fortunate Mr. Polton.

Miss Sindall seemed to feel the observation with some degree of displeasure; and answered, blushing, that she considered Sir Thomas as a parent whom she was to esteem and revere, not as one for whom she was to entertain any sentiments of a softer kind.

"But suppose," replied the other, "that he should entertain sentiments of a softer kind for you."—"I cannot suppose it." "There you are in the wrong; men of sense and knowledge of the world, like Sir Thomas, are not so prodigal of unmeaning compliment as giddy young people, who mean half of what they say; but they feel more deeply the force of our attractions, and retain the impression so much the longer it is grafted on maturity of judgment. You are very much mistaken, Miss Lucy, the worthiest of men is not your lover."

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" Lover ! Sir Thomas Sindall my lover !" — " I profess, my dear, I cannot see the reason of that passionate exclamation ; nor why that man should not be entitled to love you, who has himself the best title to be beloved." —

" I may reverence Sir Thomas Sindall, I may admire his goodness ; I will do any thing to show my gratitude to him ; but to love him — good heavens !"

" There is, I know," rejoined Mrs. Boothby, " a certain romantic affection, which young people suppose to be the only thing that comes under that denomination. From being accustomed to admire a set of opinions, which they term sentimental, opposed to others which they look upon as vulgar and unfeeling, they form to themselves an ideal system in those matters, which, from the nature of things, must always be disappointed. You will find, Miss Sindall, when you have lived to see a little more of the world, the insufficiency of those visionary articles of happiness, that are set forth with such parade of language in novels and romances, as consisting in sympathy of soul, and the mutual attraction of hearts, destined for each other."

" You will pardon me," said Lucy, " for making one observation, that you yourself are an instance against the universal truth of your argument ; you married for love, Mrs. Boothby." — " I did so," interrupted she, " and therefore I am the better able to inform you of the short duration of that paradise such a state is supposed to imply. We were looked upon, Miss Lucy, as patterns of conjugal

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felicity ; but folks did little know, how soon the raptures with which we went together were changed into feelings of a much colder kind. At the same time, Mr. Boothby was a good-natured man ; and, I believe, we were on a better footing than most of your couple who marry for love are at the end of a twelve-month. I am now but too well convinced that those are the happiest matches which are founded on the soberer sentiments of gratitude and esteem."

To this concluding maxim Lucy made no reply. It was one of those which she could not easily bear to believe ; it even tinctured the character of the person who made it, and she found herself not so much disposed to love Mrs. Boothby as she once had been.

For this sort of reasoning, however, the lady had reasons which it may not be proper to explain to the reader, if indeed the reader has not already discovered it without the assistance of explanation.

Sir Thomas Sindall, though he was verging towards that time of life when

"the heyday of the blood is tame,"

was still as susceptible as ever of the encephalic beauty. Miss Lucy I have mentioned as possessing an uncommon share of it ; and chance had placed her so immediately under his observation and guardianship, that it was scarce possible not to remark, and having remarked, not to prize it. In some minds, indeed, might have arisen suggestions of how conscience unfavourable to the w

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portunity which fortune had put in his power; but these were restraints which Sir Thomas had so frequently broken, as in a great measure to annihilate their force.

During the life of his aunt, there were other ties to restrain him; those were now removed; and being solicitous to preserve the advantage which he drew from Miss Sindall's residence in his house, he pitched on Mrs. Boothby to fill Mrs. Selwyn's place, from whom his former good offices gave him an additional title to expect assistance, by means of the influence she would naturally gain over the mind of one, who was in some sort become her ward. As I am willing to consent to believe that lady's character is not one, I shall suppose, that he concealed from her the kind of addresses with which he meant to approach her young friend. It is certain there was but one kind, which the principles of Sir Thomas allowed him to take.

One obstacle, however, he foresaw in the attachment which he had early discovered to have towards Bolton. This on the most favourable supposition of the case, he might easily represent to Mrs. Boothby, as totally hurtful to Lucy's interest, and destructive of his own wishes; and if she was prevailed on to espouse his cause, it may amount for those lessons of prudence which he bestowed upon Miss Sindall.

Besides this, the baronet did not scruple to use some other methods, still more dishonourable, of shaking her confidence in his person. He fell upon means of secretly in-

both of fastening a suspicion of
lity, and acquiring such intelligence
point his own machinations to de-
poses which that correspondence

CHAP. XIV

A Discovery interesting to Mr

UNDER those circumstances
in which Sir Thomas Sindall stood
seem a matter of extreme diffi-
culty to accomplish that design which I have
my readers in the preceding chapter
him, whose indignation is roused
tion of it, carry his feelings abroad
he will find other Sindalls who
has not marked with its displeasure
simplicity of my narrative, what
should set up this one to his
scorn? Let but the heart pronounce
ment, and the decision will be th-

Hitherto Sir Thomas had app-
parent and guardian of Lucy :-
at times, certain expressions of
which the quickness of more expe-

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the watch by the assistance of a third person. She who imagines she hears them with indifference, is in danger; but she who listens to them with pleasure, is undone.

With Lucy, however, they failed of that effect which the baronet's experience had promised him. She heard them with a sort of disgust at Mrs. Boothby, and something like fear of Sir Thomas.

Her uneasiness increased as his declarations began to be more pointed, though they were then only such as some women, who had meant to give them no favourable ear, might perhaps have been rather flattered than displeased with; but Miss Sindall was equally void of the art by which we disguise our own sentiments, and the pride we assume from the sentiments of others.

To her virtues Sir Thomas was no stranger; they were difficulties which served but as spurs in his pursuit. That he continued it with increasing ardour, may be gathered from two letters, which I subjoin, for the information of the reader. The first is addressed

TO MRS. WISTANLY.

“MY DEAR MADAM

“I fear you begin to accuse me of neglect: but there are reasons why I cannot so easily write to you as formerly. Even without this apology, you would scarce believe me capable of forgetting you, who are almost the only friend I am possessed of. Alas! I have need of a friend! pity and direct me.

“Sir Thomas Sindall—how shall I tell it?—

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he has ceased to be that guardian, that protector, I esteemed him : he says he loves, he adores me ;—I know not why it is, but I shudder when I hear these words from Sir Thomas Sindall.

“ But I have better reason for my fears he has used such expressions of late, than though I am not skilled enough in the language of his sex to understand their meaning fully yet they convey too much for his honour and for my peace.

“ Nor is this all.—Last night I was sitting in the parlour with him and Mrs. Boothby, (whom I have much to tell you,) I got up, and stood in the bow-window, looking at the rays of the moon, which glittered on the pond in the garden. There was something of enviable tranquillity in the scene : I sighed as I looked.—‘ That’s a deep one,’ said Sir Thomas patting me on the shoulder behind ; I turned round somewhat in a flurry, when I perceived that Mrs. Boothby had left the room. I made a motion towards the door ; Sir Thomas placed himself with his back to it.—‘ Where is Mrs. Boothby ?’ said I, though I trembled so, that I could scarcely articulate the words.—‘ What is my sweet girl frightened at ?’ said he.—‘ There are none but love and Sindall.’ I fell on his knees, and repeated a great deal of jargon, (I was so confused I know not what,) holding my hands all the while fast in his. I pulled them away at last ; he rose and clasping me round the waist, would have forced a kiss ; I screamed out, and he turned from me. ‘ What’s the matter ?’ said Mrs. Boothby, who then entered the room.

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mouse running across the carpet, frightened Miss Lucy, answered Sir Thomas. I could not speak, but I sat down on the sofa, and had almost fainted. Sir Thomas brought me some wine and water, and, pressing my hand, whispered, that he hoped I would forgive an offence which was already too much punished by its effects; but he looked so, while he spoke this!

“Oh! Mrs. Wistanly, with what regret do I now recollect the days of peaceful happiness I have passed in your little dwelling when we were at Sindall-park. I remember I often wished, like other foolish girls, to be a woman; methinks I would now gladly return to the state of harmless infancy I then neglected to value. I am but ill made for encountering difficulty or danger; yet I fear my path is surrounded with both. Could you receive me again under your roof? there is something hallowed resides beneath it.—Yet this may not now be so convenient—I know not what to say; here I am miserable. Write to me, I entreat you, as speedily as may be. You never yet denied me your advice or assistance; and never before were they so necessary to your faithful

“L. SINDALL.”

To this letter Miss Sindall received no answer; in truth it never reached Mrs. Wistanly, the servant, to whom she entrusted its conveyance, having, according to instructions he had received, delivered it into the hands of his master Sir Thomas Sindall. She concluded, therefore, either that Mrs. Wistanly found

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herself unable to assist her in her distress, or, what she imagined more, that age had now weakened her much, as to render her callous even the feeling which should have pitied it, turned her thoughts upon Miss V. in the manner of her getting acquainted. I have related in the fifth chapter part; but she learned that Mr. V. a few days before, set out with her on a journey to the Continent, to which she had been advised by her physician. He had, for some time past, been threatened with symptoms of a consumptive disorder, and his circumstances, and Sir Thomas's conduct in the interval, induced her to write the following letter to Bolton, which she began to suspect, from the supposition of his correspondence, that the man she had heard of his change of circumstances, having taught him to forget her, had much foundation in reality.

TO HENRY BOLTON, ESQ.

"Is it true, that amidst the pleasures of his new situation, Bolton has forgotten Lucy Sindall as I now am—but I will not complain; I would now less than ever complain. Yet it is not pride, it is not—I will write this!

"But, perhaps, though I do not see you, you may yet remember her to whom you had once some foolish attachment; you think of her no more; she was

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adent orphan, but there was a small
ge of protection from friends, to whom
imagined her infancy had been en-
. Know, that this was a fabricated
he is, in truth, a wretched foundling,
d in her infant-state, by the cruelty or
ty of her parents, to the inclemency of
er-storm, from which miserable situa-
Thomas Sindall delivered her. This
but a little since told me, in the most
rous manner, and from motives which
ble to think on.—Inhuman that he is !
I he save me then ?

is Mrs. Boothby too ! encompassed as
with evils, was I not wretched enough
yet this new discovery has been able
e me more so. My head grows dizzy
think on it !—to be blotted out from
ords of society !—What misery or what
ve my parents known ! yet now to be
ld of a beggar in poverty and rags,
ation I am forced to envy.

ad one friend from whom I looked for
assistance.—Mrs. Wistanly, from in-
I fear, has forgotten me ; I have
ed to think on you. Be but my friend,
more ; talk not of love, that you may
ce me to refuse your friendship. If
e not changed, indeed, you will be
ed enough when I tell you, that, to
me from the dangers of this dreadful
will call forth more blessings from my
than any other can give, that is not
with anguish like that of the unfortu-

“ L. SINDALL.”

She receives a Letter from .
new Alarm from Sir Thom

It happened that the messenger in the charge of the foregoing bill was a person, not in the association which the baronet had in her; consequently it escaped its

When Bolton received it, he was alarmed with the intelligence it contained; his fears were doubly roused by the discovery it made to him, of his letter having suffered to reach Miss Sindall.

He expedited his answer, therefore, by a messenger, who was ordered to watch the opportunity of delivering it privately into the hands of the lady to whom it was addressed. He found no easy matter to accomplish what he would he, perhaps, have been able to do at all, but for an artifice to which he had recourse, of hiring himself on to go into Thomas's garden, for which he was in the business happened to qualify him. He had, indeed, been formerly employed in that capacity at Sindall-park, and he

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tunity not to be missed ; on pretence, therefore, of fetching somewhat from the end of the walk she was on, he passed her, and pulled off his hat with a look significant of prior acquaintance. Lucy observed him, and feeling a sort of momentary comfort from the recollection, began some talk with him respecting his former situation, and the changes it had undergone. She asked him many questions about their old neighbours at Sindallpark, and particularly Mrs. Wistanly ; when she was soon convinced of her misapprehension with regard to a failure of that worthy woman's intellects, Jery (so the gardener was familiarly called) having seen her on his way to Bilswood, and heard her speak of Miss Lucy with the most tender concern " And what was your last service, Jery ?" said she.— " I wrought for Mr. Bolton, Madam."—" Mr. Bolton !"—" And I received this paper from him for your ladyship, which I was ordered to deliver into your own hands, and no other body's, an't please your ladyship." She took the letter with a trembling impatience, and whispering, that she would find an opportunity of seeing him again, hurried up into her chamber to peruse it. She found it to contain what follows :

" I have not words to tell my ever-dearest Lucy, with what distracting anxiety I read the letter that is now lying before me. To give her suspicions of my faith, must have been the work of no common treachery : when she knows that I wrote to her three several *times* without receiving any answer, she will,

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at the same time, acquit me of incoherence and judge of my uneasiness.

"That discovery which she had lately made is nothing to her or to me. My Lucy is a child of heaven, and her inheritance is the excellence it can bestow.

"But her present situation—my God! those horrible images has my fancy drawn. For Heaven's sake let not even the miserable weakness prevent her escaping. Let it into the arms of her faithful Bolingbroke. I will dispatch a messenger with this instant. I shall follow him myself, the moment I am made some arrangements necessary for my present safety and future comfort. I will be in the neighbourhood of Bilswood, where I am forbidden to enter, Sir Thomas having, on some occasion, from my resigning a commission, which would have fixed me in a glorious garrison abroad, that I might be of service to my country at home, to write me in the angriest terms, renouncing me, and expresses it, for ever. I see, I see the fulfilment of his purpose; 'tis but a few days and I will meet him in the covert of the wood, and blast it. Let my Lucy be happy to herself and to

"BOLINGBROKE

She had scarcely read this, when Mr. Boothby entered the room. The Baron had for some days, quitted that plan of insurrection, which had prompted him to write to Lucy the circumstance of her being a wretched foundling, supported by him, and for a behaviour more mild and in

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and Mrs. Boothby, who squared her conduct accordingly, had been particularly attentive and obliging. She now delivered to Miss Sindall a message from a young lady in the neighbourhood, an acquaintance of hers, begging her company along with Mrs. Boothby's, to a party of pleasure the day after. "And really, Miss Sindall," said she, with an air of concern, "I must enforce the invitation from a regard to your health, as you seem to have been drooping for some days past." Lucy looked her full in the face, and sighed; that look she did not choose to understand, but repeated her question as to their jaunt to-morrow. "Miss Venhurst will call at nine, and expects to find you ready to attend her."—"What you please," replied the other; "if Miss Venhurst is to be of the party, I have no objection." The consent seemed to give much satisfaction to Mrs. Boothby, who left her with a gentle tap on the back, and an unusual appearance of kindness in her aspect.

Lucy read her letter again; she had desired Bolton to think of her no more; but

" Madm.

" I writ this from a sincear regret
welfer. Sir Tho. Sindie has a h
against yur vartue, and hase impl
Buthbie, whu is a wooman of
karicter in Londun to assist him.
putt yu on a jant tomoro on preter
Mrs Venhrst, butt it is fals: for s
be thair, and they only wants to i
for a wicket purpes. therfor bi
a frinde, and du not go.

" Yur secret welv

Amazement and horror filled
Lucy as she read this; but wh
perturbation of her soul was ov
thought herself of endeavouring
her friend in the author of this ep
compassion seemed so much intere
behalf. She remembered that
servants who was sometimes en
ride out with her, was called Ro
agreed with the first initial of th

CHAP. XVI.

Miss Sindall has an Interview with Robert.—A Resolution she takes in consequence of it.

AFTER a night of wakeful anxiety, she was called in the morning by Mrs. Boothby, who told her that breakfast waited, as it was near an hour they proposed setting out on their errand. "Miss Venhurst," continued she, "has sent to let you know, that she is prevented from calling here as she promised, but that she will meet us on the road.—" "I am sorry," answered Lucy, with a countenanced coolness, "that I should be forced to disappoint her in my turn; but I rested ill last night, and my head aches so violently, that I cannot possibly attend her."—"Not so!" exclaimed Mrs. Boothby; "why, my dear, you will disjoint the whole party; besides, I have not time to acquaint the Venhurst family, and it would look so odd." "It would look odder," said Lucy, "if I could go abroad when I am really so very much indisposed."—"Nay, if you are *really* much indisposed," answered the other, "I will send our apology late as it is."—"But you shall not stay at home to attend me," interrupted Lucy. "Indeed but I shall," replied Mrs. Boothby; it was on your account only that I proposed going. Keep your chamber, and I will send you up some tea immediately."—And she left the room for that purpose.

Her attention, indeed, was but too rig-

found in her bureau; but accidentally furnished her with the opportunity. Mrs. Boothby having left her, to preside at dinner, sent this valet with a plate of something to her post-chamber stairs. He would have delivered the letter of the maids at the door; but Lucy, in his voice, desired that he might make a pretence of talking to him about the horse she had employed him to saddle, and sending the maid on some errand, slipped the paper into his hand, and asked if he was the person to whom she was to apply for a piece of information so momentous. The fellow blushed, and stammered, afraid to confess his kindness. "For your sake," said Lucy, "do not trifle with your misery; there is no time to lose. Tell me what do you know of Sir Thomas's conduct against me?"—"Why for certain," said he, "servants should not betray their masters' secrets; but your ladyship is so good a lady, that I could not bear to see you deceived. Sir Thomas's valet-de-chambre of mine, and he told me,

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his words) that it mattered not much; for she is nothing better, said he, than a beggarly foundling, whom my master and I picked up, one stormy night, on the road, near his hunting-place there at Hazleden; and, having taken a liking to the child, he brought her home to Mrs. Selwyn, pretending, that she was the daughter of a gentleman of his own name, a friend of his who died abroad; and his aunt, believing the story, brought her up for all the world like a lady, and left her forsooth a legacy at her death; but if all were as it should be, she would be following some draggle-tailed gipsey, instead of flaunting in her fineries here."—"Would that I were begging my bread, so I were but out of this frightful house."—"I wish you were," said Robert simply, "for I fear there are more plots hatching against you than you are aware of: is not Mrs. Boothby's Sukey to sleep to-night in the room with your ladyship?"—"I consented on Mrs. Boothby's importunity, that she should."—"Why, then," continued he, "I saw Jem carry a cast gown of Mrs. Boothby's, she had formerly given to Sukey, but which she asked back from the girl, on pretence of taking a pattern from it, into his master's dressing room; and when I asked him what he was doing with it there, he winked thus, and said, it was for somebody to masquerade in to-night." "Gracious God!" cried Lucy, "whither shall I turn me?—Robert, if ever thou wouldst find grace with Heaven, pity a wretch that knows not where to look for protection!"—She had thrown

her from the ground. "Take
dreadful place," she exclaimed,
sleeve of his coat, as if she fear
her. "Alas!" answered Rob
take you from it."—She stood
ments wrapt in thought, the
piteously in her face. "It will
breaking from him, and run
dressing closet. "Look here
here; could I not get from t
the garden-wall, and so leap
outer-court?"—"But supposi
ship might, what would you
"Could not you procure me
Stay—there is one of the cl
grass in the paddock—do you
to Mrs. Wistanly's?"—"Mrs
—"For Heaven's sake refus
quest; you cannot be so cruel
—"I would do much to serve
but if they should discover us
of *it's*, my dear Robert; but se
page it thus—no, that can't l
servants are in bed by eleven.
an't please your ladyship."—

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to meet me at eleven."—"I will, I will, (and the tears gushed into his eyes,) whatever be the consequence." Sukey appeared at the door, calling, Robert, again ;—he ran down stairs, Lucy followed him some steps insensibly, with her hands folded together in the attitude of supplication.

In the interval between this and the time of putting her scheme in execution, she suffered all that fear and suspense could inflict. She wished to see again the intended companion of her escape ; but the consciousness of her purpose stopped her tongue when she would have uttered some pretence for talking with him. At times her resolution was staggered by the thoughts of the perils attending her flight ; but her imagination presently suggested the danger of her stay, and the dread of the greater evil became a fortitude against the less.

The hour of eleven at last arrived. Mrs. Boothby, whose attendance was afterwards to be supplied by that of her maid, had just bid her good night, on her pretending an unusual drowsiness, and promised to send up Sukey in a very little after. Lucy went into her dressing-closet, and, fastening the door, got up on a chair at the window, which she had taken care to leave open some time before, and stepped out on the wall of the garden, which was broad enough a-top to admit of her walking along it. When she got as far as the gate, she saw, by the light of the moon, Robert standing at the place of appointment : he caught her in his arms when she leaped down. "Why do you tremble

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so?" said she, her own lips quivering as she spoke.—"Is the horse ready?"—"Here answered Robert, stammering, "but"—"Go on," said Lucy, "and let us away, for Heaven's sake!"—He seemed scarce able to mount the horse; she sprung from the ground on the pad behind him. "Does your ladyship think," said Robert faintly, as they left the gate, "of the danger you run?"—"There is no danger but within those hated walls."—"Twill be a dreadful night;" for it began to rain, and the thunder rolled at a distance—"Fear not," said she, "we cannot meet our way."—"But if they should overtake us,"—"They shall not, they shall not overtake us!"—Robert answered with a deep sigh!—But they were now at some distance from the house, and striking out of the highway into a lane, from the end of which a short road lay over a common to the village in which Mrs. Wistanly lived, they put on a very quick pace, and in a short time Lucy imagined herself pretty safe from pursuit.

4. CHAP. XVII.

Bolton sets out for Bilswood.—A Recitation of some Accidents in his Journey.

As I flatter myself that my readers will take some interest in the fate of Miss Sindal, I would not leave that part of my narrative which regarded her, till I had brought it to the period of her escape. Having accompanied her thus far, I return to give some account of Mr. Bolton.

According to the promise he had made

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Lucy, he set out for Bilswood, two days after the date of that letter she received from him by the hands of his gardener. That faithful fellow had orders to return, after delivering it, and on procuring what intelligence he could of the family, to wait his master, at a little inn, about five miles distant from Sir Thomas Sindall's. The first part of his business the reader has seen him accomplish; as to the rest, he was only able to learn something, confusedly, of the baronet's attachment to Miss Lucy. He expected to have seen that young lady again on the day following that of their first interview; but her attention had been so much occupied by the discoveries related in the two last chapters, and contriving the means of avoiding the danger with which she was threatened, that her promise to the bearer of Mr Bolton's letter had escaped her memory. He set out therefore, for the place of appointment on the evening of that day, and reached it but a very short time before his master arrived.

Bolton, having learned what particulars Jerry could inform him of, desired him to return in the morning to his work in Sir Thomas's garden, and remain there till he should receive farther orders; then, leaving his horses and servants for fear of discovery, he set out on foot, in the garb of a peasant, which Jerry had found means to procure him.

As he had passed several years of his life at Bilswood, he trusted implicitly to his own knowledge of the way; but soon after his leaving the inn, the moon was totally darkened and it rained with such violence, accom-

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panied with incessant peals of thunder, that in the confusion of the scene, he missed his path, and had wandered a great way over the adjacent common before he discovered his mistake. When he endeavoured to regain the road, he found himself entangled in a very thick brake of furze, which happened to lie on that side whence he had turned; and after several fruitless efforts to make his way through it, he was obliged to desist from the attempt, and tread back the steps he had made, till he had returned to the open part of the heath. Here he stood, uncertain what course to take; when he observed at a distance the twinkling of a light, which immediately determined him. On advancing somewhat nearer, he found a little wind-track that seemed to point towards the place, and, after following it some time, he could discern an object which he took for the house to which it led.

The lightning, which now flashed around him, discovered on each hand the earth raised into mounds that seemed graves of the dead, and here and there a bone lay moldering on the walk he trod. A few paces further, through a narrow Gothic door, gleamed a light, which faintly illuminated a level of vault within. To this Bolton approached not without some degree of fear; when he perceived at the farther end, a person in military uniform, sitting by a fire he had made of some withered brushwood piled up against the wall. As Harry approached him, the echo of the place doubled the hollow sound of his feet.—“Who is there?” cried

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stranger, turning at the noise, and half un-sheathing a hanger which he wore at his side. "A friend," replied Harry, bowing, "who takes the liberty of begging a seat by your fire." "Your manner," said the other, "belies your garb; but whoever you are, you are welcome to what shelter this roof can afford, and what warmth my fire can give. We are, for the time, joint lords of the mansion, for my title is no other than the inclemency of the night. It is such a one as makes even this gloomy shelter enviable; and that broken piece of mattock, and this flint, are precious, because they lighted some bits of dry straw, to kindle the flame that warms us. By the moss-grown altar, and the frequent figures of the cross, I suppose these are the remains of some chapel, devoted to ancient veneration, Sit down on this stone, if you please, Sir, and our offerings shall be a thankful heart over some humble fare which my knapsack contains." As he spoke, he pulled out a loaf of coarse bread, a piece of cheese, and a bottle of ale. Bolton expressed his thanks for the invitation, and partook of the repast. "I fear, Sir," said his companion, "you will be poorly supped; but I have known what it is to want even a crust of bread — You look at me with surprise; but, though I am poor I am honest."—"Pardon me," answered Harry. "I entertain no suspicion: there is something that speaks for you in this bosom, and answers for your worth. It may be in my power to prevent, for the future, those hardships which, I fear, you have formerly endured." The soldier held forth the bit

of bread which he was put
 "He, to whom this fare is
 he dependant: yet my gra
 is equally due;—if I have
 have deserved it."—He
 answered with a sigh—"I
 tion in your face, Sir; and
 is, there are some faces I
 If my story outlasts the
 from the irksomeness of it

CHAP. XV

*The Stranger relates
his Life*

"It is now upwards of
 I left my native country.
 Sir, to have gained much
 kind; let me warn you, fr
 to beware of those passion
 I was unable to resist,
 commerce of the world,
 occasion to overcome inca
 rienced youth. Start no
 that you see before you
 of his country had doom
 crimes by death, though,
 his prince, that judgment
 a term of transportation
 elapsed. This punishment
 the commission of a robb
 particular circumstances, j
 consequent on dissipation
 had tempted me.

"The master to whom
 judged in the West Indi

THE MAN OF THE WORD

soon after my arrival there. I got my freedom, therefore, though it was but to change it for a service as severe as my former: I was enlisted in a regiment then stationed in the island, and being considered as a felon, unworthy of any mild treatment, was constantly exposed to every hardship which the strictest duty, or the most continual exposure to the dangers of the climate, could inflict. Had I revealed my story, and taken advantage of that distinction which my birth and education would have made between the other convicts and me, it is probable I might have prevented most of the evils, both of my former and present situation; but I set out from the first, with a fixed determination of suffering every part of my punishment, which the law allots to the meanest and most unfriended. All the severities, therefore, which were now imposed upon me, I bore without repining; and from an excellent natural constitution, was not only able to overcome them, but they served to render me still more patient of fatigue, and less susceptible of impression from the vicissitudes of the weather; and from a sullen disregard of life, with which the remembrance of better days inspired me, my soul became as fearless as my body robust. These qualities made me be taken notice of by some of the officers in the regiment, and afterwards, when it was ordered to America, and went on some Indian expeditions, were still more serviceable and more attractive of observation. By these means I began to obliterate the disgrace which my situation at enlisting had fixed upon me; and, if

still regarded as a ruffian, I was at least acknowledged to be a useful one. Not after, on occasion of a piece of service I formed for an officer on an advanced guard that was attacked by a party of hostiles, I was promoted to a halberd. The stigma, however, of my transportation was not yet entirely forgotten, and by some was the better remembered, because of present advancement. One of those whom I had never been on good terms, particularly offended, at being commanded he termed it, by a jail-bird; and one when I was on guard, had drawn on the lapel of my coat, the picture of a gallows, on which was hung a figure in caricature, with the initials of my name written over it. This was an affront too gross to be tamely put up with; having sought out the man, who did not deny the charge, I challenged him to give me satisfaction by fighting me. But from the opinion conceived of my strength and ferocity, he did not chuse to accept of which I gave him so severe a drubbing, he was unable to mount guard in his place, and the surgeon reported that his life was in danger. For this offence I was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to receive one hundred lashes as a punishment. When the sentence was communicated unto me, I intimated that it might be changed into detention, but my request was refused. That very day, therefore, I received one hundred lashes, the sentence was to be executed at different periods,) and next morning was to suffer many more. The remainder, however,

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olved, if possible, to escape by an act of suicide. This I was only prevented from putting in execution by the want of opportunity; as I had been stripped of every the smallest weapon of offence, and was bound with ropes to one of the posts of my bed. I contrived, nevertheless, about midnight, to reach the fire-place with my feet, and having drawn out thence a live ember, disposed it immediately under the most combustible part of the bed. It had very soon the effect I desired; the room was set on fire, and I regained my liberty, by the ropes, with which I was tied, being burnt. At that moment, the desire of life was rekindled by the possibility of escaping; the flames bursting out fiercely at one side of the house where I lay, the attention of the soldiers whom the fire had awaked, was principally turned to that quarter, and I had an opportunity of stealing off unperceived at the opposite side. We were then in a sort of wooden huts, which had been built for our accommodation on the outside of one of our frontier forts; so that, when I had run two or three hundred yards, I found myself in the shelter of a wood, pretty secure from pursuit; but, as there it was impossible for me long to subsist, and I had no chance of escaping detection if I ventured to approach the habitations of any of my countrymen, I had formed the resolution of endeavouring to join the Indians, whose scouting parties I had frequently seen at a small distance from our out-posts. I held, therefore, in a direction which I judged the most probable for falling in with them, and in a very little after

the sides of their newly-extended
the middle. I advanced slowly to
which I had almost reached before
ceived. When they discovered me
ed up on their feet, and seizing
screamed out the war-hoop, to alarm
rent small parties who had passed
in resting-places near them. One
presenting his piece, took aim at
fell on my knees, showed them my
less state, and held out my hand
ploring their mercy and protection
this, one of the oldest among them
sign to the rest, and advancing to
asked me, in broken French, my
own language, of which too I understood
thing, what was my intention, and
came? I answered as distinctly as
these interrogatories; and showing
on my back, which I gave him to
had been inflicted at the fort, and
testations, both by imperfect language
significant gestures, of my friendship
countrymen, and hatred to my
holding a moment's conversation with

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tolerable to me, whose flesh was yet raw from the lashes I had received; but as I knew that fortitude was an indispensable virtue with the Indians, I bore it without wincing, and we proceeded on the route which the party I had joined were destined to pursue. During the course of our first day's march, they often looked steadfastly in my face, to discover if I showed any signs of uneasiness. When they saw that I did not, they lightened my load by degrees, and at last, the senior chief, who had first taken notice of me, freed me from it altogether, and, at the same time, chewing some herbs he found in the wood, applied them to my sores, which in a few days were almost entirely healed. I was then entrusted with a tomahawk, and shortly after with a gun, to the dextrous use of both which weapons I was frequently exercised by the young men of our party, during the remainder of our expedition. It lasted some months, in which time I had also become tolerably acquainted with their language. At the end of this excursion, in which they warred on some other Indian nations, they returned to their own country, and were received with all the barbarous demonstrations of joy peculiar to that people. In a day or two after their arrival, their prisoners were brought forth into a large plain, where the dead of those who had been slain by the nations to which the captives belonged, assembled to see them. Each singled out his enemy prisoner, and having taken him to his hut, such as chose that kind of action, adopted them in place of the

and began to execute the
revenge. You can hardly con-
ceive of inventive cruelty, which they
exercised on the wretches whom fortune
had thrown into their power ; during the course
of the war not a groan escaped from the
prisoners, while the use of their voices was
forbidden, and they sung in their rude, yet forcible
style, the glory of their former victories,
the assurances they had received from
their foes ; concluding always
with a demand of revenge from the surviving
nation. Nor was it only for the sake of
the reflection that they carried off in
their triumphs of the past ; for I could
observe when at any time the rage of the
victors seemed to subside, they poured
forth boastful strains in order to
excite fury, that intenseness of pain
wanting in the trial of their
strength perceived the old man, whom
I have mentioned, keep his eye fixed on
this inhuman solemnity ; and free from
that extreme degree of torture which
usually attends such a scene, and with
that calmness which I have

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of what little clothes I had then left, laid me in a horizontal posture between the branches of two large trees they had fixed in the ground, and after the whole tribe had danced round me to the music of a barbarous howl, they began to react upon me nearly the same scene they had been engaged in the day before. After each of a certain select number had stuck his knife into my body, though they carefully avoided any mortal wound they rubbed it over, bleeding as it was, with gunpowder, the salts of which gave me the most exquisite pain. Nor did the ingenuity of these practised tormentors stop here; they afterwards laid quantities of dry gunpowder on different parts of my body, and set fire to them, by which I was burnt in some places to the bone.—But I see you shudder at the horrid recital; suffice it then to say, that these, and some other such experiments of wanton cruelty, I bore with that patience, with which nothing but a life of hardship, and a certain obduracy of spirit, proceeding from a contempt of existence, could have endowed me.

“After this trial was over, I was loosed from my bonds, and set in the midst of a circle, who shouted the cry of victory, and my aged friend brought me a bowl of water, mixed with some spirits, to drink. He took me then home to his hut, and laid application of different simples to my mangled body. When I was so well recovered as to be able to walk abroad, he called together certain elders of his tribe, and acknowledging me for his son, gave me a name, and fastened

and thus are they rewarded ; for thou be as one of us, if thy soul be as the soul of little men ; he only is who uses the hatchet with the Cherokee, whose shame is more intolerable than the knife, or the burning of the

CHAP. XIX.

A Continuation of the Story

“ IN this society I lived till I was an old man and a half ago ; and it may seem unnecessary to declare, yet it is certain that during the life of the old man who was my father, even had there been no legal inducement to my return to my native country, the desire of revisiting the nation to which he belonged, and the desire of revisiting a sister, whom I had left in England, might have tempted me. When we consider the perfect happiness which consisted in this rude and simple state, where rule is only acknowleged

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feeling no regret for the want of those delicate pleasures, of which a more polished people is possessed. Certain it is, that I am far from being a single instance, of one who had even attained maturity in Europe, and yet found his mind so accommodated, by the habit of a few years, to Indian manners, as to leave that country with regret. The death of my parent by adoption loosened, indeed, my attachment to it; that event happened a short time before my departure from America.

"The composure with which the old man met his dissolution, would have done honour to the firmest philosopher of antiquity. When he found himself near his end, he called me to him, to deliver some final instructions respecting my carriage to his countrymen; he observed, at the close of his discourse, that I retained so much of the European, as to shed some tears while he delivered it. 'In those tears,' said he, 'there is no wisdom, for there is no use; I have heard, that, in your country, men prepare for death, by thinking on it while they live; this also is folly, because it loses the good, by anticipating the evil: we do otherwise, my son, as our fathers have better instructed us, and take from the evil by reflecting on the good. I have lived a thousand moons, without captivity, and without disgrace; in my youth I did not fly in battle, and in age, the tribes listened while I spake. If I live in another land after death, I shall remember these things with pleasure; if the present is our only life, to have done thus is to have used it well. You have sometimes told me of your countrymen's account of a land

you came among us, and the Count
them may have deceived you; for
children of the French king call them
the same God that the English do
discourses concerning him cannot
because they are opposite one
Each says, that God shall burn
with fire; which could not happen
were his children. Besides, neither
act as the sons of Truth, but as
Deceit: they say their God heareth
yet do they break their promises
have called upon him to hear; but
that the spirit within us listeneth
we have said in its hearing, that
in another country the soul liveth,
shall live with it; whom it hath her
ed, it shall there disquiet; whom
honoured, it shall there reward. I
fore, my son, as your father hath
die, as he dieth, fearless of death
“ With such sentiments, the Count
signed his breath, and I blushed for
Christians, while I heard them.

“ I was now become an independent

of a man; remember that to feel
is no sting in adversity, and in
to the valiant.'

"When he left me, I stood
minutes, looking back, on one
wilds I had passed, and on the
scenes of cultivation which Euro
had formed; and it may surprise
that though there wanted not so
attachment to a people among
first breath had been drawn, a
spent, yet my imagination drew
fraud, hypocrisy, and sordid ba
on that seemed to preside honest
savage nobleness of soul.

"When I appeared at the
the houses in the settlement that
me, I was immediately accosted
who judging from the bundle
I carried, that I had been to
the Indians, asked me, with m
to take up my lodging with
offer I was very glad to accept
found a scarcity of words to the

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from him of my having passed so many years among the Indians. He asked a thousand questions about customs which never occurred to me, and told me of a multitude of things, which all the time I had lived in that country, I had never dreamed the possibility. Indeed, from the superiority of his expression, joined to that fund of supposed knowledge which it served to communicate, a stranger would have been led to imagine, that he was describing to some ignorant guest, a country with whose manners he had been long conversant, and among whose inhabitants he had passed the greatest part of his life. At length, however, his discourse centered in the furtrade, and naturally glided from that to an offer of purchasing my beaver-skins. These things, I was informed by my artful entertainer, had fallen so much in their price of late, that the traders could hardly defray their journey in procuring them; that himself had lost by some late bargains that way: but that to oblige a stranger, the singularity of whose adventures had interested him in his behalf, he would give me the highest price at which he had heard of their being sold for a long time past. This I accepted without hesitation, as I had neither time, nor inclination for haggling; and having procured as much money by the bargain as I imagined would more than carry

who constantly resided upon it. He seemed to be naturally of an inquisitive disposition, and having learned from my former landlady that I had lived several years with the Indians, tormented me, all the while our journey lasted, with interrogatories concerning their country and manners. But as he was less opinionative of his own knowledge in this matter than my last English acquaintance, he was the more easily prevailed on to satisfy my curiosity, though at the expense of a great number of words than I could conveniently spare; and, at last, he made himself entirely master of my story, from the time of leaving the regiment in which I had served, down to the day on which I delivered my resignation. When I mentioned my having sold my bearskins for a certain sum, he started aside, then lifting up his eyes in an ejaculatory manner, expressed his astonishment how a Christian could be guilty of such monstrous dishonesty, which, he said, was no better than what one would have expected in a *Savage*; that my skins were worth at least three times the money. I smiled at his notions of comparative morality, and bore the interruption with a calmness that seemed to move him to admiration. He thanked God that all men were not so ready to take advantage of ignorance or misfortune, and cordially grasping my hand, begged me to make his house at Williamsburg my own, till such time as he could procure my passage to England."

; CHAP. XX.

Conclusion of the Stranger's Story.

PURSUANT to this friendly invitation, I accompanied him to his house on our arrival at that place. For some days my landlord treated me in the most friendly manner, furnished me, of his own accord, with food and wearing apparel; several articles which, though necessaries in the polished society of those amongst whom I now resided, my ideas of Indian simplicity made me consider superfluous.

During this time, I frequently attended at his store, while he was receiving consignments of goods, and assisted him and his assistants in the disposal and assortment of

At first he received this assistance with pleasure; but I could observe that he soon began to look upon it as a matter of right, and called me to bear a hand, as he termed it, in a manner rather too peremptory for me to submit to. At last, when he began to tax me with some office of menial duty, I told him, I did not consider myself dependent any further than gratitude for his favours demanded, and refused to comply with it. Upon which he let me know, that he looked upon me as his servant, and that, if I did not immediately obey his command, he would find a way to be revenged of me. This declaration heightened my resentment, and confirmed my refusal. I desired him to give me an account of what money he had expended, in those articles with which he had

supplied me, that I might pay him the small sum I had in my possession; that was not sufficient, I would rather buy new habiliments, and return to my father, than be indebted for a farthing to his grace. He answered that he would clear himself with me by and by. He did so, by taking an oath before a magistrate, that I was a deserter from his Majesty's service, and, to my own confession, had associated with savages, enemies of the province. I denied neither of those charges, I was thrown into prison, where I should have been starved, had not the curiosity of the townsfolk induced them to contribute, when they commonly contributed as soldiers, towards my support; till at length, wearied, I suppose, from the abatement of my anger, and partly from the flagrant injustice of taining me in prison without any maintenance, I was suffered to be enlarged; and a vessel being then bound for England, several of whose crew had deserted her, the master agreed to take me on board for the consideration of nothing but the voyage. For this, indeed, I was the least qualified as to skill; but my industry and perseverance made up, in some measure, for the want of it.

"As this was before the end of the year, the ship in which I sailed happened to be captured by a French privateer, who carried me to Brest. This, to me, who had already expected my arrival at home, to comfort an advancing age of a parent, was the most distressing accident of any I had hitherto

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the captain and some passengers who were aboard of us, seemed to make light of our misfortune. The ship was insured, so that in property the owners could suffer little; for ourselves, said they, the French are the fiercest enemies in the world, and, till we are changed, will treat us with that civil disdain so peculiar to their nation. 'We are not (addressing themselves to me) among savages, as you were.'—How it fared with me I know not; I, and other inferior members of the crew, were thrust into a dungeon, dark, damp, and loathsome; where, in the number confined in it, and the want of proper circulation, the air became putrid to the most horrible degree; and the allowance of our provision was not equal to twopence a day. To hard living I could well enough submit, who had been frequently accustomed, among the Cherokees, to subsist three or four days on a stack of Indian corn moistened in the first brook I lighted on; but the want of rest and exercise I could not so easily endure. I lost the use of my limbs, and lay motionless on my back, in the corner of the hole we were confined in, covered with vermin, and supported, in that wretched state, only by the infrequent humanity of some sailor, who crammed my mouth with a bit of his brown bread, softened in stinking water. The natural vigour of my constitution, however, rose up against this complicated misery, till on the conclusion of the peace, we regained our freedom. But when I was set at liberty, I had not strength to enjoy it; and after my

where the charity of some Frenchmen bestowed now a upon the *pauvre sauvage*, as I recovered the exercise of my able to work my passage in a small boat bound for England this vessel happened to be a hearing me speak the language and having inquired into the my story, humanely attached service, and made my situation comfortable than any I had experienced. We sailed from a fair wind, but had not been long shifted, and blew pretty fresh we were kept for several days in the Channel; at the end of which so violent a degree, that it was us to hold a course, and then ed to scud before the storm of the second day, the wind shifted about into a westerly point, any abatement of its violence after daybreak of the third, on the southwest coast of I

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with the reflection, that they should be cast on friendly ground, and not among *savages*. His advice and encouragement had the desired effect; and notwithstanding the perils with which I saw myself surrounded, I looked with a gleam of satisfaction on the coast of my native land, which for so many years I had not seen. Unfortunately a ridge of rocks ran almost across the bason into which, with infinite labour, we were directing our course; and the ship struck upon them, about the distance of half a league from the shore. All was now uproar and confusion. The long boat was launched by some of the crew, who, with the captain, got immediately into her, and brandishing their long knives, threatened with instant death any who should attempt to follow them, as she was already loaded beyond her burden. Indeed, there remained at this time in the ship only two sailors, the mate, and myself; the first were washed overboard while they hung on the ship's side attempting to leap into the boat, and we saw them no more; nor had their hard-hearted companions a better fate; they had scarcely rowed a cable's length from the ship, when the boat upset, and every one on board her perished. There now remained only my friend the mate, and I, who, consulting a moment together, agreed to keep by the ship till she should split, and endeavour to save ourselves on some broken plank which the storm might drive on shore. We had just time to come to this resolution, when by the violence of a wave that broke over the ship, her main-mast went by the board, and we

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were swept off the deck at the same instant. My companion could not swim; but I had been taught that art by my Indian friends to the greatest degree of expertness. I was, therefore, more uneasy about the honest Scotsman's fate than my own, and, quitting the mast, of which I had caught hold in its fall, swam to the place where he first rose to the surface, and catching him by the hair, held his head tolerably above water, till he was able so far to recollect himself, as to cling by a part of the shrouds of our floating main-mast, to which I bore him. In our passage to the shore on this slender float, he was several times obliged to quit his hold, from his strength being exhausted; but I was always so fortunate as to be able to replace him in his former situation, till, at last, we were thrown upon the beach, near to the bottom of that bay at the mouth of which our ship had struck. I was not so much spent by my fatigue, but that I was able to draw the mate safe out of the water, and advancing to a crowd of people whom I saw assembled near us, began to entreat their assistance for him in very pathetic terms, when, to my utter astonishment, one of them struck at me with a bludgeon, while another making up to my fellow-sufferer, would have beat out his brains with a stone, if I had not run up nimbly behind him, and dashed it from his uplifted hand. This man happened to be armed with a hanger, which he instantly drew, and made a furious stroke at my head. I parried his blow with my arm, and, at the same time, seizing his wrist, gave it so sudden a wrench,

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weapon dropped to the ground. I possessed myself of it, and stood my companion with the aspect of an Amazoness guarding her young from the

The appearance of strength and size which my figure exhibited, kept my assailant a little at bay, when, fortunately, we encountered a body of soldiers, headed by an officer, whom a gentleman of humanity in the neighbourhood had prevailed on to march to that place for the preservation of any of the crew whom the storm might spare, or any of the cargo that might chance to be cast ashore. At sight of this detachment the savages dispersed, and left me master of the vessel. The officer very humanely took care of my companion and me, brought us to quarters in the neighbourhood, and supplied me with these very clothes which I now have on. From him I learned, that the Englishmen, who (as our mate by way of sport observed) were not *savages*, had been transmitted them from their fathers, and that the wrecks became their property by the merciful hand of God; and, as in their opinion that denomination belonged only to the crew from which there landed no living man, their hostile endeavours against the mate's life and mine, proceeded from a mistaken notion of bringing our vessel into that supposed

After having weathered so many successive disasters, I am at last arrived near the shores of my nativity; fain would I hope, that my father and a sister, whose tender remembrance is mingled with that of happier days,

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now rushes on my soul, are yet alive to pardon the wanderings of my youth, and receive me after those hardships to which its ungoverned passions have subjected me. Like the prodigal son, I bring no worldly wealth along with me ; but I return with a mind conscious of its former errors, and seeking the peace which they destroyed. To have used prosperity well, is the first favoured lot of Heaven ; the next is his, whom adversity has not smitten in vain."

CHAP. XXI.

Bolton and his Companion meet with an uncommon Adventure.

WHEN the stranger had finished his narration, Bolton expressed, in very strong terms, his compassion for the hardships he had suffered. "I do not wish," said he, "to be the prophet of evil ; but if it should happen, that your expectations of the comfort your native country is to afford you be disappointed, it will give me the truest pleasure to shelter a head on which so many vicissitudes have beat, under that roof of which Providence has made me master."—He was interrupted by the trampling of horses at distance ; his fears, wakeful at this time, were immediately roused ; the stranger observed his confusion. "You seem uneasy, Sir," said he ; "but they are not the retreats of houseless poverty like this, that violence and rapine are wont to attack."—"You mistake," answered Harry, who was now standing at the door of the chapel, "the great

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of my alarm; at present I have a particular reason for my fears, which is nearer to me than my own personal safety."—He listened;—the noise grew fainter; but he marked, by the light of the moon, which now shone out again, the direction whence it seemed to proceed, which was over an open part of the common. "They are gone this way," he cried, with an eagerness of look, grasping one of the knotty branches which the soldier's fire had spared. "If there is danger in your way," said his companion, "you shall not meet it alone." They sallied forth together.

They had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile, when they perceived, at a distance, the twinkling of lights in motion: their pace was quickened at the sight; but in a few minutes those were extinguished, the moon was darkened by another cloud, and the wind began to howl again. They advanced, however, on the line in which they imagined the lights to have appeared, when, in one of the pauses of the storm, they heard shrieks, in a female voice, that seemed to issue from some

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panion now threw themselves with so much force against the door, as to burst it open. They rushed into the room whence the noise proceeded; when the first object that presented itself to Bolton was Miss Sindall on her knees, her clothes torn and her hair dishevelled, with two servants holding her arms, imploring mercy of Sir Thomas, who was calling out in a furious tone, "Damn you, plucky rascals, carry her to bed by force." "Turn, villain!" cried Harry, "turn and defend yourself." Sindall started at the well-known voice, and, pulling out a pistol, fired within a few feet of the other's face: it missed, and Bolton pushed forward to close with him; when one of the servants, quitting Miss Sindall, threw himself between him and his master, and made a blow at his head with the but-end of a hunting whip; this Harry caught on his stick, and in the return levelled the fellow with the ground. His master now fired another pistol, which would have probably taken more effect than the former, had not Bolton's new acquaintance struck the muzzle just as it went off, the ball going through a window at Harry's back. The Ironet had his sword now drawn in the other hand, and, changing the object of his attack, he made a furious pass at the soldier, who parried it with his hanger. At the second lunge, Sir Thomas's violence threw him to the point of his adversary's weapon, which entered his body a little below the breast. He staggered a few paces backwards, and catching one hand on the place, leaned with the other on a table that stood behind him,

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cried out, that he was a dead man. "My God!" exclaimed the stranger, "are not you Sir Thomas Sindall?"—"Sir Thomas Sindall!" cried a woman who now entered half-dressed, with the mistress of the house. "It is, it is Sir Thomas Sindall," said the landlady; "for God's sake do his honour no hurt."—"I hope," continued the other with a look of earnest wildness, "you have not been a-bed with that young lady!"—She waited not a reply—"for as sure as there is a God in heaven, she is your own daughter!"—Her hearers stood aghast as she spoke.—Sindall stared wildly for a moment, then giving a deep groan, fell senseless at the feet of the soldier, who had sprung forward to support him. What assistance the amazement of those about him could allow, he received; and in a short time began to recover; but, as he revived, his wound bled with more violence than before. A servant was instantly dispatched for a surgeon; in the meantime, the soldier procured some lint, and gave it a temporary dressing. He was now raised from the ground, and supported in an elbow chair; he bent his eyes fixedly on the woman: "Speak," said he, "while I have life to hear thee." On the faces of her audience sat astonishment, suspense, and expectation; and a chilly silence prevailed, while she delivered the following recital.

CHAP. XXII.

A Prosecution of the Discovery mentioned in the last Chapter.

"I HAVE been a wicked woman; may God and this lady forgive me! but Heaven is my witness, that I was thus far on my way to confess all to your honour, (turning to Sir Thomas Sindall,) that I might have peace in my mind before I died.

"You will remember, Sir, that this young lady's mother was delivered of her at the house of one of your tenants, where Mr. Camplin (I think that was his name) brought her for that purpose. I was intrusted with the charge of her as her nurse, along with some trinkets, such as young children are in use to have, and a considerable sum of money, to provide any other necessaries she should want. At that very time I had been drawn in to associate with a gang of pilfering vagrants, whose stolen goods I had often received into my house, and helped to dispose of. Fearing, therefore, that I might one day be brought to an account for my past offences, if I remained where I was, and having at the same time the temptation of such a booty before me, I formed a scheme for making off with the money and trinkets I had got from Mr. Camplin: it was to make things appear as if my charge and I had been lost in crossing the river, which then happened to be in flood. For this purpose, I daubed my own cloak, and the infant's wrapper, with mud and sleet, and left them close to the overflow of the

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stream, a little below the common ford. With shame I confess it, as I have often since thought on it with horror, I was more than once tempted to drown the child, that she might not be a burden to me in my flight; but she looked so innocent and sweet, while she clasped my fingers in her little hand, that I had not the heart to execute my purpose.

“Having endeavoured in this manner to account for my disappearing, so as to prevent all further inquiry, I joined a party of those wretches, whose associate I had sometimes been, and left that part of the country altogether. By their assistance, too, I was put on a method of disguising my face so much, that had any of my acquaintance met me, of which there was very little chance, it would have been scarce possible for them to recollect it. My booty was put into the common stock, and the child was found useful to raise compassion when we went a-begging, which was one part of the occupation we followed.

“After I had continued in this society the best part of a year, during which time we met with various turns of fortune, a scheme was formed by the remaining part of us (for several of my companions had been banished, or confined to hard labour in the interval) to break into the house of a wealthy farmer, who, we understood, had a few days before received a large sum of money on a bargain for the lease of an estate, which the proprietor had redeemed. Our project was executed with success; but a quarrel arising about the distribution of the spoil, one of the

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gang deserted, and informed a neighbouring justice of the whole transaction, and the places of our retreat. I happened to be a fortune-telling in this gentleman's house when his informer came to make the discovery; and being closetted with one of the maid-servants, overheard him inquiring for the justice, and desiring to have some conversation with him in private. I immediately suspected his design, and having got out of the house, eluded pursuit by my knowledge of the by-paths and private roads of the country. It immediately occurred to me to disburden myself of the child, as she not only retarded my flight, but was a mark by which I might be discovered: but, abandoned as I had then become, I found myself attached to her by that sort of affection which women conceive for the infants they suckle. I would not, therefore, expose her in any of those unfrequented places through which I passed in my flight, where her death must have been the certain consequence; and, two or three times when I would have dropped her at some farmer's door, I was prevented by the fear of discovery. At last I happened to meet with your honour. You may recollect, Sir, that the same night on which this lady, then an infant, was found, a beggar asked alms of you at a farrier's door, where you stopped to have one of your horse's shoes fastened. I was that beggar; and hearing from a boy who held your horse that your name was Sir Thomas Sindall, and that you were returning to a hunting seat you had in the neighbourhood, I left the infant on a narrow part of

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the road a little way before you, where it was impossible you should miss of finding her, and stood at the back of a hedge to observe your behaviour when you came up. I saw you make your servant pick up the child, and place her on the saddle before him. Then having, as I thought, sufficiently provided for her, by thus throwing her under the protection of her father, I made off as fast as I could, and continued my flight, till I imagined I was out of the reach of detection. But being some time after apprehended on suspicion, and not able to give a good account of myself, I was advertised in the papers, and discovered to have been an accomplice in committing that robbery I mentioned, for which some of the gang had been already condemned and executed. I was tried for the crime, and was cast for transportation. Before I was put on board the ship that was to carry me and several others abroad, I wrote a few lines to your honour, acquainting you with the circumstances of my behaviour towards your daughter : but this, I suppose, as it was entrusted to a boy who used to go on errands for the prisoners, has never come to your hands. Not long ago I returned from transportation, and betook myself to my old course of life again. But I happened to be seized with the small-pox, that raged in a village I passed through ; and partly from the violence of the distemper, partly from the want of proper care in the first stages of it, was brought so low, that a physician, whose humanity induced him to visit me, gave me over for lost. I found that

the terrors of death
effect on my conscience, than
ships I had formerly undergone
to look back with the keenest
life so spent as mine had been
God, however, that I should
I have since endeavoured
reparation for my past offend
tence.

"Among other things, I
what I had done with rega
and being some days ago
Sindall-park, I went thit
learn something of what I
understood from some o
that a young lady had be
her infancy with your aun
the daughter of a friend
committed her to your
But, upon inquiring into
brought to your house, I
she must be the same
imputing the story of
your desire of conceali
I imagined you

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could have no ease in my mind, till I should set out for Bilswood to confess the whole affair to your honour. I was to-night overtaken by the storm near this house, and prevailed on the landlady, though it seemed much against her inclination, to permit me to take up my quarters here. About half an hour ago, I was waked with the shrieks of some person in distress, and upon asking the landlady, who lay in the same room with me, what was the matter, she bid me be quiet and say nothing; for it was only a worthy gentleman of her acquaintance, who had overtaken a young girl, a foundling he had bred up, that had stolen a sum of money from his house, and run away with one of his footmen. At the word *foundling*, I felt a kind of something I cannot describe, and I was terrified when I overheard some part of your discourse, and guessed what your intentions were; I rose, therefore, in spite of the landlady, and had got thus far dressed, when we heard the door burst open, and presently a noise of fighting above stairs. Upon this we ran up together; and to what has happened since, this company has been witness."

CHAP. XXIII.

Miss Sindall discovers another Relation.

It is not easy to describe the sensations of Sindall or Lucy, when the secret of her birth was unfolded. In the countenance of the last were mingled the indications of fear and pity, joy and wonder; while her father turned upon her an eye of tenderness chastened

and he, "for I know not my
child, except thou forgive those
before, from what hast thou
Lucy was ever kneeling at his
out, Sir," said she, "of the very
mediants I look on it as some
which it denies my hand to
father!—Gracious God! have
I cannot speak; but there are
things that beat here!—Is
parent to whom I should at
Thomas cast up a look to his
ground stopped for a while by
"Oh! Harriet! if thou art a
nervy, look down and forgive
murdered thee!"—"Harriet!
suddenly, starting at the sound, "what
Harriet?" Spedall looked
his face—"Oh! heavens!" he
—were thou art!—Annesly!—
not on me—thy sister—but
for thy upbraidings—thy
mother of my child!—Thy fi
does this moment of reflection
the father fell with his hands

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in Sir Thomas Sindall's present condition repentment would be injustice. See here, my friend, (pointing to Lucy,) a mediatrix, who forgets the man in the father." Annesly gazed upon her, "She is, she is," he cried, "the daughter of my Harriet;—that eye, that lip, that look of sorrow!"—He flung himself on her neck; Bolton looked on them enraptured; and even the languor of Sindall's face was crossed with a gleam of momentary pleasure.

Sir Thomas's servant now arrived, accompanied by a surgeon, who, upon examining and dressing his wound, was of opinion, that in itself it had not the appearance of imminent danger, but from the state of his pulse he was apprehensive of a supervening fever. He ordered him to be put to bed, and his room to be kept as quiet as possible. As this gentleman was an acquaintance of Bolton's, the latter informed him of the state in which Sir Thomas's mind must be from the discoveries that the preceding hour had made to him. Upon which the surgeon begged that he might, for the present, avoid seeing Miss Sindall or Mr. Annesly, or talking with any one on the subject of those discoveries; but he could not prevent the intrusion of thought; and not many hours after, his patient fell into a roving sort of slumber, in which he would often start and mutter the words Harriet, Lucy, Murder, and Incest!

Bolton and Lucy now enjoyed one of those luxurious interviews, which absence, and hardships during that absence, procure to souls formed for each other. She related to him all

her past distresses, of which my readers have been already informed, and added the account of that night's event, part of which only they have heard. Herself indeed, was not then mistress of it all; the story at large was this: ¶

The servant, whose attachment to her I have formerly mentioned, had been discovered, in that conference which produced her resolution of leaving Bilswood, by Mrs. Boothby's maid, who immediately communicated to her mistress her suspicions of the plot going forward between Miss Sindall and Robert. Upon this, the latter was severely interrogated by his master, and being confronted with Sukey, who repeated the words she had overheard of the young lady and him, he confessed her intention of escaping by his assistance. Sir Thomas, drawing his sword, threatened to put him instantly to death, if he did not expiate his treachery by obeying implicitly the instructions he should then receive; these were, to have the horse saddled at the hour agreed on, and to proceed, without revealing to Miss Sindall the confession he had made, on the road which Sir Thomas now marked out for him. With this, after the most horrid denunciations of vengeance in case of a refusal, the poor fellow was fain to comply: and hence his terror when they were leaving the house. They had proceeded but just so far on their way, as Sir Thomas had thought proper for the accomplishment of his design, when he, with his valet de chambre and another servant, who were confidants of their master's pleasures, made up to them, and

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er pretending to upbraid Lucy for the prudence and treachery of her flight, he ried her to the house of one of those pro-ate dependants, whom his vices had made essary on his estate.

When she came to the close of this recital, idea of that relation in which she stood him from whom these outrages were suf-ed, stopped her tongue ; she blushed and ltered. "This story," said she, "I will w forget for ever, except to remember that attitude which I owe to you." During the issitude of her narration, he had clasped hand with a fearful earnestness, as if he d shared the dangers she related ; he pressed to his lips.—"Amidst my Lucy's present mentous concerns, I would not intrude own ; but I am selfish in the little services acknowledges ; I look for a return."—She shed again—"I have but little art," said s, "and cannot disguise my sentiments ; Henry will trust them on a subject which present I know his delicacy will forbear."

Annesly now entered the room, and Bolton nmunicated the trust he was possessed of his behalf, offering to put him in immediate ssession of the sum which Mr. Rawlinson d bequeathed to his management, and ich that gentleman had more than doubled ce the time it had been left by Annesly's fortunate father. "I know not," said An- sly, "how to talk of those matters, unac-ainted as I have been with the manners of lished and commercial nations ; when I have v particular destination for money, I will and your assistance ; in the mean time,

the advantage of those whom
allied to me."

*Sir Thomas's Situation.—
sion of his Peni*

NEXT morning, Sindall, his surgeon, was removed in a house, where he was soon an eminent physician in aid of man's abilities. Pursuant to treaties, he was accompanied by Nesly and Bolton. Lucy, having of his medical attendants, was in the character of nurse.

They found, on their arrival at Boothby, having learned that the preceding night, had left taken the road towards London of her," said Sir Thomas; "no other person, whom my former ed from my house, whom I met in this assemblage of her friends."

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roof. When he was told of Mrs. Wistanly's arrival, he desired to see her, and taking her hand, "I have sent for you, Madam," said he, "that you may help me to unload my soul of the remembrance of the past." He then confessed to her that plan of seduction by which he had overcome the virtue of Annesly, and the honour of his sister. "You were a witness," he concluded, "of the fall of that worth and innocence which it was in the power of my former crimes to destroy; you are now come to behold the retribution of Heaven on the guilty. By that hand whom it commissioned to avenge a parent and a sister, I am cut off in the midst of my days." "I hope not, Sir," answered she; "your life, I trust, will make a better expiation. In the punishments of the Divinity there is no idea of vengeance; and the infliction of what we term evil, serves equally the purpose of universal benignity, with the dispensation of good."—"I feel," replied Sir Thomas, "the force of that observation: the pain of this wound; the presentiment of death which it instils; the horror with which the recollection

next morning the doctor continued to think Sir Thomas mending; but himself persisted in the belief that he should not recover.

For several days, however, he appeared rather to gain ground than to lose it; but afterwards he was seized with hectic fits at stated intervals; and when they left him, he complained of a universal weakness and depression. During all this time Lucy was seldom away from his bed side; from her presence he derived peculiar pleasure; and sometimes, when he was so low as to be scarce able to speak, would mutter out blessings on her head, calling her his saint, his guardian angel!

After he had exhausted all the powers of medicine, under the direction of some of the ablest of the faculty, they acknowledged all farther assistance to be vain, and one of them warned him, in a friendly manner, of his approaching end. He received this intelligence with the utmost composure, as an event which he had expected from the beginning, thanked the physician for his candour, and desired that his friends might be summoned around him, while he had yet strength enough left to bid them adieu.

When he saw them assembled, he delivered into Bolton's hands a paper, which he told him was his will. "To this," said he, "I would not have any of those privy, who are interested in its bequests; and therefore I had it executed at the beginning of my illness, without their participation. You will find yourself, my dear Harry, master of my fortune, under a condition, which, I believe,

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I will not esteem a hardship. Give me your aid ; let me join it to my Lucy's ;—there !—Heaven receives the prayer of a penitent, will pour its richest blessings upon you.

“ There are a few provisions in that paper, which Mr. Bolton, I know, will find a pleasure in fulfilling. Of what I have bequeathed you, Mrs. Wistanly, the contentment you enjoy in your present situation makes you independent ; but I intend it as an evidence of my consciousness of your deserving.—My much-injured friend, for he was once my friend (addressing myself to Annesly), will accept of the memorial I have left him.—Give me your hand, Sir ; receive my forgiveness for that wound which the arm of Providence made me provoke from yours ; and when you look on a parent's and a sister's tomb, spare the memory of him whose death all then have expiated the wrongs he did you !”—Tears were the only answer he received.—He paused for a moment ; then looking round with something in his eye more elevated and solemn, “ I have now,” said he, “ discharged the world ; mine has been filled a life of pleasure ; had I breath I could tell you how false the title is ; alas ! I knew not how to live. Merciful God ! I thank thee thou hast taught me how to die.”

At the close of this discourse, his strength, which he had exerted to the utmost, seemed altogether spent ; and he sunk down in the bed, in a state so like death, that for some time his attendants imagined him to have actually expired. When he did revive, his speech appeared to be lost : he could just

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make a feeble sign for a cordial that stood on the table near his bed ; he put it to his lips, then laid his head on the pillow, as if resigning himself to his fate.

Lucy was too tender to bear the scene ; her friend, Mrs. Wistanly, led her almost fainting out of the room ; "That grief, my dear Miss Sindall," said she, "is too amiable to be blamed ; but your father suggested a consolation which your piety will allow ; of those who have led his life, how few have closed it like him !"

The Conclusion.

EARLY next morning Sir Thomas Sindall expired. The commendable zeal of the coroner prompted him to hold an inquest on his body ; the jury brought in their verdict—Self-defence. But there was a judge in the bosom of Annesly, whom it was more difficult to satisfy : nor could he for a long time be brought to pardon himself that blow, for which the justice of his country had acquitted him.

After paying their last duty to Sir Thomas's remains, the family removed to Sindall-park. Mrs. Wistanly was prevailed on to leave her own house for a while, and preside in that of which Bolton was now master. His delicacy needed not the ceremonial of fashion to restrain him from pressing Miss Sindall's consent to their marriage, till a decent time had been yielded to the memory of her father. When that was elapsed, he received from her uncle that hand, which Sir Thomas had be-

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teathed him, and which mutual attachment entitled him to receive.

Their happiness is equal to their merit; I am often a witness of it; for they honour me with a friendship which I know not how I have served, unless by having few other friends. Mrs. Wistanly and I are considered as members of the family.

But their benevolence is universal; the country smiles around them with the effects of their goodness. This is indeed the only real superiority which wealth has to bestow; I never valued riches so much, as since I have known Mr. Bolton.

I have lived too long to be caught with the pomp of declamation, or the glare of an apogee; but I sincerely believe, that you could not take from them a *virtue* without depriving them of a *pleasure*.

THE END OF THE MAN OF THE WORLD.



THE STORIES
OF
LA ROCHE, LOUISA VENONI,
AND
NANCY COLLINS.

BY HENRY M'KENZIE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"The Man of the World, The Man of Feeling,"
&c. &c.



THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

MORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found in this retreat, where the connexions even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. ——'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter. — Our philosopher had been censured by some, as de-

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ficient in warmth and feeling; but
ness of his manners has been allow
and it is certain, that, if he was
melted into compassion, it was, at
difficult to awaken his benevolence

One morning, while he sat busied
speculations, which afterwards asto
world, an old female domestic, w
him for a housekeeper, brought
that an elderly gentleman and hi
had arrived in the village, the prec
ing, on their way to some distant co
that the father had been suddenl
the night with a dangerous disor
the people of the inn where they l
ed would prove mortal: that she
sent for, as having some knowled
cine, the village surgeon being th
and that it was truly piteous to se
old man, who seemed not so mu
by his own distress as by that whic
to his daughter. — Her master
the volume in his hand, and br
chain of ideas it had inspired.
gown was exchanged for a coat,
lowed his *gouvernante* to the sick n
ment. ~

It was the best in the little inn
lay, but a paltry one notwithstan
— was obliged to stoop as he
It was floored with earth, and abo
joists not plastered, and hung wit
— On a flock-bed, at one end, lay t
he came to visit; at the foot of
daughter. She was dressed in a
bedgown; her dark locks hung

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as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr.—and his house-keeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.—“Mademoiselle!” said the old woman at last in a soft tone.—She turned and showed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow: and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed for a moment, and changed its expression. It was sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. “Monsieur lies miserably ill here,” said the *gouvernante*; “if he could possibly be moved any where.”—“If he could be moved to our house,” said her master. — He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret unoccupied, next to the *gouvernante*'s.—It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her relief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him here. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

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By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, La Roche, a widower, who had lately lost his wife, after a long and lingering illness, which travelling had been prescribed. He was now returning home, after an arduous and melancholy journey, with his daughter, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion without its asperities, but with none of its asperities, that asperity which men, called devotees, sometimes indulge in. Mr. —, though a man of devotion, never quarrelled with it. — His *gouvernante* joined the old woman and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his behalf. — for she, too, was a heretic, in the eyes of the village. — The philosopher with his long staff and his dog, and his master, to their prayers and thanksgivings. — "master," said the old woman, "alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of men." — "Not a Christian!" said Mademoiselle La Roche, "yet his father! Heaven bless him for it; but he is not a Christian!" "There is no human knowledge, my child," said the old woman, "which often blinds men to the sublimity of revelation; hence opposers of revelation are found among men of virtue as well as among those of dissipated and vicious characters. Nay, sometimes the latter more easily come to the true faith than the former, because

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of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation."—"But Mr. —," said his daughter, "alas, my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies."—She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.—He took her hand with an air of kindness:—She drew it away from him in silence: threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.—"I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his landlord.—"I would not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good:—Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, Sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. —'s hand);—but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him: it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror."—"You say right, my dear Sir;" replied the philosopher; "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country.—\

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will help to take care of you by the same means as I was your first physician, I am responsible for your cure. La Roche listened at the proposal; his daughter called in and told of it. She was very pleased with her father: for they were their landlord—not perhaps the cause of his infidelity; at least that circumstance was met with a sort of pity with their regard for his souls were not of a mould for harsh feelings, and hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stage-coaches. The philosopher was as good as his word, and taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to get acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which was always annexed to the character of a wise man. His daughter, who was so much deceived, was now convinced. She found in him that self-importance which superior talents and great cultivation of them, is apt to produce; he talked of every thing but philosophy; he seemed to enjoy every thing, and amusement of ordinary life, and was interested in the most common topics of the course; when his knowledge or his opinions any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his daughter. He found in them a

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manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid ; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love ; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood that covered its sides ; below it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. — enjoyed the beauty of the scene ; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent ; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven ; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this ; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had

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heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts at condolence;—it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part.—“It has pleased God,”—said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country-folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. “That is the signal,” said he, “for our evening exercise: this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us;—if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within,”—“By no means,” answered the philosopher; “I will attend Ma’moiselle at her devotions.”—“She is our organist,” said La Roche; “our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.”—“’Tis an additional inducement,” replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a

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curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr — was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing, immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.—The organ was touched with a hand less firm;—it paused; it ceased; and the sobbing of Ma'moise La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and he rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and its warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed the Lord, Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the

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his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awakened them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to Mr. —, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music; you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. —Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction,—so lifts me above the world.—Man, I know, is but a worm—yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!" It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy.—Of all men I ever knew, his ordi-

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conversation was the least tinctured with country, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the villagers, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of ancient authors, on the sentiments they expressed, and the passions they excited, and many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of airing and walking were long, in which Mr. —, as a stranger, had shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, from different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the finest prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom the foundations were laid. — “They are not seen in Flanders!” said Ma’moiselle with a sigh. “That’s an odd remark,” said Mr. — smiling—She blushed, and he inquired no further.

He was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he continued with La Roche and his daughter a correspondence; and they took his

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promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should trust those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher, was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he remembered a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. —'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in

THE STORY OF LA ROCHE. 15

service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much by courage and military skill, as for the other talents which he had cultivated at home. His time of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few days, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

The philosopher felt himself interested in the event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him. That he was ever a lover of the lady's; he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for that struck him, he knew not why, but it was a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could find nothing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see her, and find her and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, difficulties had retarded his progress; he was delayed before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light shone on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along, and he proceeded up the side of the lake, and when he saw it glimmer through the trees, he stopped at some distance from the place

16 THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene ; but he was a good deal shocked, approaching the spot, to find it proceeding from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ——'s making inquiry who was the person they had been burying ? one of them, with an accent more mournful than common to their profession, answered, "Thou knewest not Mademoiselle, Sir?—you never beheld a lovelier."—"La Roche!" exclaimed he, in reply—"Alas! it was she indeed!" The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He stepped up closer to Mr. ——; "I perceived that you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche." "Acquainted with her!—God bless her!—when—how—where did she die?" "Where is her father?" "She died, Sir, a great heartbreak, I believe; the young gentleman whom she was soon to have been married to, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before the quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours." "Her worthy father bears her death, as he often told us a Christian should: he is even so composed, as to be now in his pulpit ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions:—Follow me, Sir, and you

THE STORY OF LA ROCHE

hear him." He followed the man answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting their voices in a psalm to that Being, their pastor had taught them ever to and revere. La Roche sat, his figure bent gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted in silent devotion. A lamp placed near threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the palm of his brow, thinly covered with gray hair.

The music ceased; La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. La Roche was not less affected than they. La Roche arose. "Father of mercies!" said he, "give these tears; assist thy servant to lift his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! My friends! it is good so at all seasons it is good; but, in the distress, what a privilege it is! Well the sacred book, 'Trust in the Lord: at times trust in the Lord.' When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which become a man. Human wisdom is of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt of calamity, we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I

afresh)—I feel too much myself
not ashamed of my feelings;
may I the more willingly be heard
have I prayed God to give me
speak to you; to direct you
with empty words, but with truth
from speculation, but from experience
while you see me suffer, you receive
my consolation.

"You behold the mourner on
the last earthly stay and blessing
theining years? Such a child too
could not me to speak of her virtues
gratitude to mention them, because
exerted towards myself. Not
you saw her young, beautiful,
and happy; ye who are parents will
not see it then,—ye will judge of
it so. But I look towards Heaven
to see the hand of a Father
in the closings of my God. Oh!
I feel what it is to pour out
myself pressed down with many sorrows
it out with confidence to Him, in
my life and death.

THE STORY OF LA ROCHE. 19

while, and we shall meet again never to be separated. But ye are also my children: would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So long as she lived: that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortations of La Roche: his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and hope. Mr. — followed him into his room. The inspiration of the pulpit was past sight of him the scenes they had last met rushed again on his mind; La Roche took his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected. They went together, in silence, into the parlour, where the evening service was to be performed. The curtains of the windows were open; La Roche started back in sight. "Oh! my friend!" said he, his tears burst forth again. Mr. — recollected himself; he stepped forward, drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, said, "You see my weakness; but my comfort is not weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost." "I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit, I rejoice that such consolation is yours." "It is, my friend," said he; "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast; if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of that importance religion is to calamity, and bear to weaken its force; if they cannot

20 THE STORY OF LA ROCHE

restore our happiness, let them not take a
the solace of our affliction."

Mr. —'s heart was smitten; and I ^{had}
heard him, long after, confess, that there
were moments when the remembrance over-
came him even to weakness; when, amidst all
the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and
the pride of literary fame he recalled to his
mind the venerable figure of the good La
Roche, and wished that he had never doubted

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RY OF LOUISA VENONI

Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay. *Shenstone.*

IF we examine impartially that estimate
pleasure, which the higher ranks of society
are apt to form, we shall probably be sur-
prised to find how little there is in it either
of natural feeling or real satisfaction. May
a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally
blunted his taste or his judgment, will

THE STORY OF LA ROCHE. 21

in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward —, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguished the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then tell of something beside pictures and opera, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father, who left him master of a very large estate, and he had the good fortune to inherit, and inclination natural to youth to enjoy. His house was always sumptuous, however, and so profuse, he was observed never to be rigid in his expenses, and though he was now then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was unfortunately seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-

voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants almost without any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which they happened to be the dwelling of a peasant considerably above the common rank, before whose grate some of his neighbours were assembled in a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the ambulance I have described. The compassion not only for his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He immediately took himself to the care of the patient, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of recipes in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after some days it abated; and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter.

could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what the situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take refuge in Venoni's cottage (for his house was a better sort of cottage) the night of her mother's death. "When her mother died," said the Signora, whose name at her desire was given the child, took her home to her father's house: there she was taught music, of which there is no need here, yet she was so proud of her learning as to wish to remain with her father in his old age; and I hope to have her settled near me for life."

Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the opinion of her father. Music and drawing, in both of which arts she was a proficient, Sir Edward had studied.

Louisa felt a sort of pleasure in her father's drawings, which they had never before, when they were praised by Sir Edward; and the family concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far advanced as to be able to join in them. The music of Venoni excelled all the other music in the valley; his daughter's lute was much finer than his; Sir Edward's violin was finer than his. But his conversation with Louisa—was that of a superior order of beings!—his taste, taste, sentiment!—it was long since Louisa had heard these sounds; amidst

the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expression of emotion, and interest; his sickness had added somewhat of the first, but gratitude added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was no less captivating—and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without effect. During his illness he thought of the emotion but gratitude; and, when it grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. The struggle was too ineffectual to restrain the passion; and, of consequence, increased it. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being expressed. He sometimes thought of the emotion as an unworthy one; but he was the more conscious of the weakness which he had often despised in others. In his manners he had often condemned the most compromised matters with his own; and he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa; at any rate, to think no more of the emotion of gratitude, or the restraining virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music, which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and to a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. "That," said she, "nobody ever heard my father; I play it sometimes when

know the cause: after some hesitation, she
told it all. Her father had tried to marry her
a neighbour, rich in possessions, but poor in
manners, for her husband. As she was
rich, she had always possessed a high opinion
of her own worth, and the thought of being
married to a man, whose nature, would allow her to be
entirely bent on the mind, and who would
be free from the thought of a woman's
where one cannot see, or hear, or feel
man, Sir Edward? —
beyond his power of resistance,
pressed her limit: and with
fanaticism to think of such a
her beauty, and his
cluded, by swearing, that
heard him with amazement,
her mind was so much
improved the more she
the wisdom of a woman
of common sense, and
legal consequences.

But Venoni, though much above their neighbours in every thing but riches, looked him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed, and sat in her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go with Venoni; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa. In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sacred spot, where some poplars formed a bridge, on the banks of a little stream not far from the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. Louisa sat on a withered stump, leaning her cheek on her hand. After a little while, the bird had flown from its perch, and flitted from one to another. Louisa rose from the ground, and burst into tears! She turned — and saw Sir Edward. His countenance had

lost its former languor; and, when he looked on the earth a melancholy gleam seemed unable to speak his feelings. "They had been playing not well, Sir Edward?" she said, her voice faint and broken. "A little while," said he, "but my illness composed me." Louisa cannot cure me of "That," said he, "wretched, but I deserve to be so. My father; he knew every law of hospitality, and

ery obligation of gratitude. I have dared wish for happiness, and to speak what I shed, though it wounded the heart of my benefactress—but I will make a severe exertion. This moment I leave you, Louisa! go to be wretched; but you may be happy, ppy in your duty to a father; happy, it ay be, in the arms of a husband, whom the ssession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility. I go to my native antry, to hurry through scenes of irks business, or tasteless amusement; ay, if possible, procure a sort of oblivion of that happiness which I have behind, a listless endurance of that life, once dreamed might be made a s with Louisa."

Tears were the only answer, re Edward's servants appeared, ge ready for his departure. ne pocket two pictures; one p Louisa, he fastened round le ssing it with rapture, hid it ar he other he held out in a hesita This," said he, "if Louisa will ay sometimes put her in mind o ice offended, who can never cea r. She may look on it, p original is no more; when ve forgot to love, and cea dan Louisa was at last over up to st pale as death; thowed wi ossed with a crimson b cha ard!" said she, "What ve me do?" He eager d led her, reluctant, to

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forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures, if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes, and his daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing Venoni. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him, by the bounty which is reparation only to the dishonest but to the honest is insult. He had, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, after his daughter's elopement, remained in his former place of residence. His neighbours reported, had discovered the villages of Savoy. His daughter, with this anguish the most poignant affliction, for a while, refused comfort. Edward's whole tenderness and efforts were called forth to mitigate her pain. After its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that it would do her, and commonly attractive, contribute to remove it.

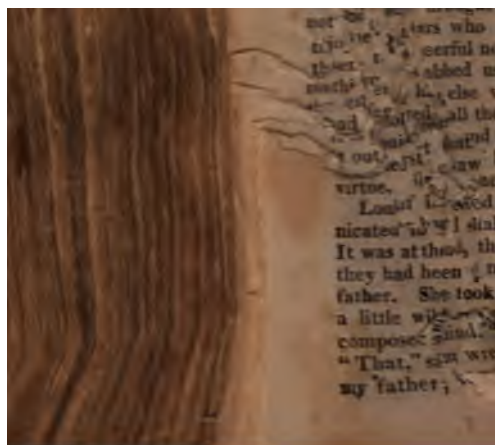
With a man possessed of such feelings as Sir Edward's, the affliction up to a certain respect to his daughter, would have been a house separate from her, with all the delicacy and attention. But his solicitude to amuse her was not attended to. She felt all the horrors of the



yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the colour faded in her cheek; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw those symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure, which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life those guilty months, to be again restored the opportunity of giving happiness to those whose unsuspecting kindness he repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening while he sat in his study with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, of a remarkably sweet tone came from the street. Louisa laid aside her book and listened: the airs it played were of her native country; and a few tears endeavoured to hide, stole from her eyes. Sir Edward ordered the organist into the room, and he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the organ of the apartment.

He played one or two pieces, which Louisa had often heard of. Louisa gave herself up to the music, and her tears flowed freely. Suddenly the musician changed the strain, and introduced a little melody of a plaintive kind—Louisa started, and rushed up to him. By his side he stood, and off a tattered coat, and



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te in their hearts, amidst affected purity
are slaves to pleasure, without the sin-
y of passion; and, with the name of
ur, are insensible to the feelings of virtue.
my Louisa!—but I will not call up re-
ctions that might render me less worthy,
our future esteem—Continue to love yester-
ard; but a few hours, and you shall
title to the affections of a wife;

and tenderness of a husband bring
peace to your mind, and its
cheek. We will leave for a
der and the envy of the fashion:
. We will restore your father
ve home; under that roof I
e be happy; happy without all
shall deserve my happiness. A
pipe and the dance gladden the va-
ocence and peace beam on the c
oni!"

THE

HISTORY OF NAN

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

at she seemed desirous to say at first, had the effect I wished.—“Pity a poor man!” said she, in a voice tremulous and weak. I stopped, and put my hand in my pocket: I had now a better opportunity of observing her. Her face was thin and pale: part of it was shaded by her hair of a liver-brown colour, which was parted, in a disorderly manner, at her forehead, and loose upon her shoulders; round her waist cast a piece of tattered cloak, which in her hand, she held across her bosom; the other was half out-stretched to a bounty I intended for her. Her eyes were cast on the ground; slipping back her hand as I put a trifle in her receiving which she turned the other way, she muttered something which I could not hear, and then letting go her cloak, and clasping her hands together burst into tears.

It was not the action of an ordinary woman, and my curiosity was strongly excited. I desired her to follow me to the house of a friend hard by, whose beneficence she had occasion to know. When she arrived there, she was so fatigued and out, that it was not till after a long rest to restore her, that she was able to give an account of her misfortunes.

Her name, she told us, was Collins. She was of her birth one of the northern gentry of England. Her father, who died some years ago, left her ready money and the charge of her, then a child of seventeen. She had never, joined to that

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NANCY COLLINS.

anger, and turned me out into the s
where I have since remained, and am a
starved for want."

She was now in better hands; but
assistance had come too late. A frame,
naturally delicate, had yielded to the fa
of her journey, and the hardships o
situation. She declined by slow but un
rupted degrees, and yesterday bre
last. A short while before she c
asked to see me; and taking from
a little silver locket, which she to
been her mother's, and which al
tresses could not make her part wi
I would keep it for her dear b
give it him, if ever he should re
as a token of her remembrance.

I felt this poor girl's fate stro
tell not her story merely to indulg
ings; I would make the reflecti
excite in my readers, useful to o
may suffer from similar causes.
many, I fear, from whom their c
called brothers, sons, or fat
her service, forlorn, like pe
with "no relation in the w
'Their sufferings are oft
they are such as most dem
The mind that cannot obtr
on the ear of pity, is form
poignancy the deepest.

In our idea of military ope
too apt to forget the misfortu
In defeat, we think of the
tory, of the glory of comma
allow ourselves to consi

lower rank, but many, amidst triumph, are left widowed and the celebrates her novels, the extent of her

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Louise

licated w not It was at th they had been father. She too a little wil compose and "That," sam w my father ;

to posterity than to the present times
I save to the state many useful subjects
those families thus supported may pro-
whose lives have formerly been often
red by penury to vice, and rendered
nly useless, but baneful to the commu-
that community which, under a more
y influence, they might, like their fathers,
enriched by their industry,
d by their valour.





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